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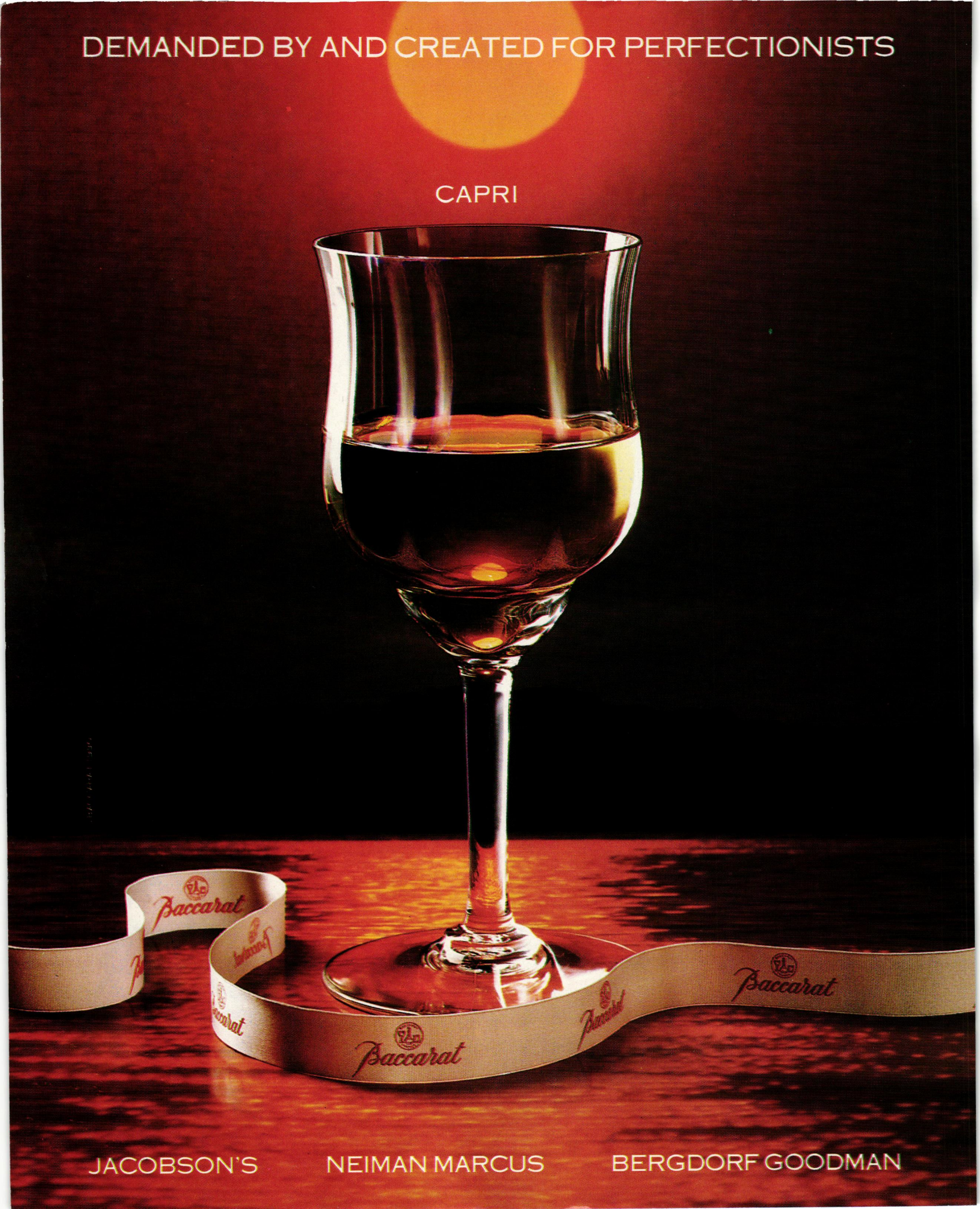


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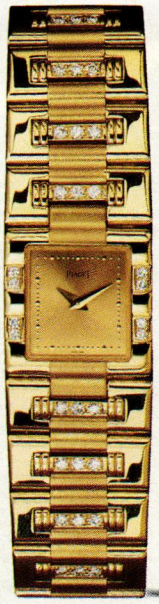
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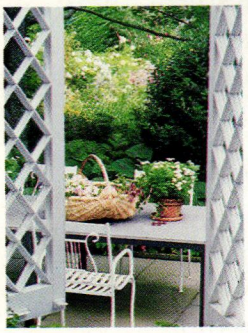
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JUNE

HOUSE & GARDEN JUNE 1990 Volume 162, Number 6

HG



COVER *View from the living room of Nan and Stephen Swid's Long Island house. Page 90. Photograph by Oberto Gili.*



Robert Denning–decorated entrance hall. Page 140.



Interior of a desert pavilion by architect Josh Schweitzer. Page 120.

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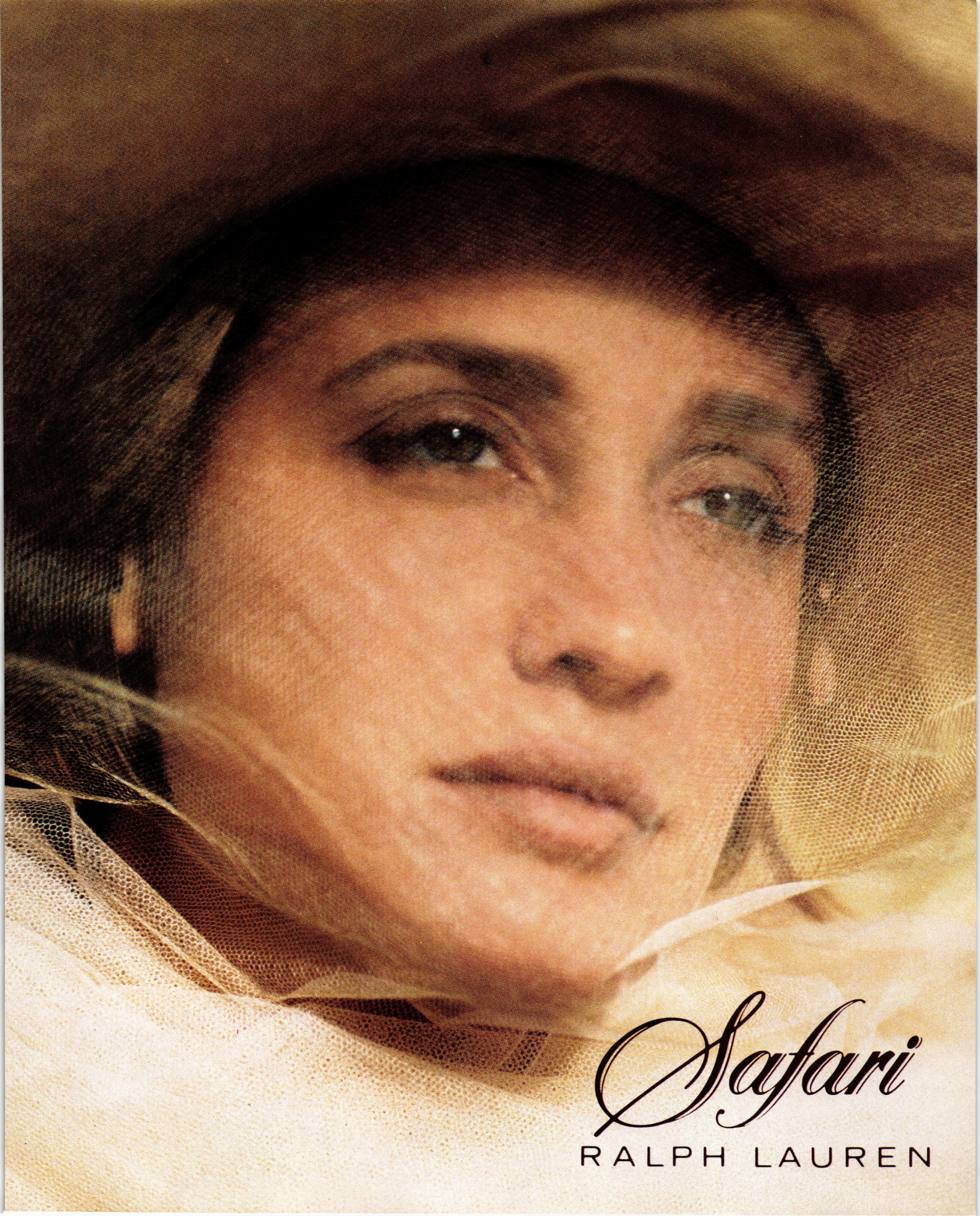
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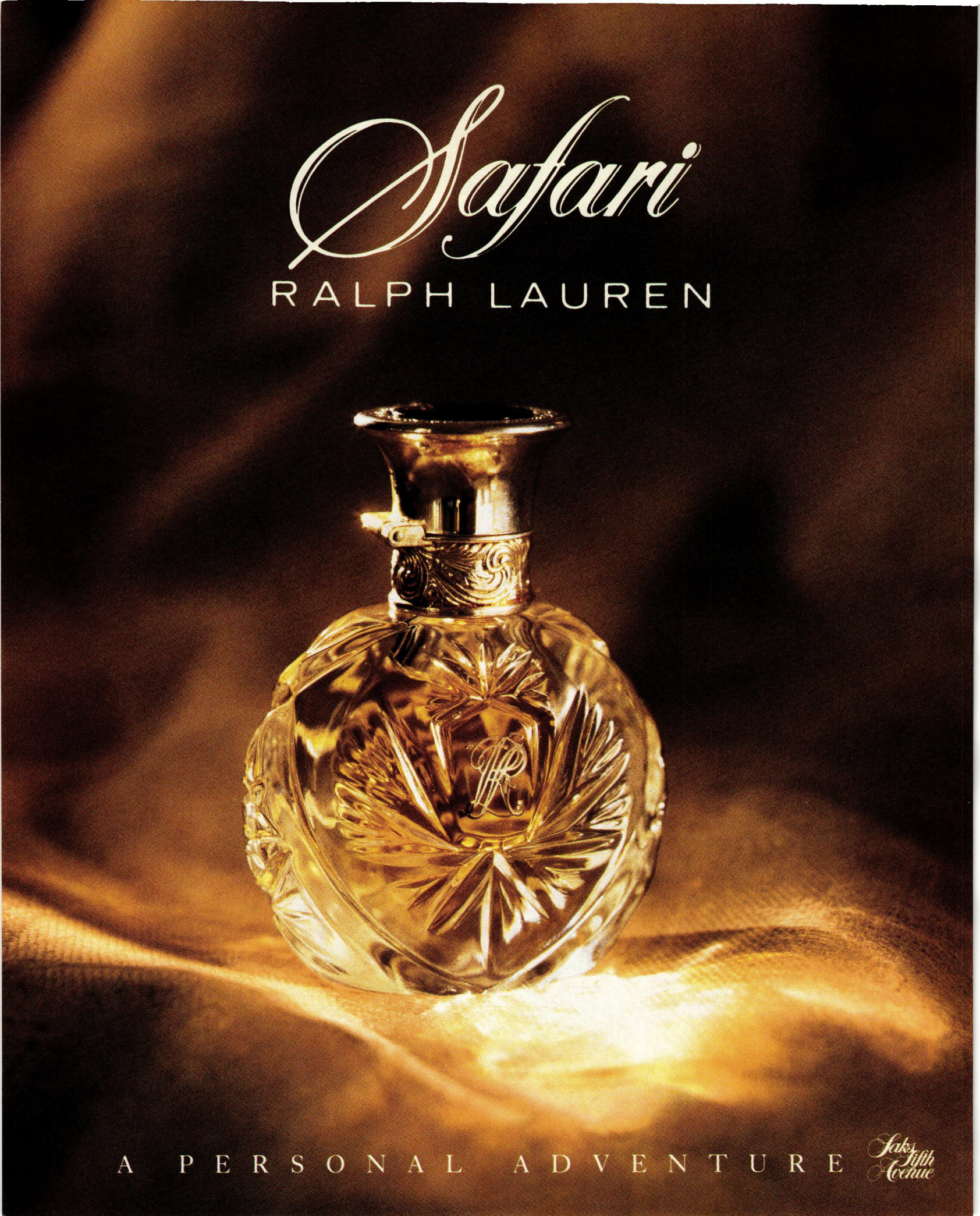
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At home on the family farm. Page 116.


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are long before it comes

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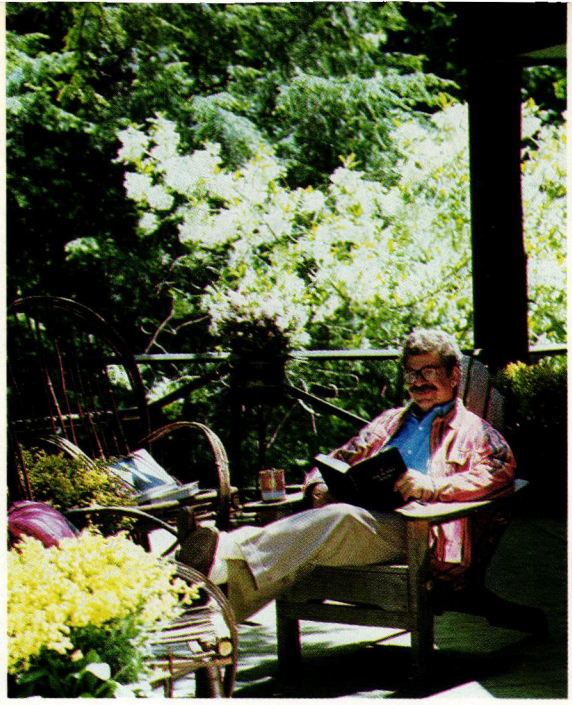
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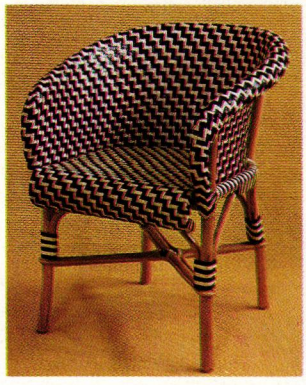
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Critic Joel Siegel on his log cabin porch. Page 60.

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Woven café chair from Walters Wicker. Page 170.

Office of landscape designer Topher Delaney. Page 36.





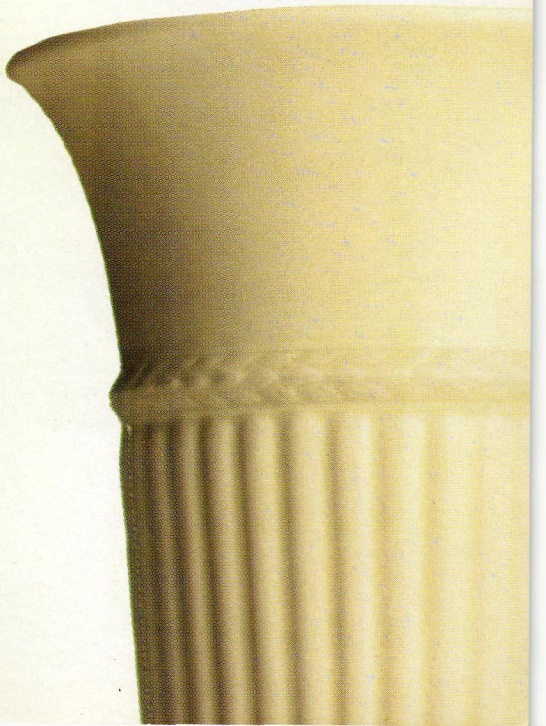
Lusterware footed bowl by Beatrice Wood. Page 70.

JUNE



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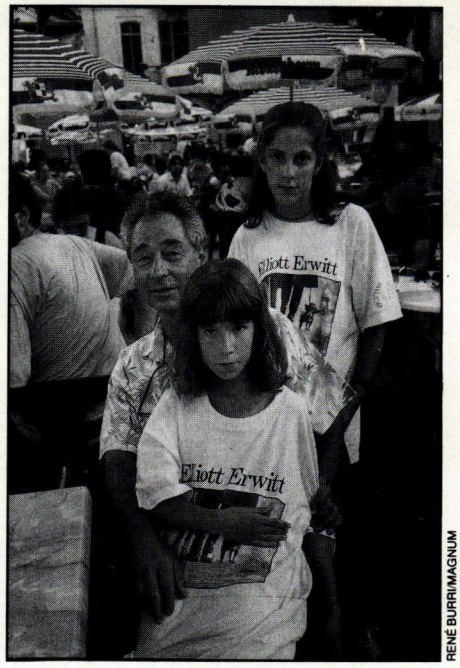
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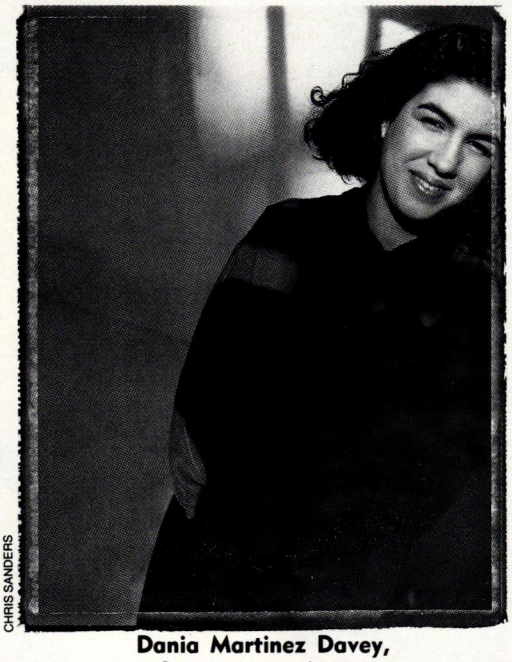
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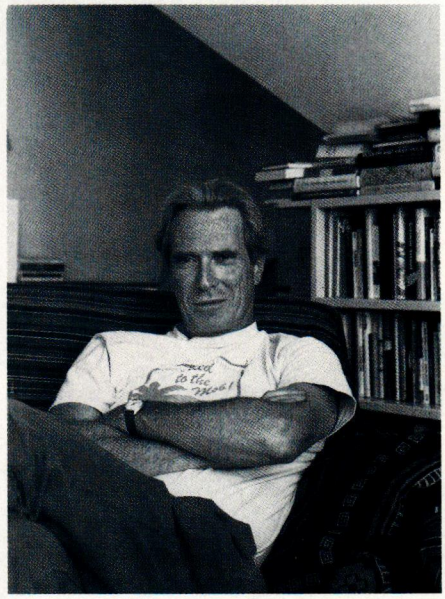
Elliott Erwitt, a photographer whose distinguished career and irreverent eye have earned him a permanent place in many museum collections, says his work isn't without risks: "It can be dangerous sometimes. I was arrested once in Czechoslovakia and once in Egypt for taking pictures in restricted areas." For this issue of HG, Erwitt (shown with his daughters Amy and Sasha) stayed out of trouble by capturing the Westchester County farm that Sotheby's specialists David Nash and Lucy Mitchell-Innes escape to on weekends.



CHRIS SANDERS

Dania Martinez Davey, a former associate art director at Clarkson N. Potter, is HG's new associate design director. Her days are spent selecting typefaces, commissioning illustrations, laying out stories, and poring over film. "Seeing so many interiors inspires me," she says. "Once a day I start to redecorate my apartment—it's undergone dozens of renovations, at least in my own head."

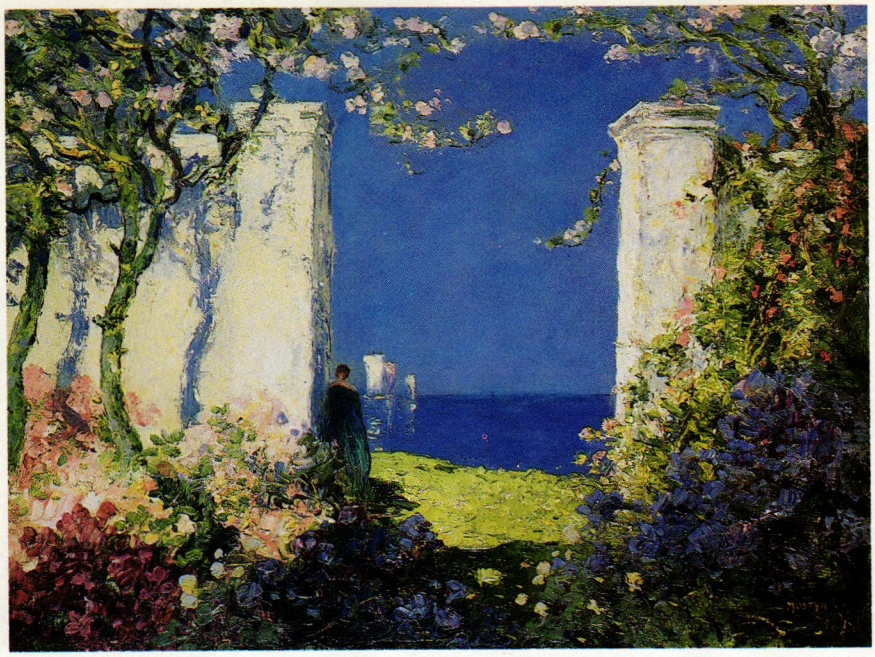
Mark Strand appraises the Maine house and studio of landscape painter Neil Welliver. The two met as art students at Yale in the 1950s and bought a house in Dingle in southwestern Ireland two years ago. Strand, whose home base is Salt Lake City, Utah, is completing his sixth book of poetry, *The Continuous Life,* and plans a change of pace when he finishes. "Recently my interest in painting has been reawakened. Next time I'm in Dingle I'll be trying to paint once again."



JOSEPH MAROTTA

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Tom Mostyn (English, 1864- 1930) *A Magical Morning,* oil on canvas, 20"x27"



Jane Peterson (American, 1876- 1965) *Zinnias*, oil on canvas, 24"x20"

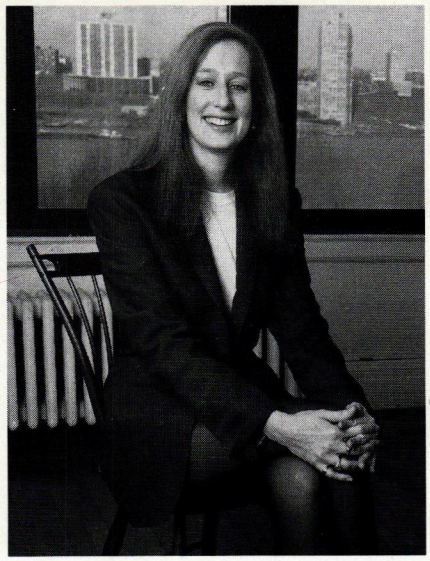
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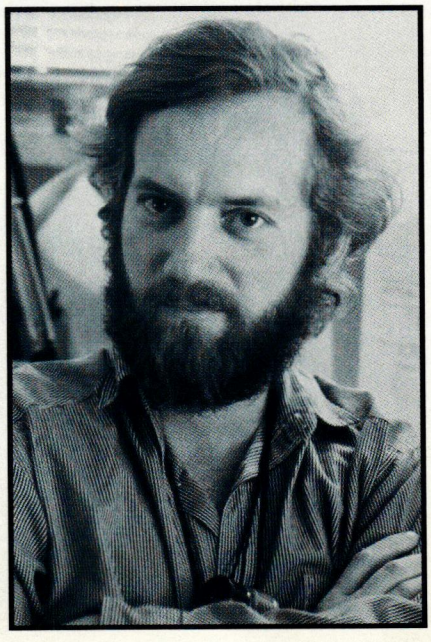
Contributors Notes



SCOTT MATTHEW OSMAN

Jennet Conant, who has profiled New York's movers and shakers for *Manhattan, Inc.*, favorably reviews Joel Siegel's Connecticut log cabin and antique toy collection. "He has the kind of stuff you'd expect to see in a little boy's room from long ago," says Conant, who especially admired the critic's furniture. "I love antique iron beds, and Joel's house is full of them. He filled me in on his source, and now I have the bed I always wanted."

Timothy Hursley recently returned from Eastern Europe, where he focused on party line architecture—a complete turnaround from his Nevada brothels exhibition at the O.K. Harris Gallery in New York last year. For this issue Hursley ventured to the California desert to photograph a house in Joshua Tree: "The structure is so well positioned in the rocky landscape. It's like a magical cave rising among the boulders."



ROBERT COON

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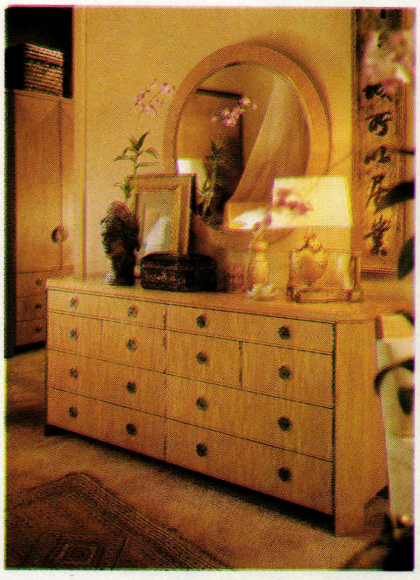


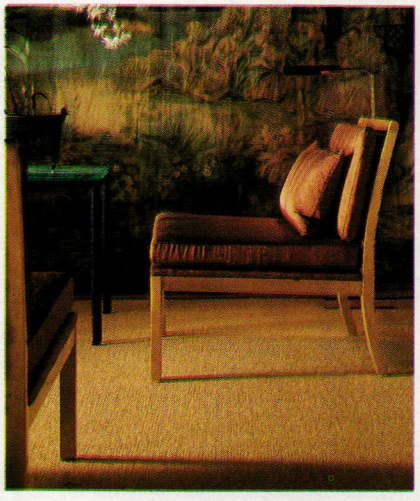
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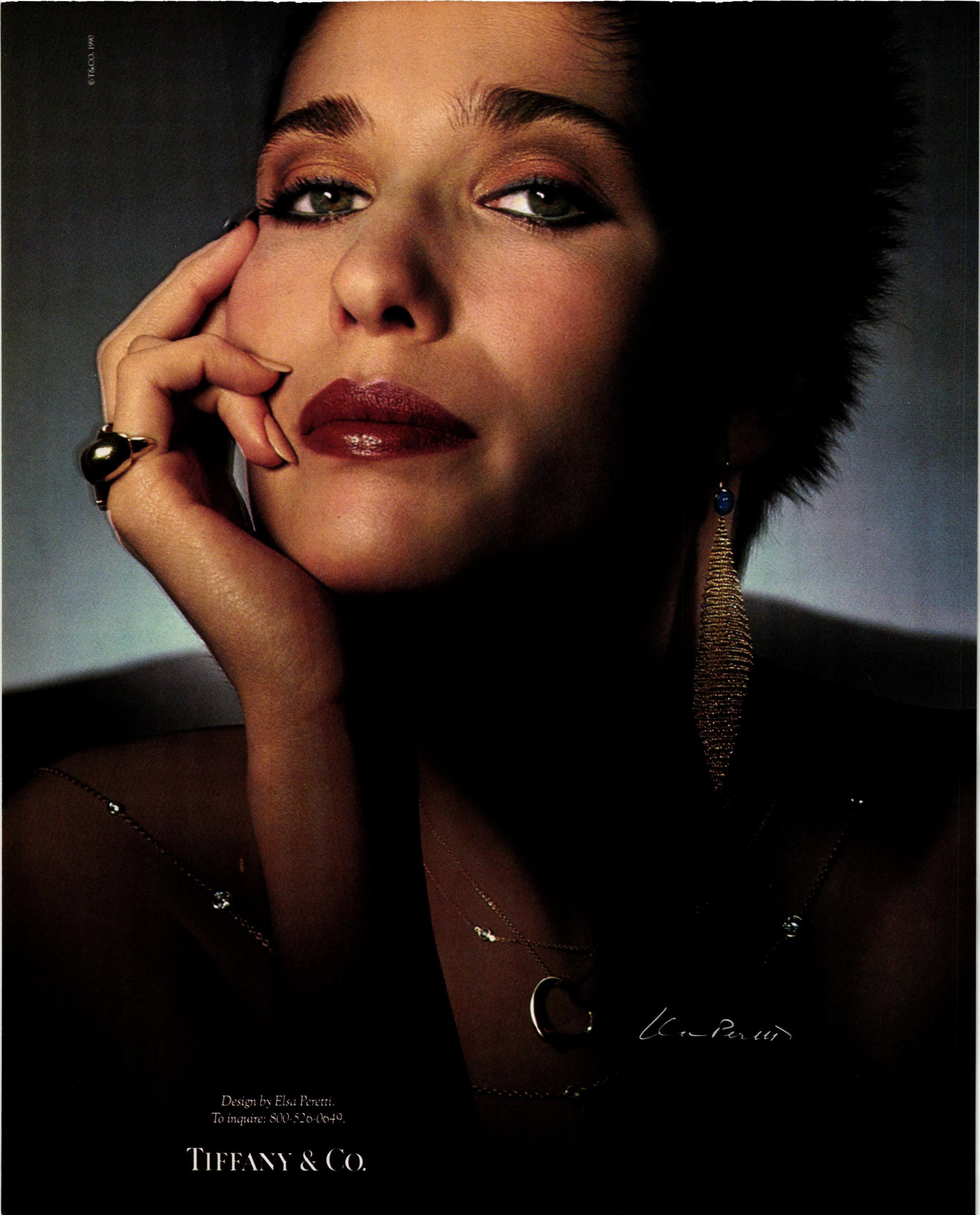






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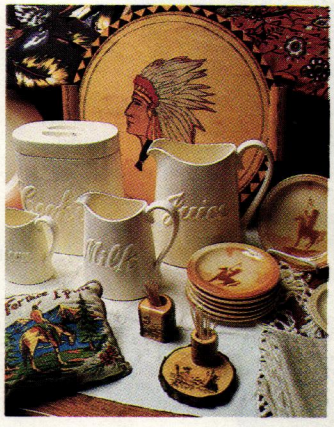

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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Amy Abrams and Eric Berthold

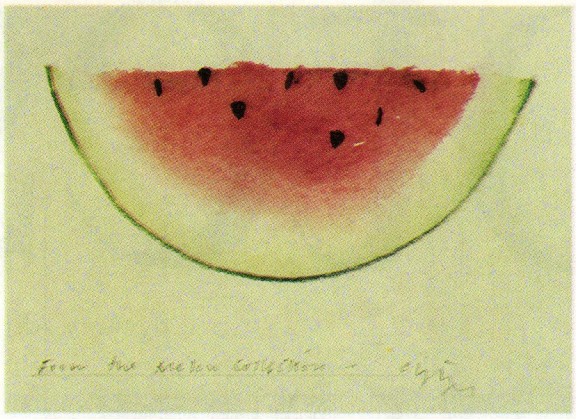


DAVID FRAZIER



Whispering Pines is less than an hour from New York City, but it could be anyplace where one can still hear the rustling of conifers. The little shop offers everything for the cabin from antique quilts, Beacon blankets, and Adirondack furniture to soaps, scents, and sachets. A children's corner is crammed with raccoon-skin caps and feathered and beaded toy drums; other American Indian crafts include birch bark baskets, lampshades, and picture frames. "My roots are in Wisconsin, and that is the feeling I try to convey," says proprietor Mickey Kelly (*left*), who scours the countryside from Maine to the Midwest in search of such vintage goods as hand-painted trays, souvenir pillows, and 1950s dessert plates (*above*) as well as contemporary items like creamware pitchers and wooden toothpick holders. (Whispering Pines, 516 Main St., Piermont, NY 10968; 914-359-6302)

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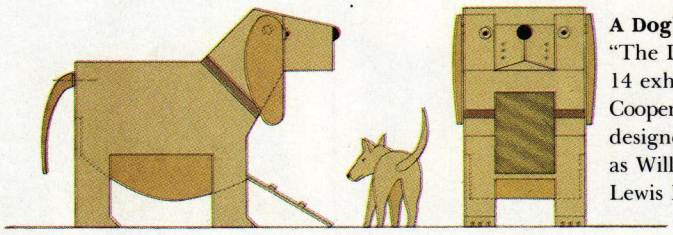


Summer Reading Christopher Hewat and more than 100 other artists and writers celebrate the season in *Summer* (*above*), $35, from Addison-Wesley, edited by Alice Gordon and Vincent Virga. Call (800) 447-2226.

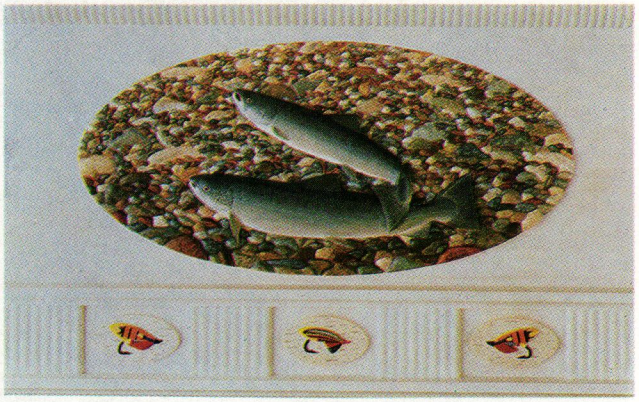


Lawn Ago
The Prairie Line, a collection of classic all-weather furniture made and painted by hand, includes a hardwood and maple chair (*above*), $400. At Harvey Antiques, (708) 866-6766.

Be Seated
Brizio's cotton Trompe l'Oeil Chair (*left*) is available at Sigillo, Via Laurina 15, Rome (6) 361-3169.



A Dog's Life
"The Doghouse," a June 8–Oct. 14 exhibition at New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum, highlights designers' pads for pooches such as William H. Paxson and Lewis Davis's Trojan Dog (*left*).



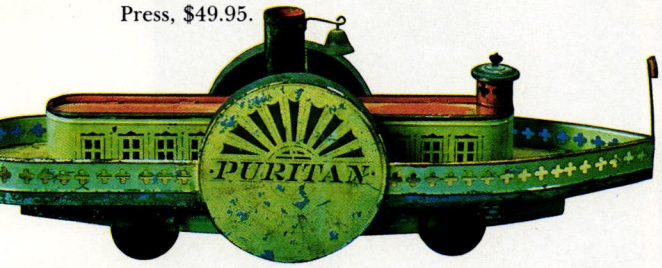
Fish for Complements
Hand-carved and hand-painted salmon and fishing flies (*above*) adorn one of wood artist John Bryan's new mantelpieces. Call (207) 829-6447.



Lap of Luxury Joan Olden's polka dot napkins (*left*) and other hand-painted table linens are guaranteed to glamorize your picnic. Available at Ann Fiedler Creations, (213) 838-1857, or call (212) 355-5555.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: GIOVANNA PIEMONTI; NC; WAYNE CABLE; NC; WARREN ROOS; CORNELIA KATCHEN

Playtime Richard O'Brien evokes the joy of toys, contemporary and classic, such as a tin riverboat (*below*) in *The Story of American Toys,* published this month by Abbeville Press, $49.95.



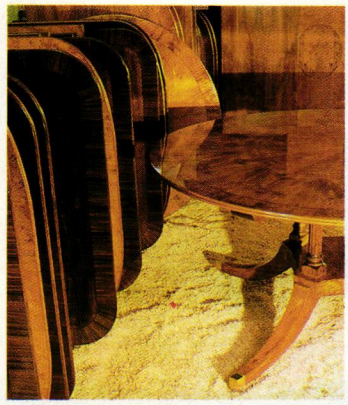


Table Talk
Known for its 18th- and 19th-century English and French pieces, Mill House Antiques in Woodbury, Connecticut, also offers custom-made dining tables (*above*), $3,500–$8,000. Call (203) 263-3446.

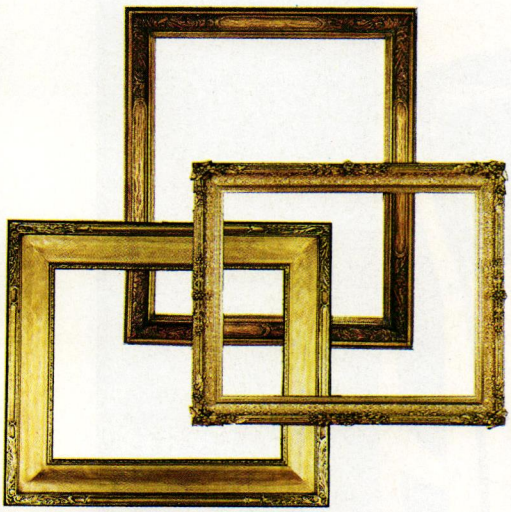
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Moving Heaven and Earth

Topher Delaney leaves no stone unturned in creating her gardens

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

San Francisco landscape designer and contractor Topher Delaney may have a reputation as a colorful character, but she did not earn it by planting mums and marigolds. "People think landscape design is about flowers, shrubs, and trees," says Delaney. "But it's really about shaping an outdoor space." A masterful hand is more important than a green thumb—with jobs that require contouring the earth, installing drainage and irrigation systems, and layering and orienting materials both hard (stone, concrete) and soft (plant). And if the master is Delaney, the materials and forms will likely be unconventional, reflect collaborations with artists and artisans, and employ an unexpected palette.



Topher Delaney, above left, prefers not to work at a desk. Top: A colorful garden for a colorful client in Marin County. Above: The office mailbox is a postman's leather bag cast in bronze.

While Delaney's use of bright colors has drawn attention, she and partner Andie Cochran, a landscape architect, have higher priorities. "We're not talking about photo opportunities, we're talking about gardens," Delaney says. "Longevity is the key. Gardens should improve with age, and of course the first thing to fade would be a vividly colored stucco wall. A brilliant blue or deep red will only be brilliant or deep for a short time because the organic materials used to achieve the tone are unstable; they react to sun and moisture."

Delaney is happy to provide such explanations: "I insist that clients understand the how and the why, not just the where and when, of all the steps in building a garden." Her interest in process is, one might say, deep-rooted. For the past sixteen years Delaney has maintained a contracting company as well as a design firm. "There is no substitute for getting your hands dirty," she says. "Knowing how something is put together is obviously a great asset in designing a garden, and building it gives you both freedom and control. You can experiment and make choices on a daily basis."

This hands-on approach has grown on Cochran. "I used to be involved with projects on the scale of a new town in Saudi Arabia. When it takes more than five years to complete a project, you feel disassociated from it by the end. Being equipped to design and build means you can adjust to the variables. And working closely with materials makes you open to new ones."

Teacups, for example. For a woman with a "delightful Alice in Wonderland quality," Delaney and Cochran framed a scored concrete patio on one side of a lap pool with walls the color of lapis lazuli and terra-cotta ornamented with teacups; ceramic pears sit atop a procession of piers on the other side. Off the kitchen a tall mosaic figure by artist Martha

FIROOZ ZAHEDI

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Heavenston watches over another patio enclosed by walls of glass block, oak and madrona branches, and colored stucco.

"Each garden has a different point of view," explains Delaney, "which is as much a reflection of the client as us." For another woman who wanted to take some risks and was interested in natural materials, Delaney and Cochran built a terrace of pink Arizona flagstone punctuated with chunks of granite and fashioned a rail of manzanita branches bound to upright supports with copper wire. A couple in Marin County chose sweeping structural walls with trapezoids of concrete at either end and paving tinted wine, olive, and sulphur.

Delaney and Cochran do not confine themselves to the exotic. Another garden in Marin features beds of roses, an arbor constructed around an existing tree, and a gravel room with hedges for walls. And for a law firm's rooftop garden in downtown San Francisco, the partners selected traditional elements for a traditional profession—topiary, rows of planting, a gazebo—but assembled them in an unconventional manner: thirty spherical planters supporting trellises provide a syncopated module around the perimeter of the roof, where topiary horses graze in gravel surrounding a piazza of concrete pavers handmade by Buddy Rhodes. A steel garden structure has "ice-cream cone" feet, and fiberglass boulders made by Ed Martinez serve as trash receptacles. In the middle of it all lies a bocce court. "I thought it might help the lawyers relax," deadpans Delaney.



That is one activity she would know little about. "Topher has hundreds of ideas," says Cochran. "We'll edit them together, but then I'll sit down and work out a railing detail to the last quarter inch. Topher will refine a detail on-site. Stylistically and personality-wise, I would admit we are unalike, but we have a similar vision."

If you have a bit of turf and never want to see another railroad tie, start by calling Andie Cochran at the office. Topher Delaney may be in Paris hunting garden treasures for Lumbini, the shop opening this month in her office near Potrero Hill. Or she may be meeting with an artist about an installation at Site 375, her open-air gallery next door. Or she may be in Saint Helena directing boom cranes and bulldozers carving out a four-acre lake. But she'll get back to you. ♠



Blue glass gazing balls punctuate a composition of tinted stucco, adoquín pavers, and basalt.

"We're not talking about photo opportunities—we're talking about gardens. Longevity is the key"



Manzanita branches lashed to upright poles with copper wire form the railing for a terrace of Arizona flagstone with blocks of granite, left.



Tinted concrete pavers work equally well at the entrance of a house, above, and as the floor for a law firm's rooftop garden in downtown San Francisco, far left.

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At his first glimpse of the island garden, Hassam must have known he had found his Giverny



had found his Giverny. Backed by the simple curves of sea and land, the spikes of hollyhocks, the masses of nasturtiums, the coreopsis, marigolds, poppies, dahlias, lilies, roses, larkspur, and all the rest were a living study in the play of color and form. Indoors, too, in the parlor where Thaxter entertained a distinguished group of artists, musicians, and writers, she arranged flowers everywhere, rising at five in the morning to cut blooms from the garden a hundred at a time and place them in successions of tone on every surface of the green-upholstered room.

A kind of illuminated accuracy was the strength Thaxter and Hassam shared. True, most of her poems are strangled by insistent rhymes, and his later efforts to put allegorical or classical themes into painting were almost always disastrous, but for pure seeing and the craft to transmit it, this pair had few equals in their time. In his paintings of island and sea, Hassam could make browns burn and scarlets seem to dissolve among the greens and yellows. He could roughen his brushstrokes so the bare headlands were as full of motion as the waves; he could make a smooth timeless calm for the ephemeral poppies.



***The Room of Flowers*, above, captures the artistic clutter of Celia Thaxter's cottage parlor on Appledore Island in 1894, the year of her death. Above left: *The South Ledges, Appledore*, 1913.**

Thaxter compelled sight through her prose. Writing of a barrel of walnuts her family had rescued from their overturned supply boat one autumn and laid out to dry in their cottage, she recalled, "Before [the nuts] were gathered up came a terrible storm from the southeast. It raved and tore at lighthouse and cottage; the sea broke into the windows of that eastern chamber where the walnuts lay, and washed them out till they came dancing down the stairs in briny foam!"

Thaxter died in late summer 1894. Hassam laid her bier on a bed of sweet bay in the famous parlor and helped carry her coffin to her island grave. He would keep coming to Appledore, elaborating his vision of it, for another two decades. The later pictures turn to the sea and the wild grasses and rocks along the island's fringes, but perhaps the finest of the whole suite is not a landscape at all. *The Room of Flowers* was painted shortly before Thaxter's death. So various is the light through the windows and the welter of flowers and picture frames that this interior still has the tone of a plein air painting. And hidden gently among the colors is the figure of an unidentified young woman. (So well was she hidden that a French critic concluded the picture should have been called *Cherchez la femme.*) The surprise of finding her—much as we rediscover two neglected artists through this exhibition—is what makes the painting so memorable. ▲

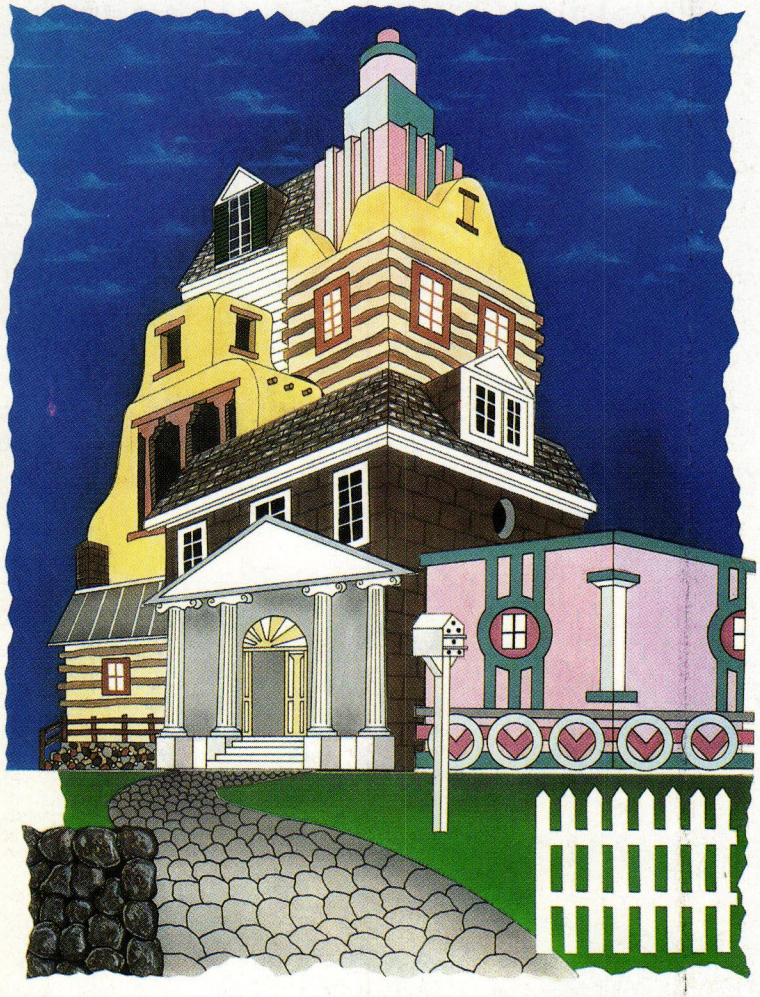
"Childe Hassam: An Island Garden Revisited" will also be on view at the Denver Art Museum (July 5–Sept. 9) and the National Museum of American Art in Washington (Oct. 5–Jan. 6, 1991).

FROM LEFT: NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION; COLLECTION MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR G. ALTSCHUL


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Reluctant Regionalists

Architects across America question whether traditional forms are always appropriate. BY PILAR VILADAS



PHILIP BROOKER

Once upon a time, modern architecture was going to save the world. But when its banal second- and third-generation boxes of steel, glass, and concrete threatened to overrun the planet, modernism was voted out of office. Postmodernism, with its call to a reexamination of architecture's glorious past, was in, mining every historical style from classical Greek to streamlined moderne. And one of the key planks in its campaign platform was the return to regional or vernacular architecture in order to recapture an area's particular sense of place. Soon architects were creating neo-adobe ranch houses in New Mexico, log cabins in Wyoming, tile-roofed haciendas in San Diego, and shingle-style cottages in Newport. For a few brief moments, it seemed that the only good architect was a regionalist architect. A very few moments. Regionalism got commercialized; suddenly there were adobe office buildings and Williamsburg colonial car washes. And local traditions began to wander far from home with puzzling results such as the Arizona shopping center modeled after a medieval Italian town.

Even well-regarded regionalists now resent the very word; they feel ghettoized by it, as their big-city peers land increasingly large national and international commissions. "Anything that's not in New York is considered regional," jokes W. G. Clark, a partner in the Charleston, South Carolina, firm of Clark & Menefee and chairman of the Department of Architecture at the University of Virginia. Moreover, regionalism has become a convenient catchall for the kind of superficial cribbing of local vernaculars that borders on kitsch. "It has become the equivalent of the mansard roof on a McDonald's," contends Burlington, Vermont, architect Turner Brooks, whose quirky interpretations of rural New England buildings may have done him more harm than good: "People sometimes refer to my houses as farmhouses, and I hate it."

Even Albuquerque, New Mexico, architect Antoine Predock, who *The New York Times* critic Paul Goldberger said "shows signs of being the one architect in the country most likely to break out of the regionalist curse and move into what we might call the architectural big time," still feels the sting of being too closely identified with a particular regional tradition. "No more Mr. Adobe," he warns, whenever the R-word is mentioned. In any event, regionalism's godfather, postmodernism, has lately been shoved out of the spotlight of critical and popular adoration by deconstructivism, a movement that has at its center a renewed interest in—you guessed it—modernism. Getting dizzy yet? That is precisely the problem. This merry-go-round of isms based mainly on historical styles ignores the central problem of our architectural present: how to build in a global culture of increasingly sophisticated technology and communications without severing a culture's ties to its history. You can laugh at a faux château going up on a scrubby hillside in Malibu, but its cultural message is no joke. "When people buy these houses in ludicrous styles, it's a search for meaning," says Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, who, with her husband and partner, Andres Duany, demonstrated the value of traditional town planning in their design for Seaside, Florida. "You can't just write it off; it's a serious psychological need," she says.

But just whose need is it anyway? The California missions were built by Spaniards who were speaking their architectural mother tongue. To the Indians who were already there, these buildings must have looked as if they'd dropped from the sky; today we revere them as ancient monuments, suitable for emulation as mini malls. If a family moves from Georgia

to Seattle, can you blame them for putting up Tara in the cedar groves?

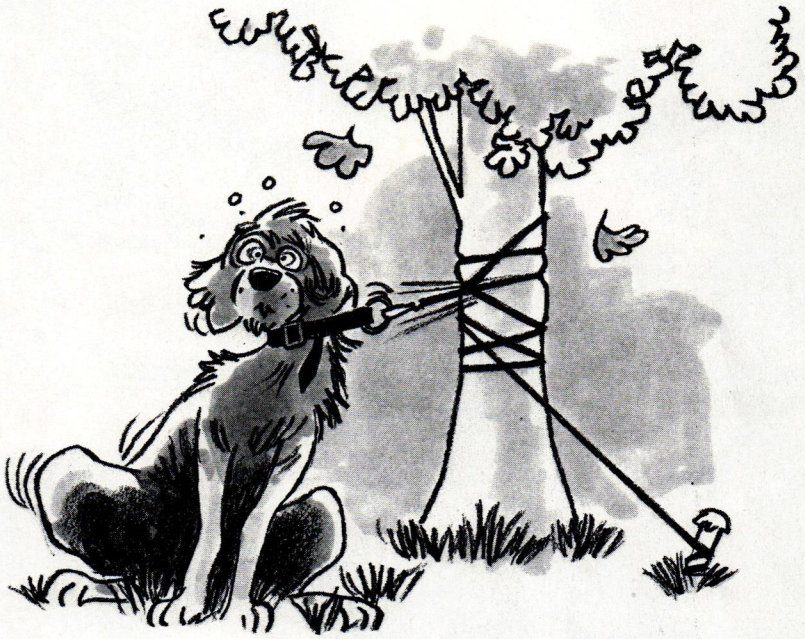
Thomas Beeby, partner in the Chicago firm of Hammond Beeby & Babka and dean of the School of Architecture at Yale, says, "You have a pact with the users of a building, and you can best understand this pact when you live in the community. But architects are working all over the place, which can be a problem." It doesn't seem to be a problem for Beeby, whose firm designed the western-style Hole-in-the-Wall Gang Camp for Paul Newman and who speaks the local vernacular in places ranging from Santa Fe (an adobe ranch house) to Connecticut (an English country house). Others, not as talented, risk becoming architectural carpetbaggers who, in W. G. Clark's words, "go from one place to another doing architecture they think is appropriate but which is a cartoon of what the region is supposed to be."

What more and more architects are realizing—and the best ones have known all along—is that regionalism isn't the real issue; sensitivity is. James Cutler, whose office is near Seattle, argues passionately for a truly ecological approach to building, preferring to let his houses burrow into the earth or bridge streams rather than overrun a pristine site. "Just making a flat spot on the land and putting a house there isn't regional architecture. It isn't moral architecture either," he maintains. By ignoring the subtleties of even the smallest plot of land, Cutler says, you've already gone a step further toward creating the architectural equivalent of a Holiday Inn, no matter how "regional" its style.

Clark believes that a "strict response to a very localized place" produces the best buildings and that every place is really about three places: the physical (topography, light), the cultural (local culture and traditions), and the evocative or spiritual (qualities that call up the area's historical or mythic past). His firm's widely acclaimed design for the Middleton Inn in South Carolina is a case in point: an uncompromisingly modern building set on the terraced outline of an old phosphate mine near a historic plantation, its materials, colors, and details all refer to local traditions.

For Antoine Predock, who recently opened a second office in Los Angeles, the issue boils down to two kinds of regionalist design: nostalgic, which dwells on superficial forms, and spiritual, which "transcends that easy stylistic hit." The latter, which "connects ancient presences to what's out there now," may include everything on a building site from "Precambrian granite to 1930s hubcaps to the vapor of UFOs," Predock explains. Like W. G. Clark, he considers himself a modern architect who believes that architecture can be of its time *and* of its place.

Still, the road to genuinely regional architecture is a rocky one. Consider the case of a well-known Los Angeles firm that was commissioned to design a building in Japan. When the architects told the client they wanted to spend time studying native building traditions, they were told, "Forget about that. We want a California building." How do you say hacienda in Japanese? ▲



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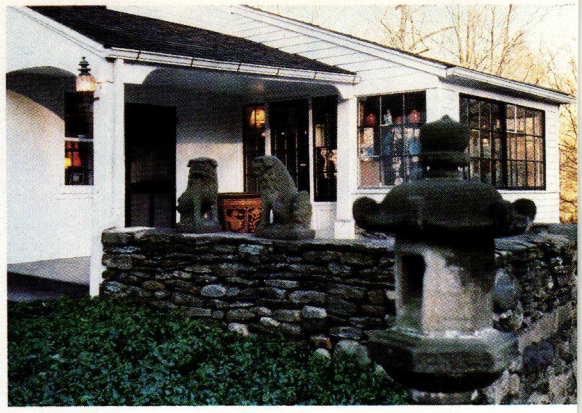
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East by Northeast

A saltbox in the Connecticut countryside is one of New England's best sources for oriental wares

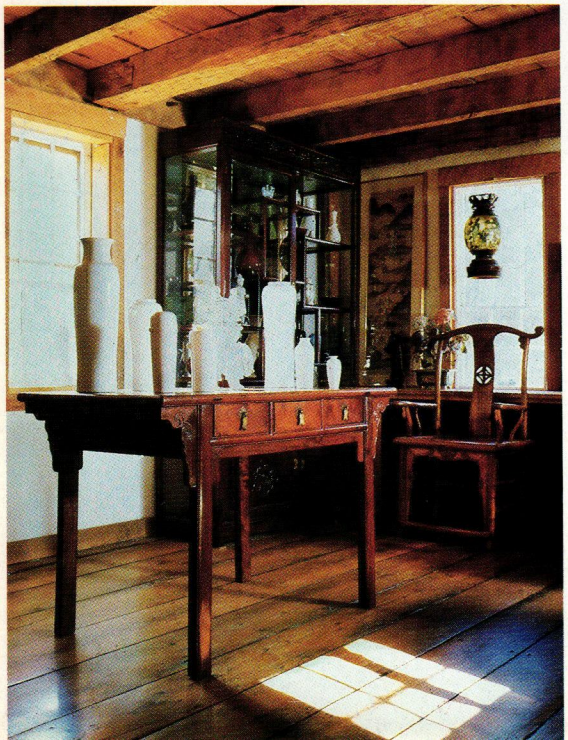
BY CELIA MCGEE



For centuries, Chinese art has been globe-trotting its way into collections all over the world. The trade routes in and out of China deposited objects in unexpected places: South Africa by way of the perilous Cape of Good Hope; Mexico as a transfer point between Canton and Seville; and Wilton, Connecticut, as one final destination. Wilton, Connecticut?



In an eighteenth-century white clapboard saltbox, overlooking the Norwalk River where it's still just a stream winding through groves of trees, Vallin Galleries is marking its fiftieth anniversary in the oriental art business. Ducks and geese hustle around two Japanese Buddhist stone lions by the entrance gate and strike an occasional pose in the terraced garden reminiscent of a Chinese landscape painting. Dealer Peter Rosenberg and his wife, Louise, keep the birds fat and happy. The lions, which have withstood the elements for almost three centuries, take care of themselves.



Peter Rosenberg, who has an encyclopedic familiarity with oriental art (and a library to match), came by his knowledge "by osmosis" and through decades of reading, attending lectures, and visiting exhibitions, which he and Louise continue to do from London to New York, San Francisco, and New Haven. The gallery was founded by Peter's mother, Josephine Vallin Rosenberg, and he remembers helping out in the shop, then in Greenwich Village, from the age of ten. "I've always been infatuated with Chinese forms and colors," he says. Louise is responsible for integrating the shop's fluid inventory into smart displays. "It's an oriental antiques department store," jokes Peter.

Well maybe, if museums and serious collectors went shopping in department stores. The dozens of Buddhas alone that make their beneficent presence known from tabletops, shelves, cupboards, and windowsills on the gallery's two floors represent nearly every country and culture in which Buddhism has flourished. A Chinese Neolithic pot looks down on an exceptional thirteenth-century Majapahit elephant from Indonesia. For $1,200 you can buy a hexagonal porcelain bowl on which a carp metamorphoses into the celestial dragon that Chinese mythology teaches brings rain. A small seventeenth-century covered jar bearing the emperor's reign mark (and the cachet of having a twin in the National Palace Museum in Taipei) was recently purchased by a Hong Kong dealer for a tidy sum. Its imprimatur, says Peter, "allows collectors to go a little mad with desire."



A Japanese granite lantern and 17th-century stone lions, top right, mark the entrance to Vallin Galleries, where owners Peter and Louise Rosenberg, top left, carry on a family tradition of selling oriental art. Above: A bowl of pomegranates embellishes a c. 1730 famille verte plate. Left: Blanc de chine vases on a 17th-century Chinese scholar's desk.

His own madness runs toward "furniture and sculpture and puzzling over Chinese porcelain, which is the most intellectually challenging because of the complexity of the Chinese porcelain trade and manufacture. Jingdezhen, with the largest deposit of white clay in the world, had 3,000 kilns and a million people making porcelain in the sixteenth century." From the whitest of white clay came the Rosenbergs' collection of blanc de chine altar vases. "Much of what we collect in the West are pieces of Chinese altar garniture," Peter points out. "The Chinese also gave the world many of its ornamental flowers—varieties of peonies, chrysanthemums, azaleas—and those vases held some of them." Quite rare is the Rosenbergs' pair of ceramic Buddhist guard-

ROBERTO GILI

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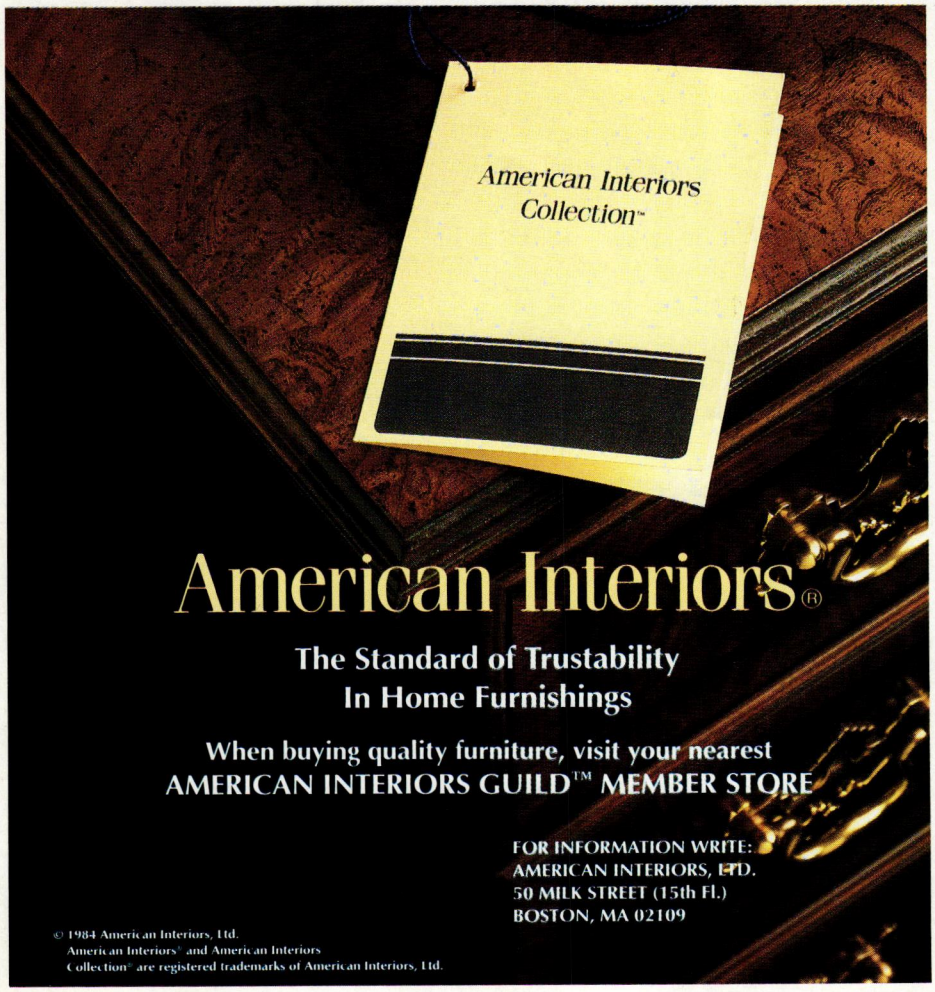
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ian lions. Despite their fragility, they survived rampaging warlords, riots, natural disasters, and the desperate mood of famine. "China," says Peter, "is a country where everything happens on an epic scale."

This larger-than-life quality fascinates him. It's a matter of what he calls the context of Chinese art and artifacts in which he includes the history of orientalist collecting. Living in Connecticut, he's well situated to take advantage of the legacy of New England's China trade, which saw clipper ships return with tea sets for Boston's Beacon Hill, embroidered silks for the ladies of Providence, and exotic figures for the curio cabinets of merchant princes up and down the East Coast. "Many of our things belonged to families whose ancestors were missionaries, businessmen, or diplomats in the Far East," Peter says. "These are people we've known for years, who originally came to my mother."

After the fall of China's monarchy, treasures were also sold off by the last emperor in order to maintain himself and his vast entourage in the pomp and decadence to which they were accustomed. And well into the 1930s, digs yielded the great Tang burial figures that were supposed to accompany the dead to the next world. A terra-cotta Bactrian camel stands at attention in the gallery, its saddlebags fully packed. The Rosenbergs' several Northern Wei soldiers served a similar purpose. "I love these figures because there's a freshness and spontaneity to the modeling that was sometimes lost later on," Peter says.

Peter Rosenberg has brought his ancient objects back from the dead. "My role is to preserve tradition and to dispense pleasure to people who care about these things the way I do," he says. "China was the only country in the world where the value of artistic ability was institutionalized. Until 1906 the civil service exam required a knowledge of poetry, calligraphy, and literature. It was a meritocracy within a monarchy. If you were successful, you could end up sitting next to the emperor yourself."

Wait. Up there. Just to the left of the emperor. Isn't that Peter Rosenberg? ▲


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Critic's Choice

Off the air, Joel Siegel shifts his focus to a log cabin filled with pop Americana. BY JENNET CONANT

For nine years, Joel Siegel, the mustachioed entertainment critic for *Good Morning America* and WABC's *Eyewitness News,* thought his cozy cottage in Falls Village, Connecticut, was an idyllic country retreat. As it happens, his new wife, Melissa, did not agree. The square modern structure, with its two walls of solid glass and two of cedar, had been home to Siegel and his former wife, Jane, and Melissa could not be reconciled to Jane's abode. "So Melissa went house hunting," recalls Siegel with a sigh, still bewildered by this infelicitous display of female territoriality (he and Melissa have since divorced). "She wanted something Victorian and rambling. I wanted something new. We looked all over Litchfield County before we found something we could agree on."



Joel Siegel relaxes on the porch of his log cabin, top left, home to his collection of Americana, including porcelain RCA dogs and vintage windup cars, top right and above.

Their compromise was admittedly peculiar—a rustic log cabin in Connecticut's tame wilderness. But they both fell for the cabin's dark dramatic air of authenticity. "The logs were even taken from hemlock trees on the grounds," says Siegel, sounding breathless as a small boy smitten by tales of Daniel Boone. The large two-story log cabin was built in the 1890s as a hunting lodge on the 1,200-acre estate of a wealthy Guatemalan banana king with a fondness for blood sports; the main house, a big old colonial mansion, still dominates the top of the grassy knoll. The cabin, appropriately named Brook Hollow, is tucked away in a shady dip of land by a storybook babbling brook. "There are trout in the stream, which I won't catch," says Siegel, "because I feel too paternal about them."

By the time the Siegels acquired the cabin in 1985, it had changed hands three times and had once even been the site of a summer camp. The interior, with its heavy beams and wood walls, was as dark as a dungeon and almost as cold. Friends who stopped by to see the romantic getaway were politely horrified, but the Siegels were determined to turn the lofty five-bedroom lodge into a comfortable country home. They did everything short of removing the roof to brighten the space. They added skylights, cut new windows, installed glass-paned doors, sanded the floors, and painted the ceilings and every scrap of wall space white. In addition, the kitchen was gutted, several walls were moved, and the master bedroom was redone to

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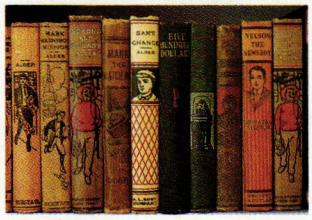
Siegel scoured antiques shops and auction houses all over Connecticut and Massachusetts to find one-of-a-kind objects. A native Californian, he has an eye for southwestern-style furnishings and picks up unusual pieces on his jaunts to Arizona and Los Angeles. At a Santa Monica shop owned by an old school chum, he acquired several Navajo rugs. "Every one of these was woven by hand by women, some of whom were genuine artists," says Siegel. "The rugs are asymmetrical and have imperfections. But in today's world, where everything is polished chrome and plastic, they're real."

Siegel has been fascinated with pop culture since his days as a history graduate student at UCLA, and his collections of Americana fill every nook and cranny of the cabin: a set of old Horatio Alger books; a dozen or more porcelain RCA dogs; vintage tin windup cars of every size and shape; framed children's maps from the 1930s and '40s depicting the adventures of radio show heroes such as the Lone Ranger, Little Orphan Annie, and Buck Rogers; and a baseball card collection that he put together in 1954 and now estimates is "probably worth more than anything in the house." His latest acquisition is an assortment of framed western handkerchiefs. "I really believe the essence of America is not to be found in the writings of our philosophers but in the things that people really use," says Siegel.





Siegel is as breathless about the place as a small boy smitten by tales of Daniel Boone



Horatio Alger books, above, are another passion of Siegel's. Framed children's maps from the 1930s and '40s line the dining room walls, left. Below: The living room, with its heavy beams and wooden walls, is brightened with Navajo rugs and plaid upholstery.

His own prose has been immortalized on some of those everyday items. After graduate school and a stint in the army reserves, Siegel wrote advertising copy for a living; his contributions to our commercial history have appeared on Cheer and Brillo boxes. It was in 1971 while pursuing one of his hobbies—playing his library of old radio shows for a local Los Angeles station—that Siegel received his break in show business: he got fired. Another radio station gave him a shot at reading the news, and not long afterwards he landed a job as a feature reporter for Channel 2 news in New York. In 1976 he moved to ABC and soon became its film critic. "I admit it, I get paid to have fun," Siegel says. "Even when I'm watching a terrible movie, it's fun because I'm thinking of all the terrible things I'm going to say about the people who made it."

Like many collectors, Siegel is quick to defend his hoarded treasures as professionally handy. For example, there was the day his stack of 78 records gave him a unique advantage when he was taping a story about the fiftieth anniversary of the historic Lindbergh flight. "I was the only reporter who could play Vernon Dalhart's hit song 'Lindbergh (the Eagle of the USA),' " he says, humming the tune. "Remember that one?"

Siegel has one problem, though. Space. His collections have already overflowed from his country house to his city apartment, where antique toys cram every shelf and ledge and all manner of framed memorabilia lean against the wall in the hallway. "I tend to acquire stuff," he says modestly. "But I just do it for fun, not in any systematic way. And I do limit myself. For example, I don't collect toy tractors." Since his divorce, Siegel has been redoing the apartment as a bachelor pad. In addition to making room for his toys, he is re-covering some pale pink chairs in a more masculine fabric. He has also been dating again, but whatever happens this time, he's sticking with the cabin. ▲

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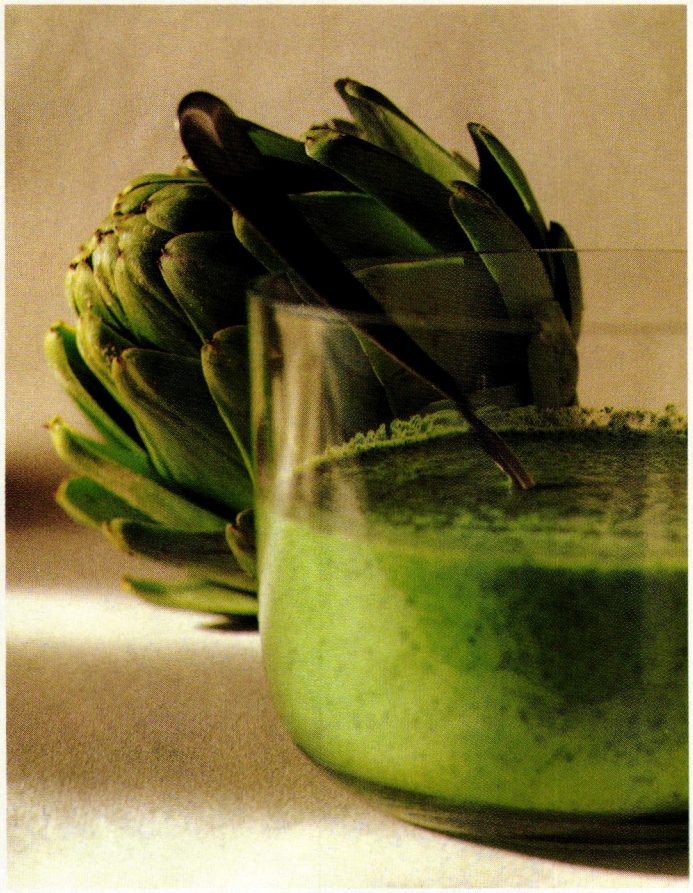
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Do the Light Thing

A refreshing seasonal menu takes the heat off summer cooking

BY GENE HOVIS



Chilled cucumber avocado watercress soup and artichokes vinaigrette whet warm-weather appetites.

The advent of warm weather always sends my thoughts about food in the direction of quick, easy, light dishes that call for a minimum of cooking. Rising temperatures find me increasingly attracted to crisp salads of every kind, fresh fruits, and lots of liquids—cold soups, herbal teas, and chilled springwater. My summer eating habits are inevitably rewarded, for, without denying myself, I invariably lose a few pounds.

The joys of summer growing up in a small town in North Carolina loom large in my memory. With no school for two months, each day had the feeling of a holiday. Our family had all its meals out-of-doors or on the screened-in back porch that overlooked an enormous vegetable and flower garden flanked by peach, pear, and apple trees and trellises supporting deep purple Concord grapes destined for jelly jars. I can still recall the fragrance of the honeysuckle vines and the mint bed that perfumed the air.

My parents were talented gardeners. Every evening after dinner (or did we call it supper?) they went into the garden and planted, weeded, and staked, according to what needed to be done, until nightfall. The vegetables and fruits were my father's domain, the flowers my mother's. Neither of them had ever had any horticultural training, but guided by their instinctive feeling for what had to be done, and a little help from the *Farmer's Almanac,* they performed wonders.

My mother's area of the garden abounded with zinnias, her favorite flowers, their warm golden color providing dramatic contrast to the deep green leaves that surrounded them. She had wonderful arrangements in every room of the house, and each Sunday she decorated the church altar with them. Queen Zeen, her friends lovingly called her.

My father called his plot the Victory garden. I never found out which victory he had in mind although perhaps he felt he had triumphed over the inimical forces of nature. He was enormously proud of his garden, and to protect it from predators (and his family of four small boys who might trample seedlings during some roughhouse), he surrounded it with a lovely picket fence. Since I was my mother's official kitchen helper, I had a special dispensation to enter the otherwise off-limits territory to gather vegetables in the family laundry basket. There was no shortage of treasures to collect from the immaculate rows of string beans, carrots, potatoes, cabbage, squash, okra, tomatoes, turnip and mustard greens, kale, and cress, all in perfect alignment like a well-trained army on parade. Without a doubt my favorite vegetable was corn on the cob. Can anything compare to the crisp sweetness of an ear of corn cooked within minutes of its being picked and slathered with freshly churned butter?

The precise, unwavering lines of the vegetable plants were no accident. They represented a cooperative effort between my father and the Old Mare, an undistinguished brown horse with not much in the way of personality or charm. Regardless of her temperament, she always fulfilled her duties at planting time; pulling the plow with my father in the driver's seat, the Old Mare could certainly walk a straight line.

The summer's harvest also provided us with food reserves for winter meals. My mother was a master at canning and preserving, spending weeks preparing produce for cold-weather consumption. Behind the kitchen was a pantry closet that my father had built. Red and white checked oilcloth lined the floor-to-ceiling shelves, providing a cheerful setting for the colorful rows of jars containing corn, tomatoes, beets, peaches, pears, and assorted jams and jellies. Potatoes and apples were wrapped in newspapers and stored in the cool root cellar. Peanuts dried in the summer sun and then roasted in

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their shells were a year-round snack and occupied a frequently replenished bowl on the kitchen table.

Our family diet consisted mainly of vegetables with comparatively little meat. This situation was more the result of economic necessity than any commitment to the cause of animal rights. We had some chickens, pigs, and always a turkey or two we were raising for Thanksgiving. We didn't have much else in the meat department, but there was always home-smoked pork for flavoring the greens. Baked macaroni and cheese was a popular main course, accompanied by wonderfully prepared vegetables and salads, hot breads, fresh fruits, and delicious desserts. There may have been a limited amount of coin of the realm at our house, but nature's bounty graced our table in unlimited supply.

Although few of us have the opportunity to grow our own fruits and vegetables these days, modern agricultural methods and sophisticated transportation networks keep us supplied year-round with the full range of the world's produce. The vegetables in the following recipes can be easily found at nearby farms or local greengrocers. For summer dinner parties you may want to prepare something special for your main course. I recommend marinated fillet of beef, a hearty—but not heavy—complement to chilled appetizers.

CUCUMBER AVOCADO WATERCRESS SOUP

- 2 bunches watercress
- 2 large ripe avocados, peeled and sliced
- 6 Kirby cucumbers, peeled and sliced
- ½ small red pepper, seeded and cut in pieces
- ½ small green pepper, seeded and cut in pieces
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 1 cup sour cream
- Chicken broth
- Salt and freshly ground pepper
- Sliced red radishes

Rinse watercress and trim away the thickest stems. Place in a food processor with the steel blade in place. Add the remaining ingredients, except the last three. Process until pureed. Transfer to a bowl, add chicken broth if necessary to thin soup, and season with salt and pepper. Chill well. Garnish with sliced red radishes. Serves 6.

ARTICHOKES VINAIGRETTE

- 4 artichokes
- Chicken broth
- ½ cup sherry wine vinegar
- 2 cloves garlic, peeled
- 1 teaspoon salt (optional)
- 1 lemon

Dressing

- 1 cup vegetable oil
- ½ cup sherry wine vinegar
- ½ cup water
- 3 tablespoons Dijon mustard
- ½ cup finely chopped red onion
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- Salt and freshly ground pepper

Rinse the artichokes. With a sharp knife, cut off the stem end flush with the petal base so that each artichoke stands firmly upright. Pull off any tough outer petals at the base. Place each artichoke on its side and slice ½ inch or more from the top. With scissors, shorten the rest of the leaves neatly and evenly, trimming them to about ⅔ of their original height.

Place artichokes bottom down in a deep pot so they fit snugly together. Cover with boiling chicken broth and add vinegar, garlic, and salt (the amount of salt needed depends on the saltiness of the chicken broth). Cover the pot and cook 30–45 minutes. As liquid evaporates, add enough boiling water or broth to cover artichokes. Test for doneness after 30 minutes by piercing bottoms with a sharp-pointed knife. When knife encounters no resistance, artichokes are done.

Remove from water with kitchen tongs or two long-handled spoons. Place upside down and allow to drain 10 minutes. To remove the choke, spread the center leaves of the artichoke and twist out the center cone. Discard. With a pointed teaspoon, scoop out any remaining fuzzy pieces on the artichoke bottom. Rub the bottom with a lemon wedge to prevent darkening. Chill in the refrigerator. Serve cold with vinaigrette dressing. Serves 4.

Dressing. Place all ingredients in a jar with a tight-fitting lid. Shake well and keep refrigerated.

CARROT GINGER SOUP

- 4 cups sliced carrots
- 2 cups coarsely chopped onions
- 1 celery root, peeled and thinly sliced
- 2 parsnips, peeled and sliced
- 6 cups chicken broth, canned or fresh
- 4 tablespoons chopped ginger
- Salt and freshly ground pepper
- Crème fraîche, plain yogurt, or sour cream



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Place all ingredients except last in a large pot, bring to a boil, cover, and cook until vegetables are tender (about 30 minutes). Transfer to food processor with steel blade in place and process until vegetables are pureed. Strain through a fine strainer into a bowl. Serve hot or cold. Garnish each portion with a dollop of crème fraîche, yogurt, or sour cream. Serves 4.

MARINATED FILLET OF BEEF

4½–5 pound fillet of beef
Marinade
½ cup soy sauce
½ cup honey
2 tablespoons chopped ginger
¼ cup balsamic vinegar
⅓ cup dry red wine
2 tablespoons coarse black pepper, freshly ground
2 tablespoons chopped garlic
3 tablespoons cornstarch
Bay leaf

Have the butcher trim fat from the fillet and tie the meat. Combine all marinade ingredients in a heavy saucepan. Mix well and bring just to the boiling point. Remove from heat and let cool.

Place fillet in a glass, enamel, or stainless steel pan. Pour cooled marinade over fillet, cover, and marinate in the refrigerator overnight. Remove from refrigerator several hours before roasting.

Preheat oven to 450 degrees. Place meat in a shallow baking pan and pour marinade over it. Roast 20 minutes, basting with marinade from time to time. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and continue roasting another 20 minutes or until meat reaches desired degree of doneness. Remove from oven and let cool in marinade. Cut into thin slices and serve at room temperature with English mustard. Serves 6–8.

FRIED TOMATOES

4 large tomatoes, green if available
2 eggs, beaten
¼ cup chopped parsley
¼ cup finely chopped onions
Salt and freshly ground pepper
1 cup fine dry breadcrumbs
Vegetable oil

Wash and dry tomatoes. Slice away the flat stem end. Cut each tomato horizontally into about 4 thick slices. In a shallow bowl, combine eggs, parsley, onions, salt, and pepper. Spread a layer of breadcrumbs on a square of waxed paper. Dip both sides of the tomato slices in egg mixture, allowing excess to drain off, then in breadcrumbs. Add more crumbs as needed.

Line a cookie sheet with waxed paper and arrange slices in a single layer. Refrigerate 30 minutes. Pour 3–4 tablespoons oil

into a large skillet. Sauté tomatoes on both sides over medium heat, until golden (about 2–3 minutes per side). Add more oil as needed. Place on paper towels to drain and keep warm. Serves 6–8.

SUCCOTASH

- 2 packages frozen baby lima beans, each 10½ ounces
- 3 cups corn kernels, fresh or frozen
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup half-and-half
- Salt and freshly ground pepper
- Parsley, chopped

Combine lima beans and corn kernels in a large skillet. Add butter and half-and-half. Cover pan and cook over low heat until vegetables are tender, creamy, and hot. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Transfer to serving bowl and sprinkle with fresh parsley. Serves 6.

FROZEN ORANGE PUDDING

- 8 egg yolks
- ¾ cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup orange juice, freshly squeezed
- Grated rind of 3 oranges
- ¼ cup Grand Marnier
- 4 cups heavy cream, whipped
- 24 ladyfingers
- 3 tablespoons brandy
- Shaved chocolate or cocoa

Separate eggs, placing yolks in a medium-size mixing bowl. Beat the egg yolks until thick and light-colored. In a heavy-bottomed saucepan, combine sugar, orange juice, and grated rind, and bring to a boil. Continue boiling 5 minutes. Very slowly add the hot syrup to egg yolks, beating with an electric beater. Let mixture cool, then beat in Grand Marnier. Whip the heavy cream until soft peaks form. Set aside ½ cup for garnish.

Brush both sides of ladyfingers with brandy. Line sides and bottom of springform pan with ladyfingers. Split and break remainder and set aside. Fold whipped cream into egg yolk mixture and blend thoroughly to form a custard. Pour about a third of the custard mixture into the springform pan. Distribute a few of the broken ladyfingers on top and continue to layer, alternating custard and ladyfingers, ending with the custard. Cover pan tightly with plastic wrap and place in freezer for several hours. Transfer from freezer to refrigerator about ½ hour before serving. When ready to serve, remove sides from springform pan. Garnish with whipped cream rosettes and shaved chocolate or a sprinkling of cocoa. Serves 10. ♦

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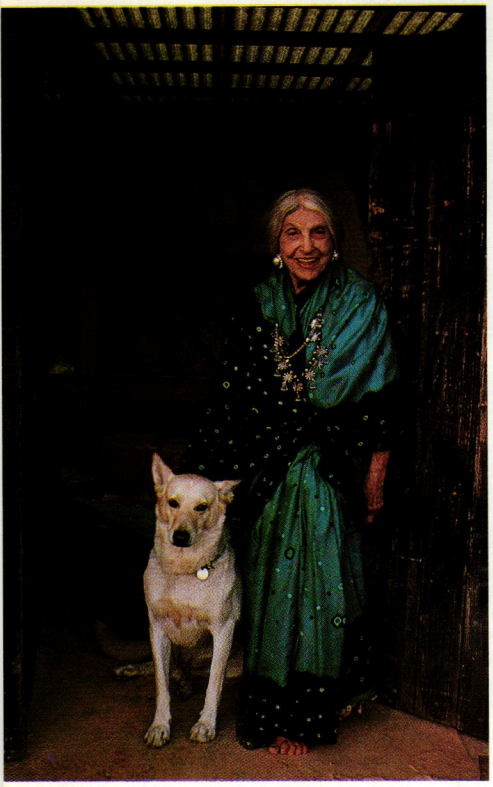


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Luster for Life

At 97, ceramist Beatrice Wood is still glazing new trails. BY FRANCIS M. NAUMANN









Beatrice Wood and her dog, Rajah, top left, in the doorway of her kiln room. Above left: *To the White House*, Wood's commentary on the 1988 presidential race. Above: An earthenware chalice bearing her trademark luster glaze. Above right: Topa Topa, a majestic peak in the Santa Ynez Mountains, looms beyond Wood's patio.

Beatrice Wood is in love with a mountain. But it's not just any mountain, it's what the Chumash Indians of southern California called Topa Topa, one of the most magnificent peaks in the Santa Ynez range. For most of us, no matter how beautiful, a mountain is too formidable an entity to warrant more than a passing fancy. But to 97-year-old Beatrice Wood—who over the years has seen a host of friends and lovers come and go—Topa Topa represents perhaps her most reliable and enduring relationship.

Wood's first view of Topa Topa comes from the glass enclosures to her bedroom, its swelling form seemingly awakened by the glow of a warm morning sun. Although not visible from every room in her house, its presence is felt throughout the day, as Beatrice diligently engages in her work, answering correspondence, greeting visitors, and, when time allows, working in her studio on the ceramic creations that have made her an international figure in the art world. Her sprawling ranch-style house and studio is located just outside the relatively remote rural community of Ojai, a resort town about eighty miles north of Los Angeles best known for the music festival it hosts every summer. Most of Wood's visitors come to see her brightly glazed lusterware pottery, the culmination of nearly forty years of experimentation with metallic glazes. "Water poured from one of her jars would taste like wine," wrote Anaïs Nin. But, considering the impressive prices paid for these artifacts (Wood once advertised her wares with the sign PRICES BOTH REASONABLE AND UNREASONABLE), few who acquire her bowls, cups, and plates would consider reducing them to the utilitarian functions suggested by their design. "I am one of the only people I know," Wood remarks with characteristic irony, "who can afford to eat off my plates."

Wood's showroom radiates like the treasure room in a sultan's palace. Myriad iridescent surfaces dance around the room as if in competition for the eye: deep intoxicating reds, shimmering blues and greens, and rustic silvers and golds that steal the show. Here and there, as you peruse the dozens of vessels on display, a primitive, almost cartoonlike ceramic figure will peer out from behind a bowl or plate to catch your attention. Closer inspection allows you to read its title (either inscribed on the piece itself or provided on a makeshift label): embracing, recumbent, but fully dressed figures are entitled

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MARLENE WALLACE; TONY CUNHA; MARLENE WALLACE; TONY CUNHA


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Settling the Middle East Question; a little girl sitting on the lap of a mustachioed, clearly villainous older man is inscribed *Innocence Is Not Enough;* while a Janus-like figure—a woman from one side, a man from the other—rides the back of a preposterous bright orange beast. Entitled *To the White House* and created during the presidential race of 1988, this work represents a candidate and his wife trotting toward their political goal.

These and other equally sardonic figures are the focus of the exhibition "Intimate Appeal: The Figurative Art of Beatrice Wood," organized by the Oakland Museum and on view June 20–October 28 at the Craft and Folk Art Museum in Los Angeles. This is the first comprehensive exhibition of Wood's figurative work, even though she has been actively involved in the creation of ceramic sculpture for over fifty years and has been drawing since she enrolled in life classes at the Julian Academy in Paris in 1910. Sixty-six pieces—drawings, collages, watercolors, lithographs, ceramic tiles, and sculptures—make up this impressive exhibition.

Like her work, the basis for Wood's irresistible charm is her marvelous sense of humor and controlled innocence. Appearances, however, can be misleading. She has taken to wearing only colorful saris and heavy decorative jewelry,

"Never do the commonplace," Duchamp told her. "Rules are fatal to the progress of art"

bulky bracelets and necklaces purchased during the course of three visits to India during the 1960s and early 1970s. When asked if her practice of wearing saris was inspired by any religious or spiritual convictions (I knew she was a close friend of the Indian philosopher Krishnamurti, who made Ojai his home in the early 1920s), she replied, "I love chocolate and young men, and for those reasons I wear saris"—whereupon she leaned over and whispered, "Don't tell anyone, but I'm fat under here."

Get her on the subject of romance and the first thing she'll tell you is something that would ring the alarm of betrayal in the ear of any self-respecting feminist. "In the home," she has often been quoted as saying, "a woman should be content to kiss the feet of her man." In actual practice, Wood has never done anything of the kind. In fact, ever since she left the comfort of her mother's house well over seventy years ago, she has been entirely self-reliant; no man has ever been empowered with the ability to control her destiny. Although two relationships took her to the justice of the peace, her most fulfilling liaisons were those carried from momentary infatuation to lifelong friendship. In all, Beatrice claims to have fallen in love five times, an achievement she found so remarkable she insisted on the title *I Shock Myself* for her autobiography.

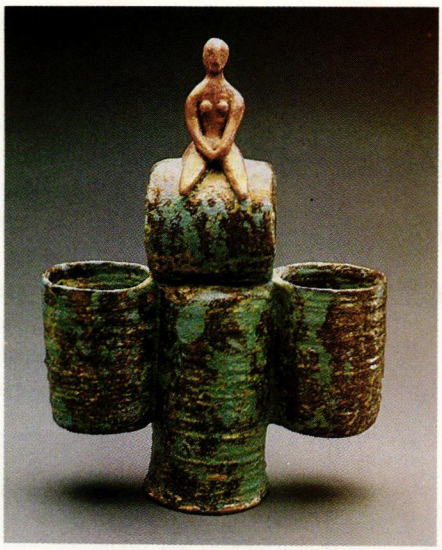
Among these lovers, perhaps none of-



OPENING CEREMONIES,
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fered a more shocking liberation from Wood's conservative upbringing than the first: Henri Pierre Roché, French author and art collector, who, when they met in New York during the years of the First World War, served temporarily in the diplomatic service. Nearly forty years later, Roché became a well-known novelist, using the events of his life for a series of books, one of which—*Jules and Jim*—became famous through François Truffaut's film version. Many believe that the complex love triangle in the book was based on Beatrice and Roché and Roché's closest friend of this period, Marcel Duchamp. The three were an inseparable team for a number of years, and although Wood did eventually take up with Duchamp, she maintains that Roché's novel bears only passing resemblance to the actual events.

Even though 75 years have passed, Wood often reflects upon those days in New York, for it was the continued encouragement of Duchamp and Roché that nurtured her instinct to follow an artistic life. "Never do the commonplace," Duchamp told her. "Rules are fatal to the progress of art." These words have not only left their mark on Wood's creative work, but they reaffirm her approach to a number of important social issues that continue to concern her, from animal rights to the amounts of money spent on military defense.

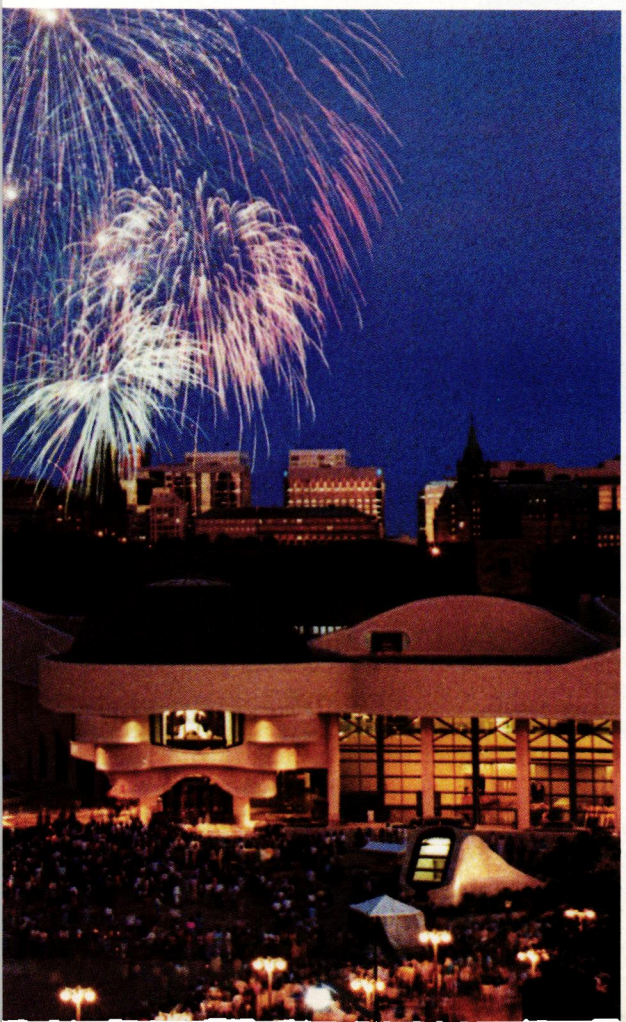


A luster-glazed vessel

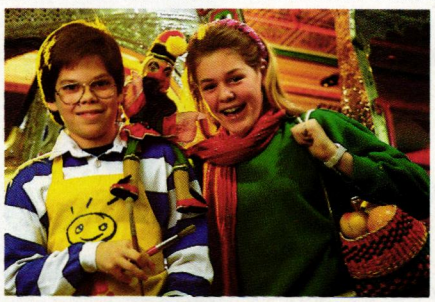
It is Wood's outlook on the future that keeps her forever young. After being treated to a vegetarian meal—served, of course, on her radiant plates—guests are often asked to retire to the sitting room, where, surrounded by her staggering collection of Indian folk art, Wood will tell visitors that the ultimate cure for all world problems is education. This conviction has led her to establish trust funds for the education of children, sons and daughters of certain close friends, and the proceeds from her estate are bequeathed to the Happy Valley Foundation, an organization in Ojai devoted to the aims of progressive education.

Before retiring in the evening, Wood catches her last glimpse of Topa Topa from her studio, the setting sun causing its southwestern face to glow with colors that curiously resemble those of her pottery. Slowly, as night approaches, its majestic form quietly slips from sight like the memory of a love long past. (Beatrice Wood's work is available from Garth Clark Gallery, Los Angeles, 213-939-2189; NYC 212-246-2205.) ▲

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The World Next Door

Princeton Pastoral

The view from the novelist's window provides new perspectives on the blank page. BY JOYCE CAROL OATES

It is a spring morning and a whitish sunshine floods the atrium outside my study window giving the tulips my husband has planted a stark painterly beauty. Enriching their reds, yellows, yellows streaked with orange, and pale crimson is the brilliant white of the dogwood tree newly blooming but still leafless. On the slate terrace a half dozen red and pink geraniums in clay pots are as vivid yet soft as a pastel drawing.

As I stand by the wall of glass that is my study window, I can see the glass wall of our living room on the far side of the atrium, through there into the living room, then into the solarium and through the solarium's glass walls to a leafy wooded area leading to a pond. This particular midmorning several New Jersey white-tailed deer have come there to drink. At times like these the house seems to have crystallized around me like a dream. I have the sense that there are no true walls, that time itself is fluid and effortless. The solace this house provides strikes me anew as I return to it—to this particular room—after an overnight lecture trip to Ohio, after the accelerated pace of Newark International Airport, the congested traffic of the New Jersey Turnpike and Route 1 from New Brunswick. However modest in dimensions and in appointments it might appear in others' eyes and, indeed, in its affluent Princeton context, *this is home. I am home.* For what is "home," except a place unreasonably loved, indefensibly cherished?



The sight of a blue heron nudges me out of a tortuous sentence

Here in this quiet place, my "career" self rapidly fades, like a projected image on a screen when the lights come up. My husband has welcomed me home by putting a vase of apple boughs on my desk; it makes me think of Andrew Marvell's line that all that is extraneous can be annihilated "to a green thought in a green shade."

There are houses whose façades, like actual faces, look out openly at the world—at the street, at passersby. Then there are houses—like the one in which my husband, Raymond Smith, and I have lived since 1978—that turn inward, showing no façade or face at all. This single-story house of white stucco, plate glass, and wood was built in Hopewell Township in 1962 by Philip Sheridan Collins, a man we have never met and know nothing about. The building consists of eight modules, each measuring 12 by 16 feet, surrounding an open atrium hidden from the driveway.

Four doors open out into the atrium; the house has twelve in all. Conventions of front and back don't apply here. Instead, airy, light-filled rectangular spaces that comprise the house form a circle of sorts, with the atrium as its center. In a sense the atrium is its center of gravity; one's eye is always drawn to it or to a similarly open unimpeded space beyond the glass walls of the living room. Consciousness flies outward toward external distractions: gradations of light, subtle alterations of weather, the activities of wild creatures outside.

Some writers might be distracted by so open a house, but I am not one of them: being nudged out of a tortuous sentence by the occasional sight of a blue heron at our pond or deer browsing outside my study window is fine with me. Nor does it disturb me to realize I've wasted unclocked minutes simply staring at the activity of the wind in the evergreens. In fact it was to enjoy such distractions that I returned to a typewriter from the word processor I'd had for two years whose luminous electronic screen and finely trembling green letters interfered with my daydreaming.

For one born in rural surroundings in upstate New York, whose most prized childhood books were Lewis Carroll's

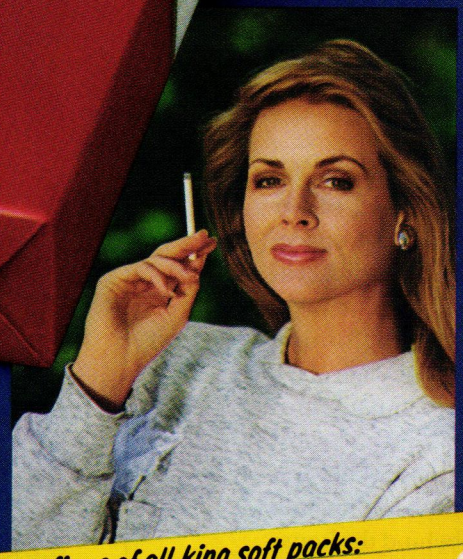
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Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and *Through the Looking Glass* and Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Secret Garden*, such a house—with its air of being hidden, ever reclusive—has the appeal of a child's paradise regained.

My husband and I were shown this property, and bought it in May 1978, in a single fevered afternoon, the way we seem to make most of the crucial decisions of our lives. Of the numerous Princeton-area properties we were shown, this was the most compact, the most reasonably priced. Somehow it didn't look like a house at all. With the dreary associations of conventional façade and front lawn, it seemed rather more an artful structuring of space. Each of the modules has a cathedral ceiling and an opaque skylight. The main part of the house, the living/dining room area, has outer walls of plate glass. Not only was there space for my husband, a city-born romantic with a love of nature, to have a garden but there was also the pond, a small brook leading into it, and about 200 yards behind the house a narrow deep-set creek in a wooded area wholly wild and tenantless.

> I would be distinctly unhappy to see someone else cleaning our house, dreamily vacuuming, washing windows, usurping my place

In human relations, love at first sight is usually a mistake. In house buying, it is usually the only reliable guide. So we bought the house and moved into it. And when visitors say, as they sometimes do, "Your house is just like you," I take it as a compliment instead of dwelling on what they might mean in terms of secrecy or exposure (All that glass! So many doors!), let alone deception (sometimes visitors wander about the outside of the house unable even to find their way into the courtyard, or finding the courtyard, they stand indecisively pondering which of the four doors is *the* door).

If this house is a writer's dream house, it is not by this writer's design, only by this writer's good fortune. In fact, since my husband, an editor and publisher, lives here too, and arguably does more to keep it presentable than I do, it is not even solely a writer's house. Indeed, home is a serial narrative that goes on and on, a collaborative effort about which it is more natural to think "our" than merely "my."

Since August 1978, when we moved in, we have made a number of significant additions to the property. There is my husband's garden, an ambitious mixture of vegetables and flowers, measuring 20 by 30 feet; a solarium that opens off the living room and overlooks the pond; and, in what had been our garage, a fairly large guest room. White-walled, book-lined, with much glass and a skylight bubble, this new room has a long white Parsons table at which, in a typically convalescent mood after having finished one of my novels, I sit and read and try to write poetry, for nothing so restores the shredded soul. All of the


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out-of-doors is my husband's happy domain. He has had the pond dredged and stocked with handsome Japanese carp, clams, and tadpoles and has planted countless trees, shrubs, flowers, and bulbs with the same sort of meticulous enthusiasm he brings to his professional work. I, on the other hand, oversee the interior of the house or, at any rate, do the housework. I hope I don't sound disingenuous by saying I enjoy housework; its very repetitiveness and the solace of its tangible qualities are in such contrast to the uncontrollable movements of the imagination. Picasso may not have been talking about the eccentric pleasures of housework when he said nothing interested him more than the movement of his own thoughts, or Oscar Wilde when he asserted he was never bored when by himself, but they were certainly speaking of the eccentric urgings of the introverted personality: happiest in a "home" of its own invention. Indeed I would be distinctly unhappy to see someone else cleaning our house, dreamily vacuuming, washing windows, usurping my place, my solitude.

There is an ironic, darker side to all this, of course. A glass house *is* a glass house—and glass can break. To visitors especially, glass can be lethally deceptive: one believes his way in is unobstructed but in fact meets a very hard wall. There is also a constant play of reflections, ghost images reflected in a multiple vertigo: thus you stare fascinated as a figure moves in a window reflected from another figure moving in another window reflected from another figure moving in another window—superimposed upon the actual figure, moving. Our house is pictured, virtually every detail intact, in my novel *American Appetites* in which a man inadvertently causes his wife's death by pushing her through the glass wall of what is in fact our dining room. As the novel's doomed woman thinks at the outset of the book, our lives are made of glass and there is nothing we can do to protect ourselves.

On this almost too dazzling May afternoon we are walking around the pond, whose surface is agitated by the activities of a school of fish, most of them black with here and there some gold. Not unlike the deceptions of glass is the riddle of why our pond is larger in reality than I envision it: larger, more complicated, more populated with life. Moreover, rarely has its surface a mirrorlike quality. On the contrary it is often stippled with leaves, seeds, a fine film of organic procreation. An envelope fiercely involved with its own interior teeming life, like the skin of a living organism, it yields few of its secrets to human eyes.

The cattails my husband planted a few years ago have multiplied richly. A bullfrog leaps into the water, alerted by our steps. One of our four cats, Misty, the part-Persian, is approaching us through the underbrush with her characteristic querulous mew. From the southeast bank of the pond we look up at the house, our house on its hill, which seems to us exactly as it did when we first saw it (and had then no realistic hope of acquiring it). It struck our dazed eyes as idiosyncratic, reassuringly undomestic, its beauty small-scale enough to be, for us, navigable—and so it was. And so it is, the last of four houses we will ever buy, the last, the most precious of the structures we've owned that will outlive us. ▲

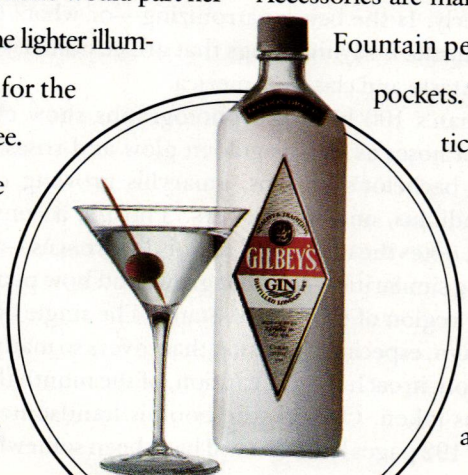
The lighter was Sandoz, the jewelry Cartier, and a martini was the perfect accessory.

It was a game really. From her handbag the woman would reveal her silver Chaumet cigarette case. Slowly she'd roll a cigarette through her fingers giving him just enough time to reach for his gold Sandoz lighter. Then, just as the tip of the cigarette would part her lips, he'd strike the lighter illuminating her face for the entire room to see.

It was a game played out in restaurants, ballrooms and clubs every night.

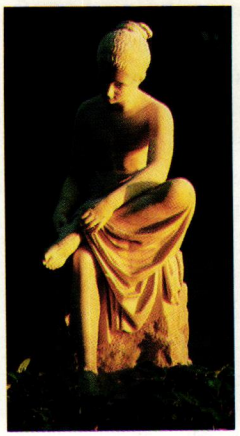
And the right accessory could say everything about the players, even spilling over into the drink one held. The martini.

But not just any martini. "A martini dry with a dash of bitters," "A martini sweet, no olive," "A dry Gibson, stirred." Accessories are making a comeback. Fountain pens cling to lapel pockets. Timeless watches tick from wrists. Elegant jewelry adorns necklines. And the martini is back. Gilbey's. The perfect accessory.



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America Bound

Three books explore our national horticultural heritage

BY MAC GRISWOLD

Nantucket roses, above left, from *Gardening America*. A nymph at Middleton Place, above center, in South Carolina and, below, the Italian Garden at Sonnenberg in New York from *Gardens of America*. Above right: Gladiolus in Wyoming from *America's Cottage Gardens*.

Spring garden books often bring on guilt trips—"I should have pruned in February"—but three of this year's publications are purely pleasure trips, literary excursions across America that define the American garden. After at least ten years of garden consciousness-raising, we are now used to the idea of having our own gardens—American gardens instead of English, French, Italian, etc.—but what does that mean? Patricia Thorpe and Eve Sonneman, Diane Kostial McGuire, and Ogden Tanner have different answers.



For this reviewer, the most interesting book of the three is Patricia Thorpe's **America's Cottage Gardens: Imaginative Variations on the Classic Garden Style** (Random House, $29.95), an insightful text accompanied by what amounts to a major photographic essay by Eve Sonneman. "America's cottage gardens" is a term Thorpe takes some twenty pages to explain because, until the recent craze for English chintz and Gertrude Jekyll, cottage gardens weren't part of the American canon. Oh, we may have quoted a Whitman line or two about lilacs and dooryards, but this is not at all what Thorpe and Sonneman are up to. Theirs is a trip through the un-yupped-up plots usually seen only in the pages of *National Gardening*, if at all. The book captures the mixed flower and vegetable gardens behind and in front of mobile homes and asbestos-shingled houses, as well as those in bungalow suburbs, around middle-aged Victorians and fifties ranchers, and on farms whose silos are still very much in use.

Because of their choice of subject, the authors unsentimentally face the connection between money and gardens that is usually politely submerged in a stream of horticultural and historical information. In general, who the gardeners we read about are—and the standard assumption is they are white, and middle class at the very least—is something we are supposed to know before stripping the shrink-wrap off the newest garden tome. So at first glance Thorpe seems oddly insistent on who her gardeners are: many of them are black, poor, elderly. Is she being patronizing—or what? No is the answer, but she *is* saying things that are customarily left unsaid about taste and class in America.

Sonneman's 106 beautiful photographs show chain link fences and hoses as well as golden glow and roses, broccoli alongside bachelor's buttons, amaryllis growing outdoors, teasel, gladiolus, and wildflowers. Thorpe, a consummate gardener, notes the major and minor differences—and some fascinating similarities—in what grows and how people grow it in every region of the United States. The single best aspect of the design, especially in a book that covers so many zones, is the mention, in each picture caption, of the month the photograph was taken. Overall, the book is handsome and uncrowded: 192 pages later you will have been somewhere vivid and exhilarating in America.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: CARY HAZLEGROVE; RON COLBROTH; EVE SONNEMAN/COURTESY ZABRISKIE GALLERY; FELICE FRANKEL

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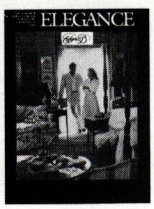
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In **Gardens of America: Three Centuries of Design** (Thomasson-Grant, $34.95) Diane Kostial McGuire, a garden historian as well as landscape architect, examines the other kind of garden, those that are commonly recognized as the preeminent historic examples of design. Such gardens are the beneficiaries of all the lucky breaks that go into the making of masterpieces: money, horticultural zeal, site and climate, generations of care, or transcendent restoration. Refreshingly, of 38 places shown, 13 are treated in depth (five or more pictures each). Almost all are open to the public, and with the exception of Sonnenberg in Canandaigua, New York, there are few surprises. The surprises are in the text and the intelligent choice of pictures. McGuire's eleven short essays (with titles like "Early Gardens of Useful Plants," "Victorian Flower Gardens," or "Modern California Gardens") are penetratingly clear, and she easily leads her readers through the thickets of stylistic nomenclature (picturesque, gardenesque, etc.).

Captions are a delight because they make unexpected connections. When she says of Rockwood in Delaware, "While the 'Japanese' garden, complete with rocks, streams, and wooden temples, was soon to attract the eye of many Victorian gardeners, Rockwood's solemn naturalism is actually much closer to Oriental gardening principles," the photograph changes before your eyes. There are unusual aerial shots of gardens that are often reduced to commonplaces—Mount Vernon, Dumbarton Oaks—and detail shots of plants that will renew your idea of what a black maple or a trumpet vine (this one is yellow and red) can be. Of the three books this has the most resplendent color printing, deep, nuanced, and believable. Thorpe and Sonneman were ill-served by the choice of matte paper, which absorbs ink; Ogden Tanner's illustrations are often poster-bright.

For Tanner the sun is always blazing and the retreats are always cool. How hard it is to generalize about American horticulture today without resorting to clichés becomes clear on reading **Gardening America: Regional and Historical Influences in the Contemporary Garden** (Viking Studio Books, $40). Though reliable on gardening practices, Tanner nonetheless promotes some of the old-chestnut errors of garden history. For example, eighteenth-century Americans did not have gardens planted exclusively with herbs in fancy patterns; they are a colonial revival invention. On the upside, Tanner's emphasis on ecologically sound gardening takes him to some beautiful, inventive sites: torrents of gaillardias at the Brandywine River Museum in Pennsylvania, a drought-resistant blue and silver border in Big Sur, California, a Tucson "garden" of lapidary squares of lawn set in wide mowing strips—if you must have lawn in the Southwest, that's how to do it. And there are 300 photographs (a number are of the same gardens as McGuire's). On balance, setting jibes about literary style aside, this is a good choice for anyone curious to put mainstream American garden styles in perspective in one comprehensive volume. The other books are a splendid pair that depict the two faces of American gardens—the everyday life and the historical canon. ▲

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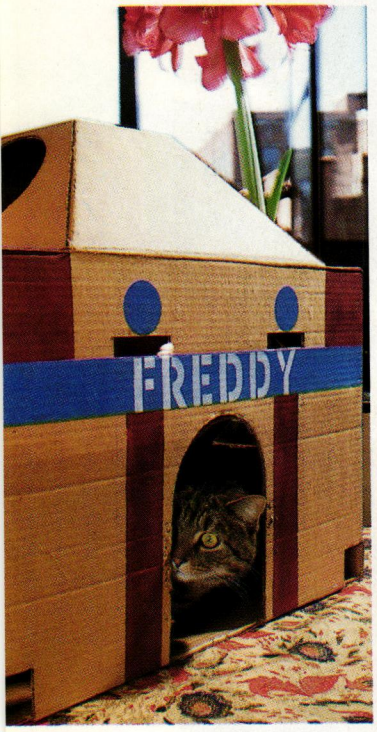
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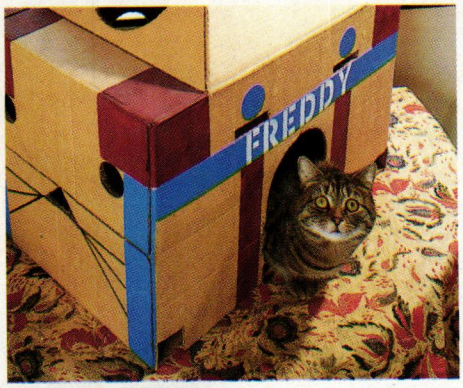
The Cat's Meow

Artist John Willenbecher creates model homes that make his clients purr

BY IRIS OWENS

It is slander to suggest that my prime motive in acquiring a pure-bred Manx kitten was to see him established in his very own John Willenbecher corrugated house for exceptionally privileged cats. I don't deny I fell in love with the miniature Italianate villa (or so it appeared to me) that the artist happened to be finishing one afternoon when I visited him in his SoHo studio. I watched as Willenbecher meticulously stenciled the names of the future occupants—Lily and Tony—clear across the front of the streamlined structure he had crafted from a discarded cardboard carton. It was pure coincidence that at that moment I became aware of how lamentably deprived I was of the affectionate companionship of a sweet pussycat. Within weeks of my spontaneous revelation Freddy had joined my single-occupancy household, and it seemed only natural to share the good news with John Willenbecher, premier architect to the domestic cat.







Freddy the Manx awaits company from the arched entryway of his custom-designed John Willenbecher cat house.

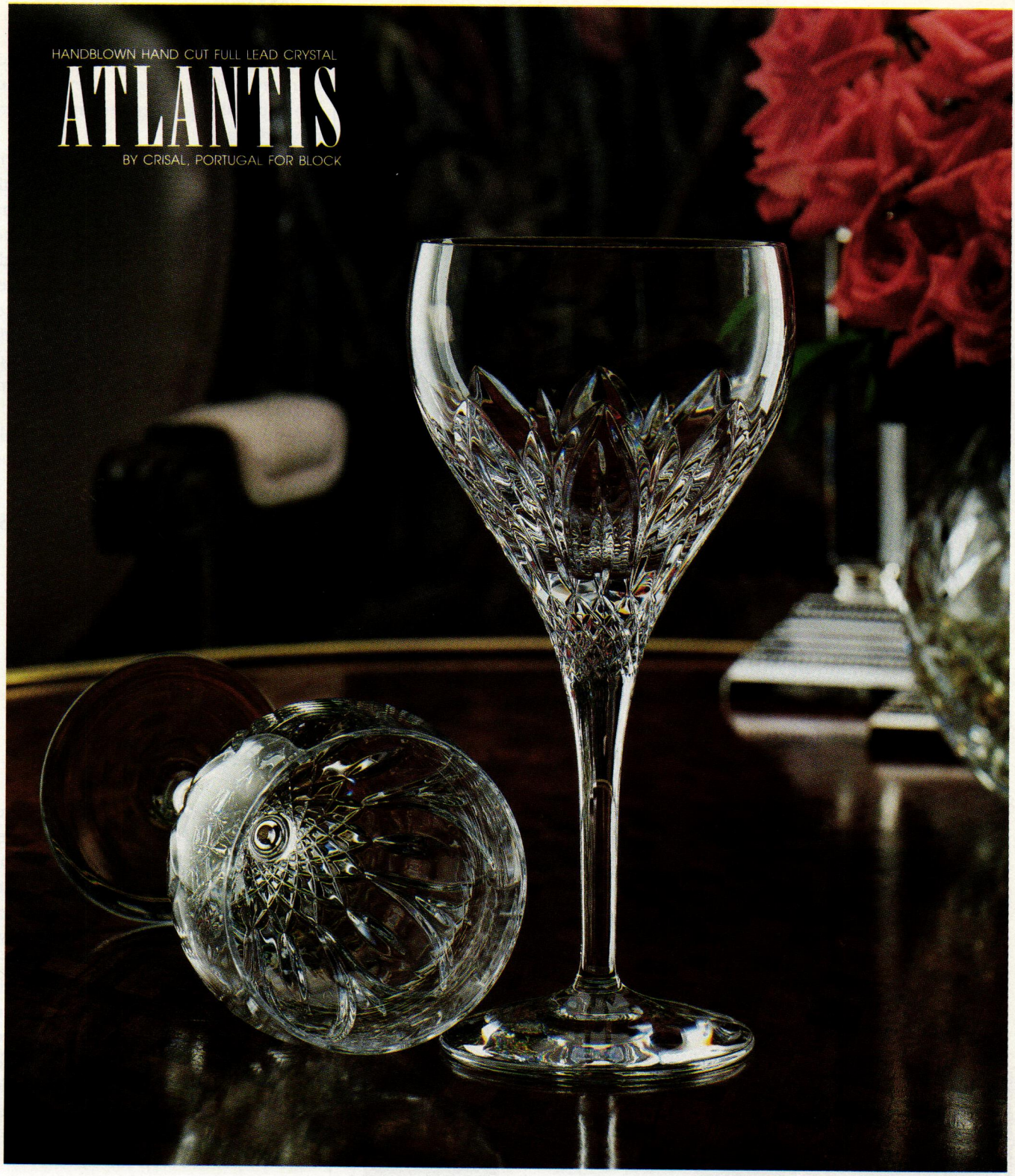
Like the proverbial shoeless shoemaker, Willenbecher goes catless, but he takes pleasure in creating one-of-a-kind geometric cat paradises for a select group of his cat-owning friends, who are more than happy to grant him unlimited cat visitation rights in return.

To the best of his recollection, John made the first of his houses out of discarded Christmas boxes as a teenager, back in the town of Macungie, Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1936 and raised with his sister Nancy (who currently keeps five cats) and an assortment of household pets. Like most children who are obliged to inhabit an adult-size world, John must have imagined how nice it would be for the family cat to have a residence scaled to its own dimensions, ceilings that did not loom out of sight, walls that provided dark and cozy seclusion, thresholds no human could cross, an enclosure with plenty of slits and peepholes for unrestricted spying. However, this was no ordinary kid punching holes into hatboxes but an emerging artist whose work would ultimately be represented in museums throughout the country, including the Whitney, the Guggenheim, the Albright-Knox, and the Art Institute of Chicago.

Although Willenbecher makes it clear he regards his maisons-minou (as he calls them) as amusements, they are designed and constructed with all the precision and invention a creator of his stature lavishes on any effort. He succeeds brilliantly in producing a sanctum that keeps the cat as happy to be on the inside looking out as the owner is to be on the outside looking in. These vividly decorated, practically weightless, completely portable three-dimensional flights of architectural fantasy are evidence of art's power to transform the humblest material into a magical universe the fussiest feline would be proud to inhabit.

"What I end up with is primarily dependent on the shape of the carton I find. Nothing is added, nothing is wasted," Willenbecher explained to me the day I discovered how desperately I wanted a cat. All of his houses, and alas there are fewer than a dozen in existence, measure approximately two feet square, and with the addition of cupolas, porticoes, haylofts, inverted pyramids, buttresses, and unidentifiable structural details, each takes on a style of its own. Whether it suggests a section of a medieval wall, an austere Shaker barn, a Mediterranean villa, a spireless church, or a building that has never existed anywhere except in the imagination of an astral mathematician, each house bears the authority of a perfectly rendered design. The surfaces are punctured with squares, spirals, circles, triangles, and slits worked into the design to the perpetual fascination of the occupant. And that is only what is visible from the outside. Concealed within the walls, with their Mondrianesque bands and fields of flat color, are

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hidden labyrinths that go from entrance to rooftop and surprise apertures cut into the floors, puzzles so dear to the explorative cat.

John stopped producing his houses in the sixties and seventies, and it was only in the early eighties, his career as a painter and sculptor established, that he succumbed to the importuning of needy friends and resumed his role as master builder to the cat. Since these treasures are not available at any price, I could only wait in choiceless suspense for John to find the time and the container essential to his inspiration.

My kitten was a full-grown year-old magnificent fellow worthy of the most

> Each house measures two feet square and comes with hidden labyrinths, surprise apertures, and a style all its own

elegant quarters when Willenbecher called and asked the question I had been longing to hear: Is Freddy spelled with a "y" or an "ie"? Either way was fine with me. I could picture the letters luminescent above an arched doorway. Freddy's house, with its flattened pyramid of a roof, was hand-delivered by its beneficent maker not a moment too soon. True to his feline nature, my cat had coopted every inch of carpeted, cushioned, and vinyl space, none of which he was about to surrender unless supplied with superior digs of his own. And that is exactly what he received.

The two-story edifice, which to me has the appearance of a make-believe temple from some extremely witty alien culture, seems to float above my polished floorboards, weightless as a dream. The sides of the house are imprinted with the grinning faces of contented cats, and in the upstairs loft with portholes cut out of the sloping roof sleeps the real thing, the cat I'd always wanted. ▲

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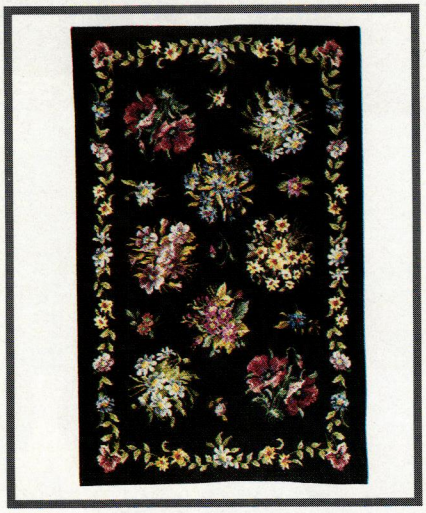
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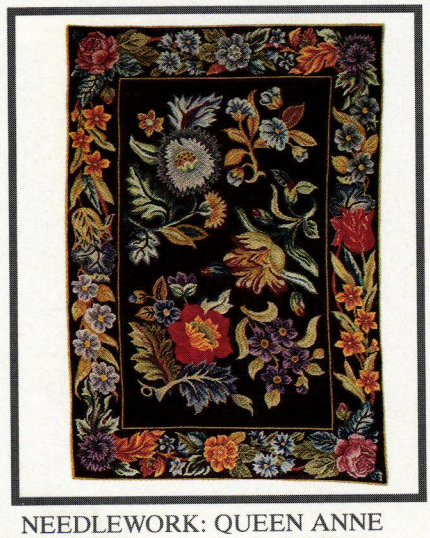
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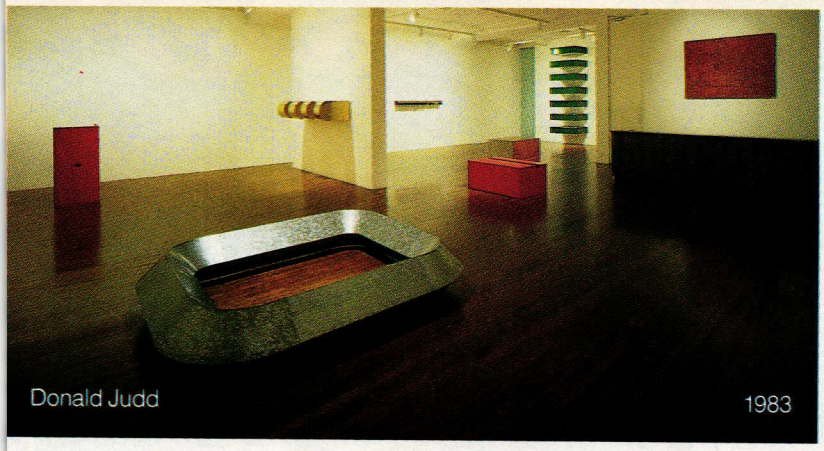
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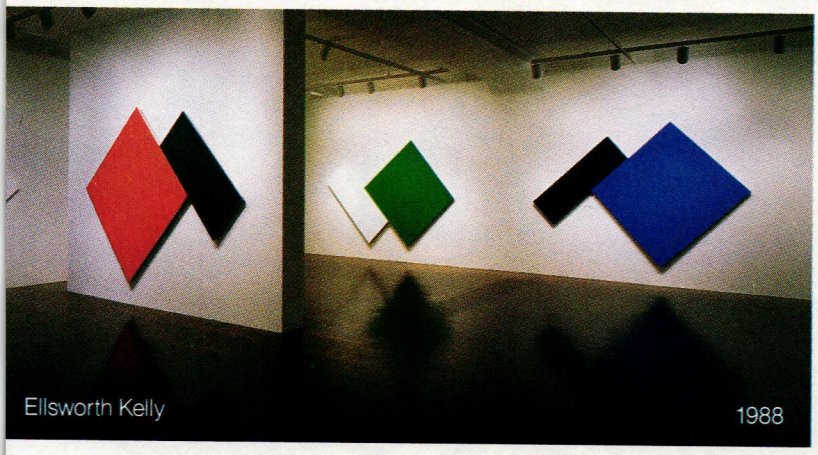
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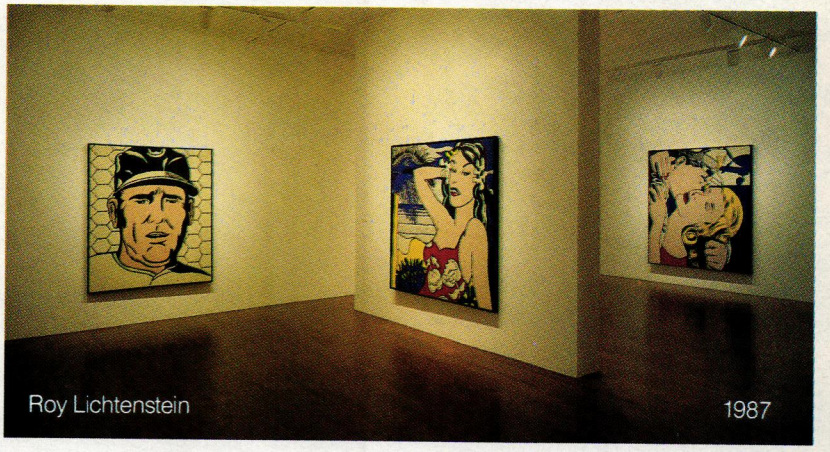




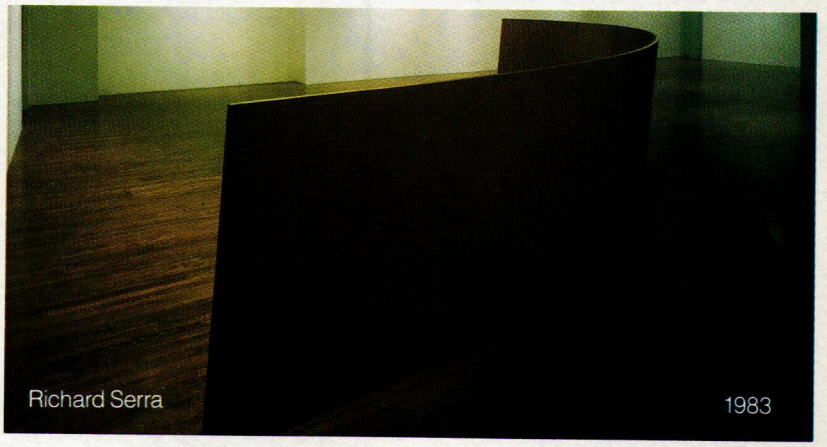








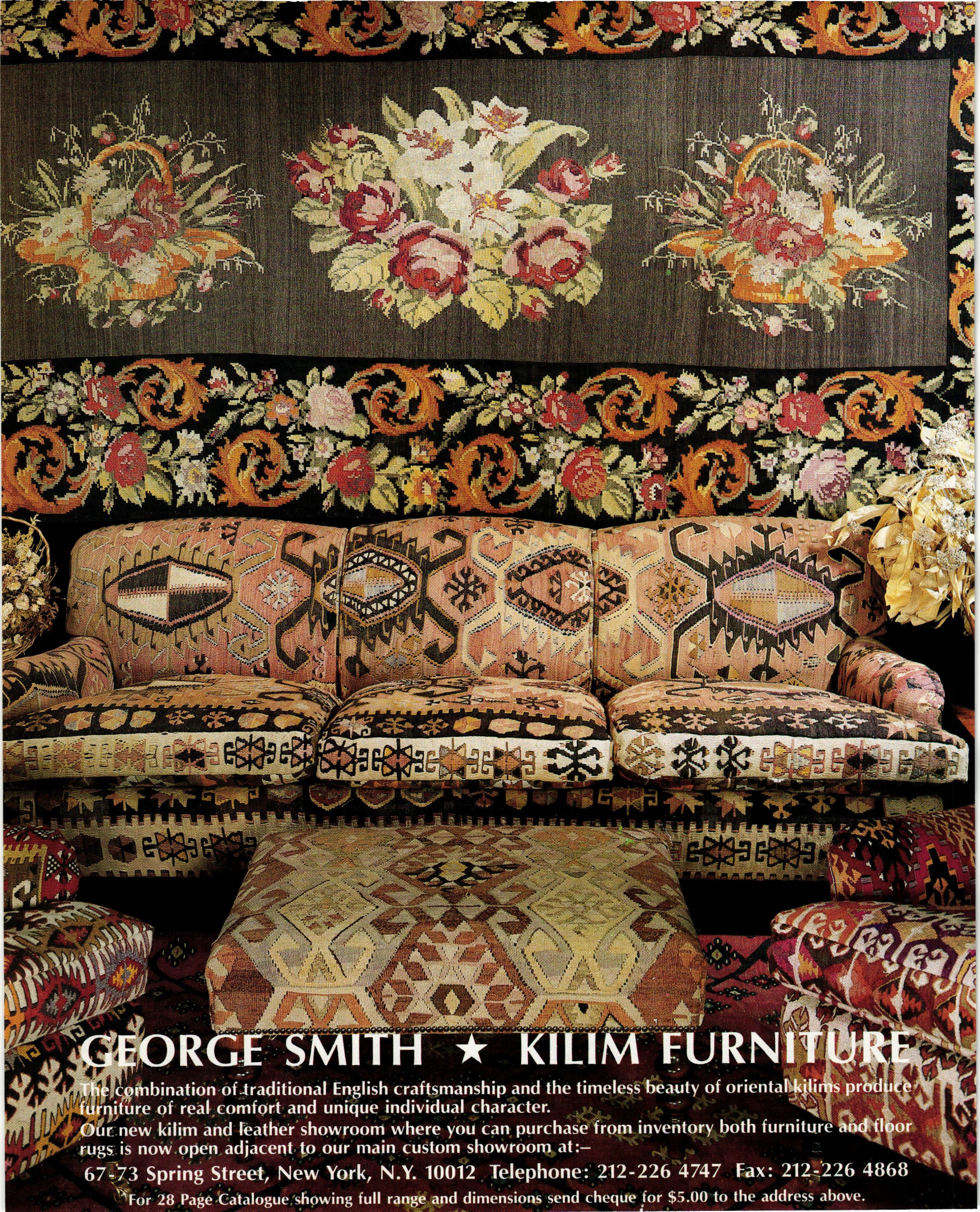




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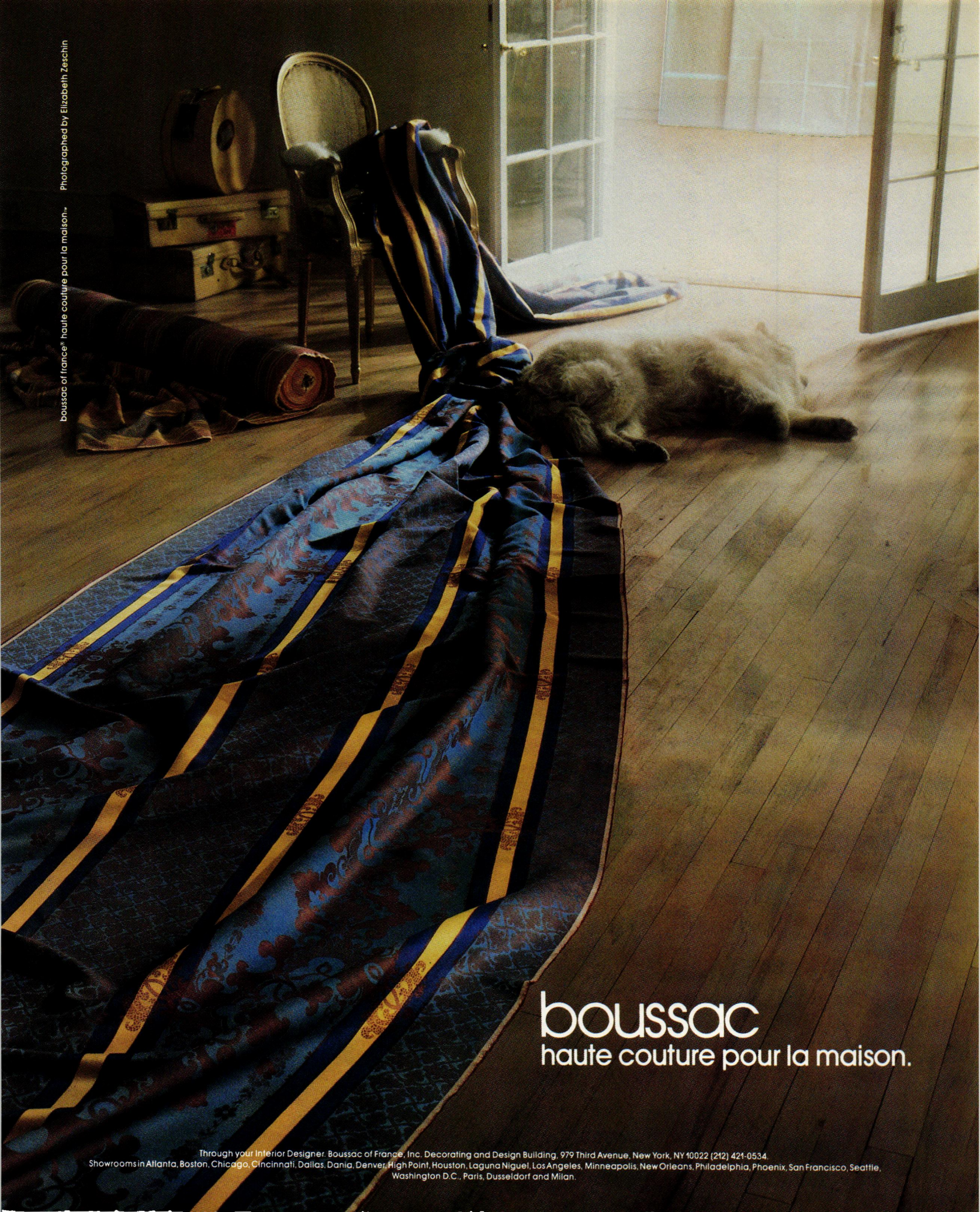
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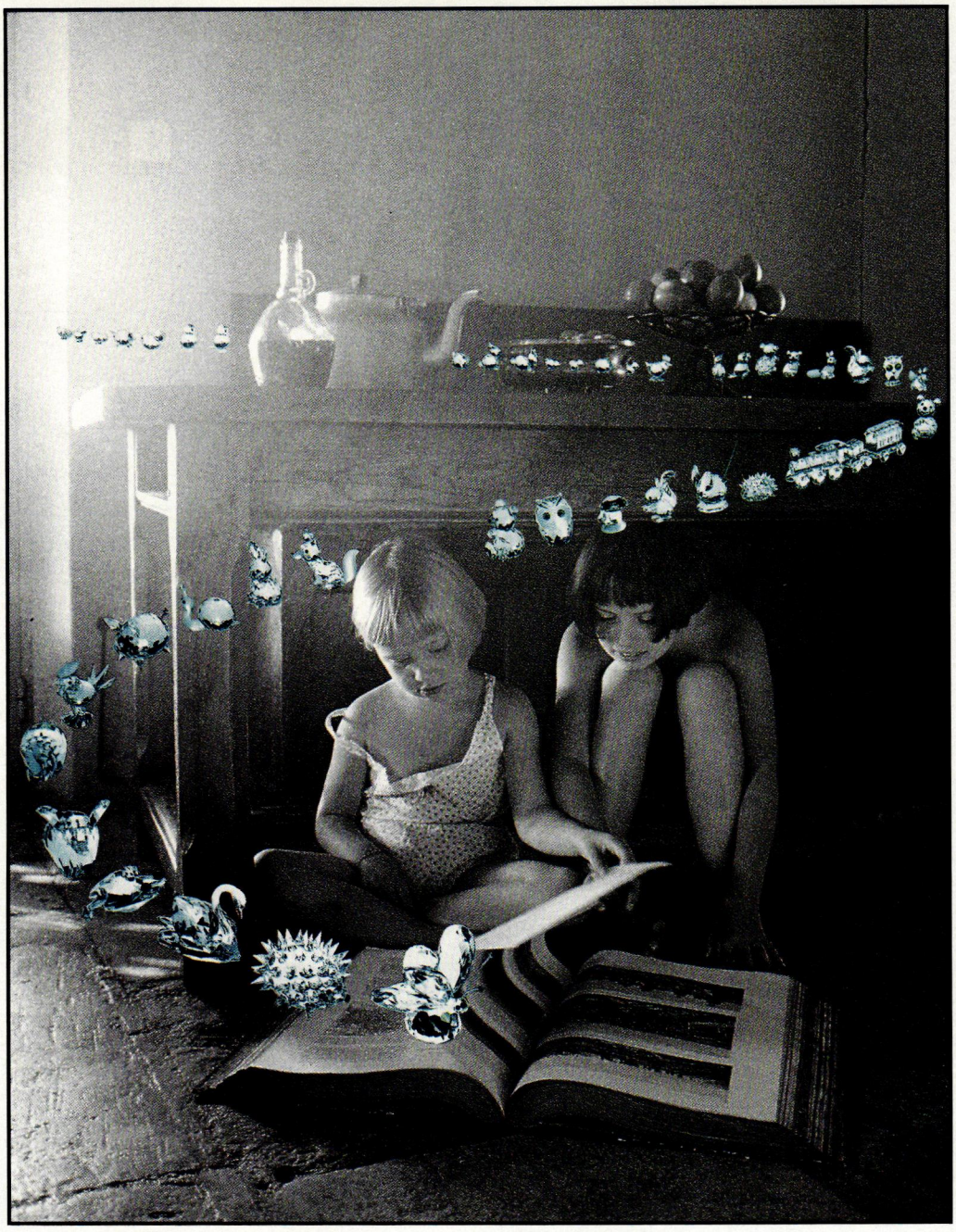
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Creative Business. Photo: Franck Horvat

Editor's Page

JUNE 1990

COME FRIDAY NIGHT, WINTER, SPRING, SUMMER, OR FALL, THE NOVOGROD FAMILY heads for the country, driving two hours in almost any weather, transporting at least a few scraps of clothing (in spite of all efforts at self-sufficient wardrobes), books, magazines, food. It's a classic story, with enough variations on our yellow-painted New England farmhouse to fill the pages of HG for years. For Nan and Stephen Swid, country is a turn-of-the-century clapboard house on South Main Street in Southampton, decorated in a romantic light-filled 1990s style by Stephen Sills. An 1807 sea captain's house on Nantucket is another highly cultivated statement, in this case by decorator Robert Denning. Landscape painter Neil Welliver has composed a tour de force of color and line in a simple wooden house in Maine, while across the continent the young L.A. architect Josh Schweitzer has devised an otherworldly group of pavilions as a weekend escape in the California desert. Renowned architect Richard Meier's classic modernist house in New Jersey is an altogether different interpretation of a rural retreat. The June issue zeroes in as well on the old-line Michigan resort of Mackinac Island (revisited by native son Edmund White), the private zoo that a pair of Sotheby's art experts keep on their Westchester farm, and the playfully designed cottage of singer Belinda Carlisle and her husband, producer Morgan Mason. There's also an unconventional garden in Connecticut and the charming house of garden designer Nancy McCabe. In a lighter vein, Billy Norwich reflects on the meaning of country to the very rich. Granted, leaking roofs, faulty plumbing, and plant-eating bugs and vermin are well outside the picture-perfect domain of HG, but the ideal is eternally seductive. And the reality, even with traffic and travel, still fulfills a basic human need.

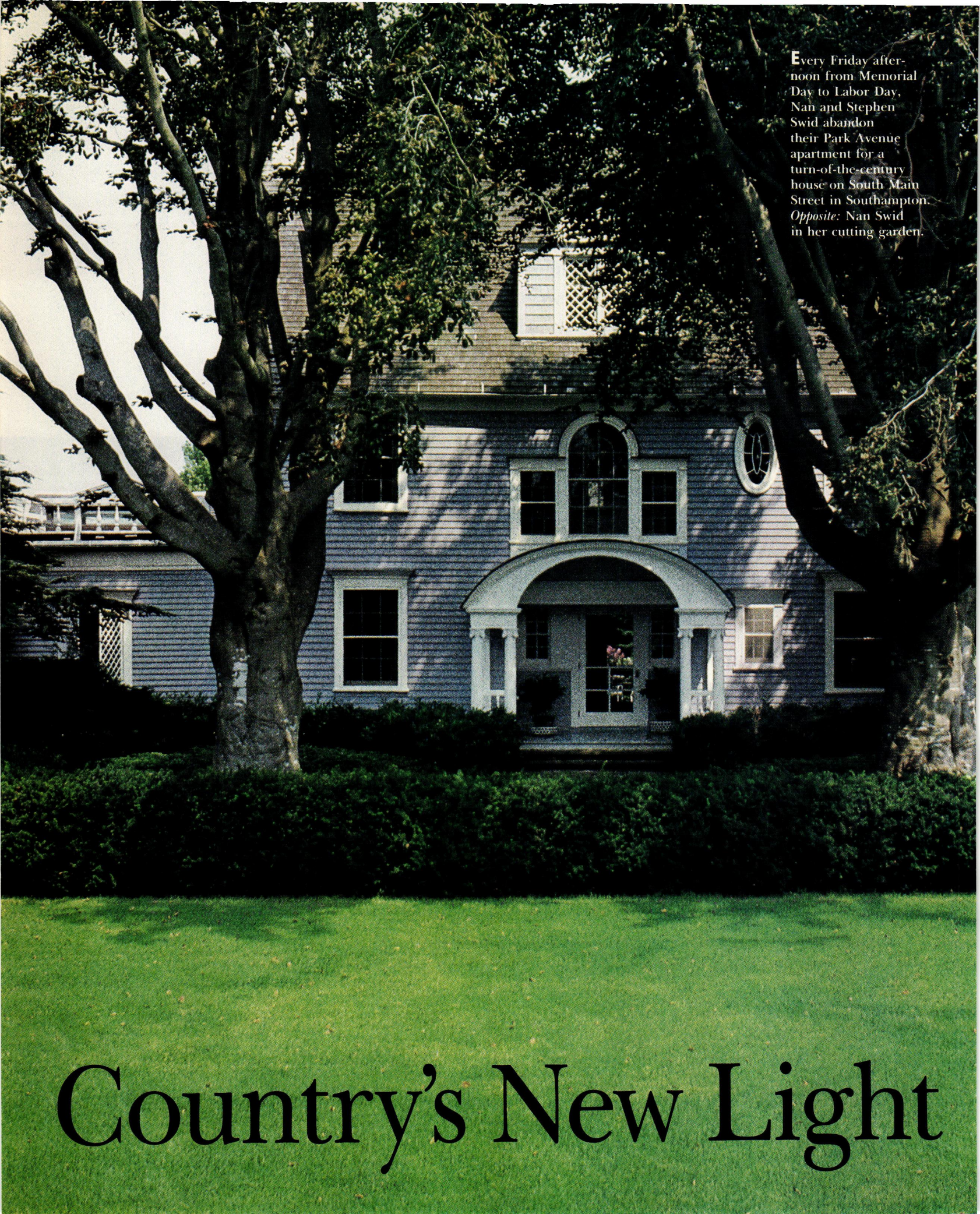


A weathered picket fence sets off the brilliant color of purple loosestrife, coreopsis, clematis, and other perennials in a Connecticut garden.

LIZZIE HIMMEL

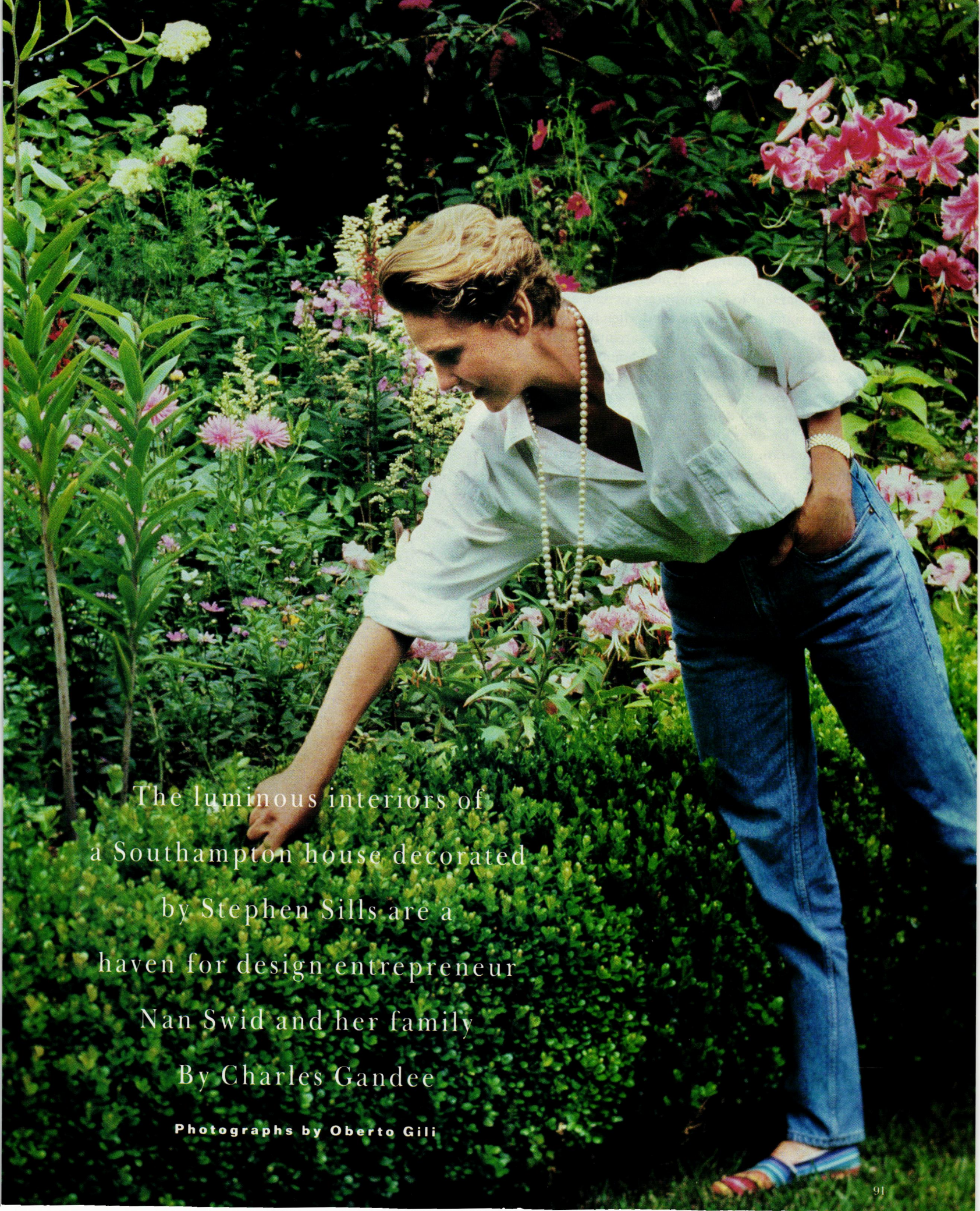
Nancy Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Every Friday afternoon from Memorial Day to Labor Day, Nan and Stephen Swid abandon their Park Avenue apartment for a turn-of-the-century house on South Main Street in Southampton. *Opposite:* Nan Swid in her cutting garden.

Country's New Light



The luminous interiors of a Southampton house decorated by Stephen Sills are a haven for design entrepreneur Nan Swid and her family

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Oberto Gili

ARCHITECTURE, DESIGN, AND THE DECORATIVE ARTS ARE Nan Swid's business—and her pleasure. Five days a week, between the hours of nine and five, she is president of Swid Powell, the New York–based company responsible for introducing an international roster of A-list architects to what's known as the tabletop market. Though the idea was considered novel when Swid conceived it in the early eighties, time has borne out the commercial wisdom of inviting such high-profile talents as Michael Graves, Richard Meier, Ettore Sottsass, Stanley Tigerman, and Robert Venturi to try their hands at china, crystal, silver, and, most recently, sheets.

Swid's commitment to contemporary design, and to contemporary design talent, does not end when her workday is done. On the contrary, when she meets architects, designers, or decorators she likes, she takes them home. Over the past decade Swid and her husband, Stephen, the chairman and CEO of SCS Communications, have worked with architects Charles Gwathmey and Robert Siegel on four projects, with designer Joe D'Urso on three projects, and with decorator Andrée Putman on two projects. The couple's loyalty is matched only by their personal design needs. Happily for Nan Swid, Stephen shares her enthusiasm for aesthetic adventure—and her eye for talent. Tellingly, he oversees his film company (Cinecom), his magazine (*Spin*), and his publishing house (Westview Press) from behind a Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann macassar ebony desk in a Gwathmey Siegel–designed office lined with art by Anthony Caro, Ellsworth Kelly, Robert Moskowitz, and Kenneth Noland.

The latest addition to the couple's personal design roster is Stephen Sills, a young Manhattan decorator whose career recently moved into the fast lane. Nan Swid was introduced to this self-described "hillbilly from Durant, Oklahoma," through her friend Ian Schrager, the hotel mogul who had enlisted Sills in 1988 to help soften the hard edges of Philippe Starck's scheme for the Royalton Hotel. She was sufficiently impressed with the discreet elegance of Sills's portfolio to sign him up instantly to decorate her new offices on two floors of an East 49th Street town house. Swid liked what she got. So much so that she invited Sills and his partner, James Huniford, for a weekend in Southampton, where she happened to mention that she might be interested, just in case he had any ideas, in "freshening things up" around the grand turn-of-the-century house that Joe D'Urso had decorated, once in 1981 and again in 1985. Although Sills interpreted freshening things up to mean a new paint schedule for the living room, Huniford was savvier. As he understood it, Swid essentially wanted to start all over again. Huniford was right.

There are people in this world who consider decorating a



A generous center hall, *right,* with a colonial revival staircase and wainscoting bisects the house. Stephen Sills modeled the entry's blue and white wallpaper after a classic pattern by Louis Comfort Tiffany. *Opposite above:* A hand-carved marble mantel embedded with tiny mosaic tiles is the focal point of the living room. *Opposite below:* In one of the three downstairs sitting rooms, Sills mixed contemporary upholstered furniture with vintage wicker and wood. Details see Resources.



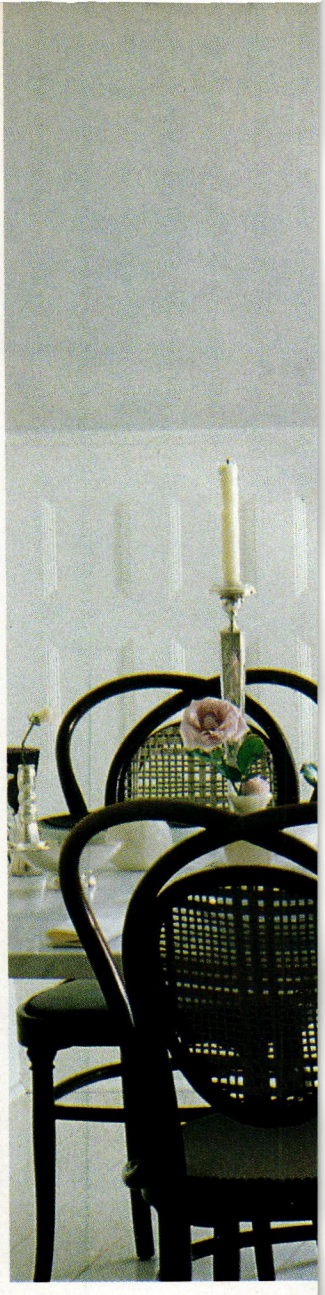






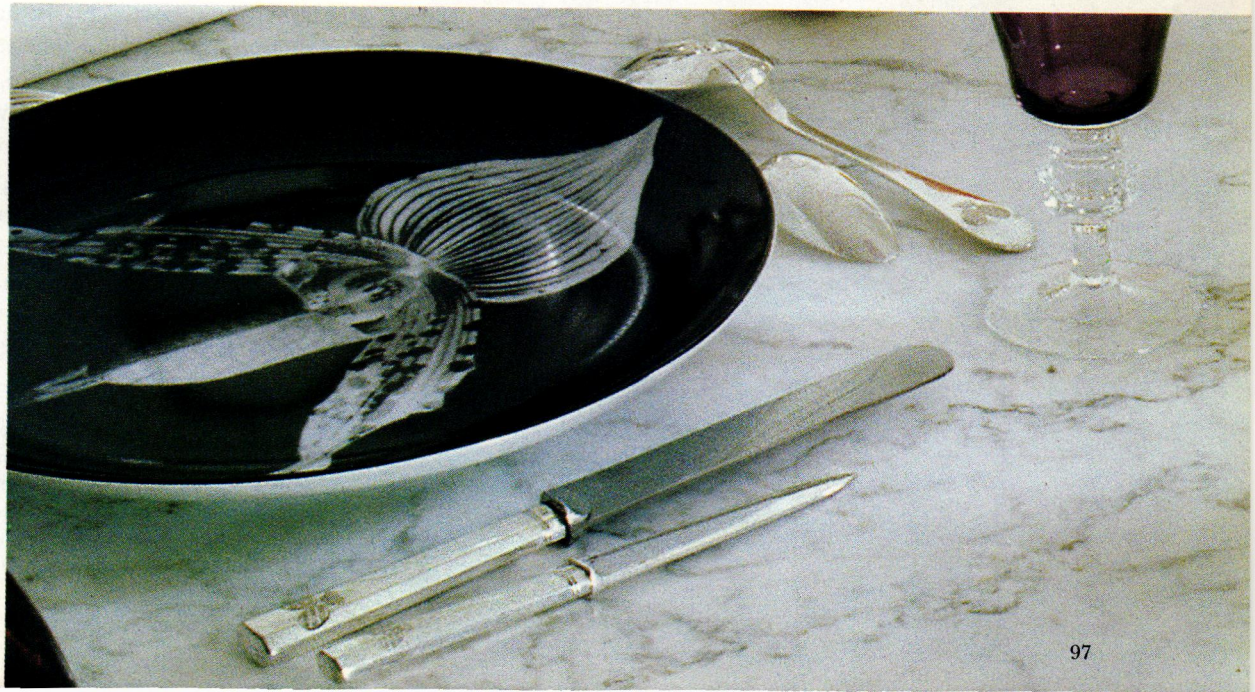


Sills laid a new wide-plank floor in the living room and had it stenciled in a pastel honeycomb pattern as a backdrop for the Swids' collection of American hooked rugs. He then filled the white-on-white room with an intriguing assemblage of furniture that ranges from an 18th-century Italian painted table to a 19th-century Heywood-Wakefield wicker chaise longue and a pair of Mies van der Rohe side tables from Knoll. The two iron floor lamps date from the thirties.



"I wanted it to

feel like the country, but I'm a modernist at heart. I like things simple and pure"



Rather than obstruct the view of the dining room fireplace, *opposite,* Sills extended a slab of marble from a side wall to form a table, leaving the center of the room open. *Above:* Nan Swid combines traditional silver with tableware designed by architects Robert A. M. Stern and Robert Venturi, which she produces through her company, Swid Powell. The c. 1900 bentwood chairs are Thonet. *Right:* The Orchid dinner plates, also from Swid Powell, were designed in 1987 by Robert Mapplethorpe.





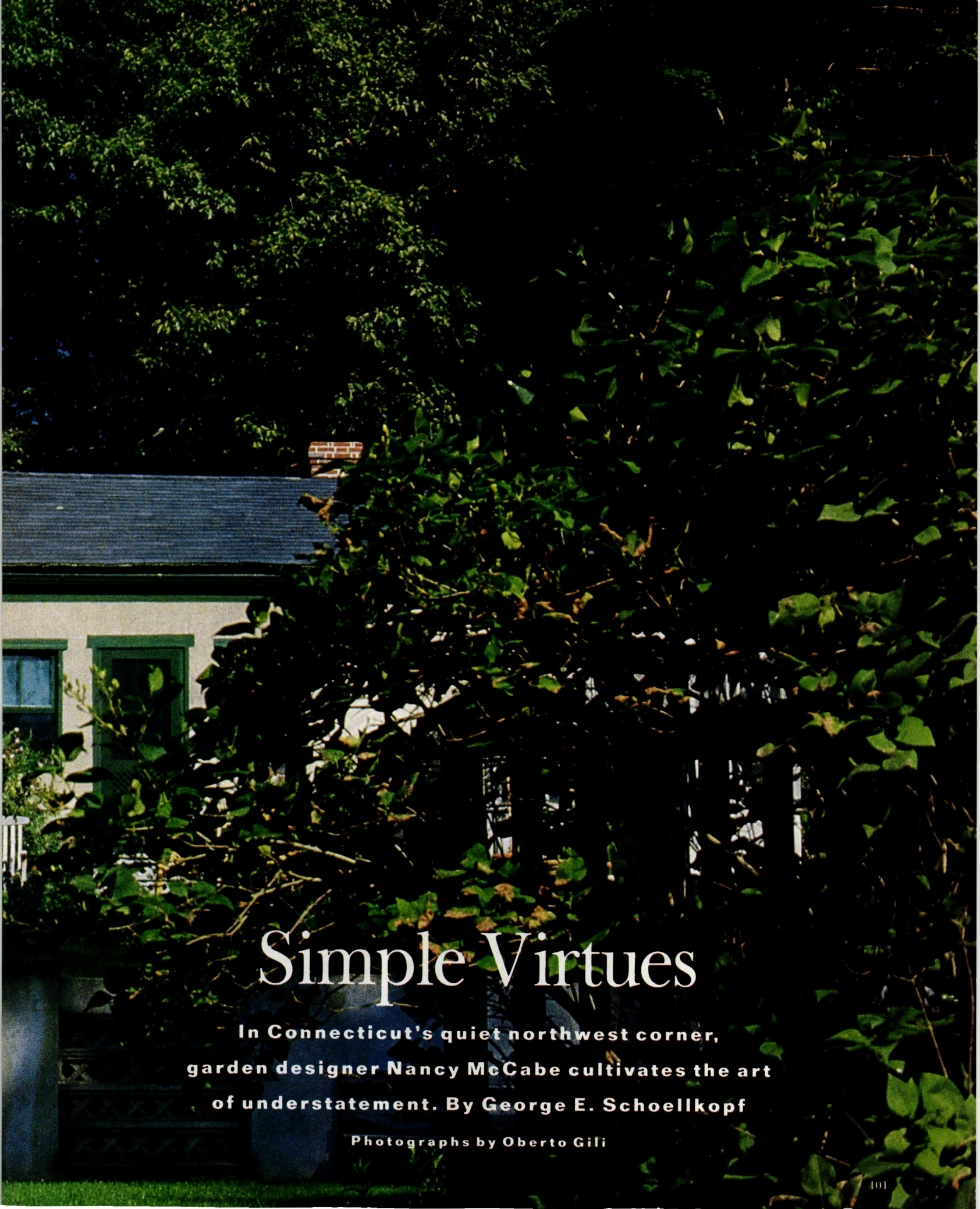
costly and time-consuming ordeal, but Nan Swid is not one of them. For her it is a "stimulating learning experience." Which explains why every four or five years she grows restless with her domestic environments—on Park Avenue in Manhattan and on South Main Street in Southampton—and, eager to continue her education, cleans house. Though Swid usually returns to designers to redo what they have already done once (and sometimes twice), she had to break with her custom two years ago when it came time for the third transformation of the summer place: Joe D'Urso, then living in Europe, was unavailable for another encore. Which was sad for Swid, considering that she regards D'Urso not only as part of the family but also as one of the great design talents practicing today. Nonetheless, Sills was a good choice to follow D'Urso, especially since Swid was eager to spread her stylistic wings, to expand her long-standing classic modern repertoire, to change the temperature, so to speak, of the house from cool to warm. And Sills's quiet flair for mixing colors, patterns, textures, and periods seemed just right, *(Text continued on page 172)*

Sills's partner, James Huniford, found the master bedroom's Egyptian revival armoire and bedside tables, *above*, in a small antiques shop in Maine. The curtain fabric is from Clarence House. *Left:* In the upstairs sitting room, a 19th-century book-shaped table stands near a wicker armchair. *Opposite:* The Swids prefer lunch alfresco on their flagstone terrace.





The stuccoed walls of the farmhouse set off luxuriant clematis overhanging a doorway onto the south-facing terrace. In warm weather Nancy McCabe brings out terra-cotta pots holding plants that winter over in her greenhouse.



Simple Virtues

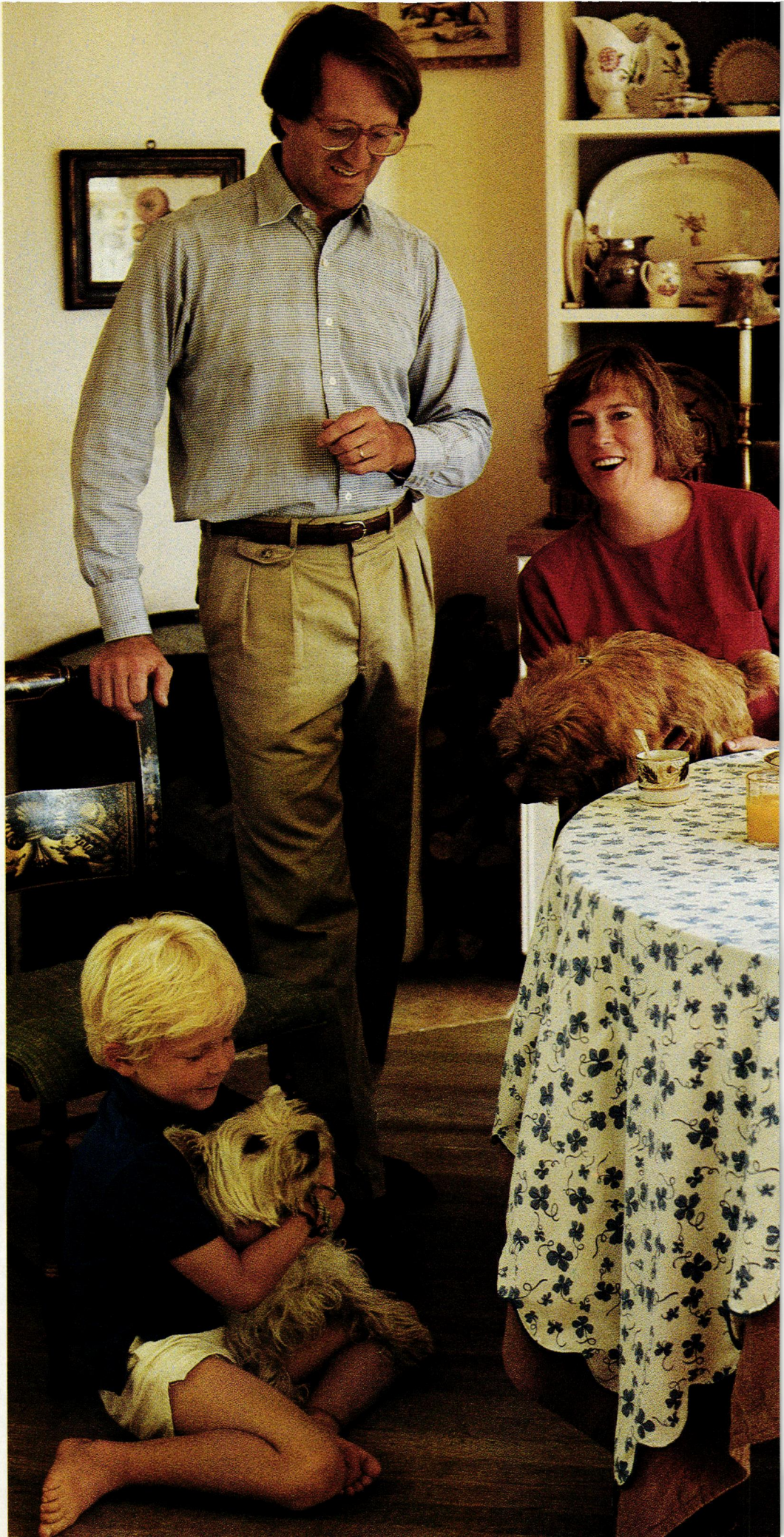
In Connecticut's quiet northwest corner, garden designer Nancy McCabe cultivates the art of understatement. By George E. Schoellkopf

Photographs by Oberto Gili

NANCY MCCABE'S HOUSE IN CONnecticut is not the sort of place you might normally expect to find illustrated in the pages of a magazine devoted to decorating. This is because the house hasn't been designed in the usual professional sense of the word, and there is much more involved here than decoration. Nancy's surroundings, indoors and out, are not just pretty—they poetically express a very personal style and sensitivity. Almost from the moment I arrived, I had the bizarre sensation of coming back to someplace I had lived in long ago but couldn't quite recall. Everything seemed strangely familiar and yet fresh, as if I were being given a second chance to see all the wonderful things I had missed the first time around. I was thoroughly intrigued.

First there was the kitchen garden, which won me over as soon as I stepped into it from the drive. Nancy is a well-known garden designer and consultant with highly important clients on both the East and West coasts, but there was no hint of self-importance or pretension in the little plot before me. It was orderly but irregular, with paths of old brick unevenly laid and edged with antique scalloped tiles, which Nancy told me she had found in Savannah. She was brought up in Georgia but received her education in France, where she learned to appreciate farmhouse gardens and developed a taste for all manner of things European.

In Nancy's kitchen dooryard I found vegetables, flowers, and herbs grown together in the style of a French potager. Old garden paraphernalia, such as several three-foot-tall terra-cotta rhubarb forcers and a pair of handblown glass forcing bells, or cloches, added to the air of civilized rusticity. Various flowerpots were filled with herbs and special plants, some of which—Japanese morning glories, for instance, and a rare blue-flow-



Sievert, Spalding, and Nancy McCabe, ***right,*** **in the kitchen with their terriers, Polly and Nell. Shelves display faience, English creamware, and Canton porcelain. The tablecloth is Porthault.** ***Opposite above:*** **A screen of espaliered apple trees borders the kitchen garden.** ***Opposite below:*** **American children's chairs are placed near a Louis XVI bergère in the living room. Details see Resources.**













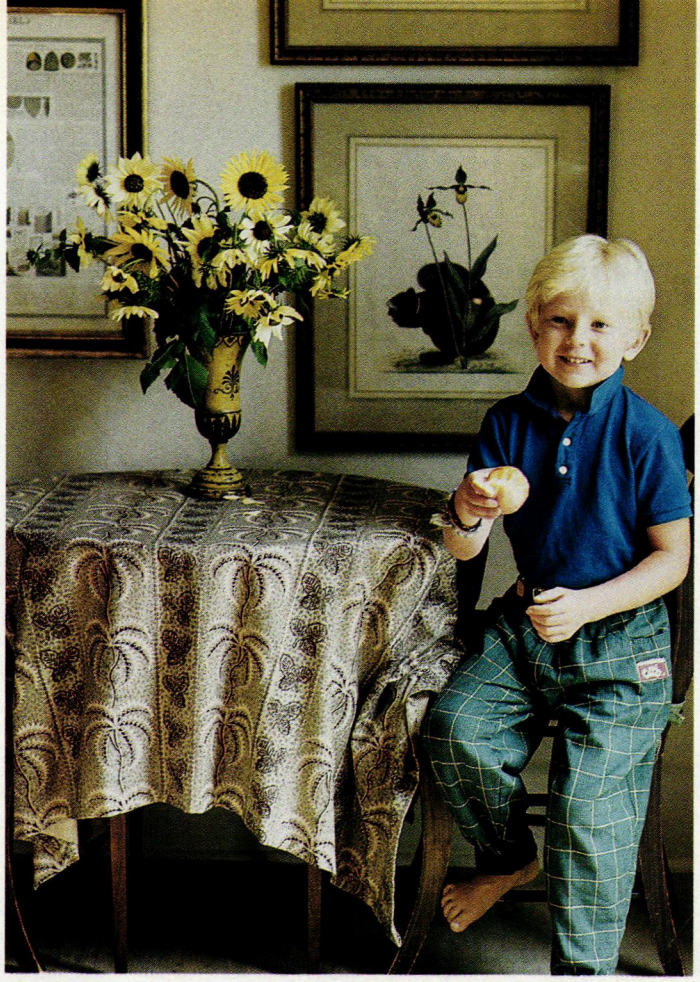
ered species of maurandya—I had never seen before. Everything was neat and trim, but not compulsively so; here and there a few creepers had even been allowed to grow among the bricks. Everywhere the plants seemed to be enjoying themselves, and they were never so vigorously restrained as to suggest that the garden design was more important than they were.

Picturesquely situated on a rise overlooking an old canal, the circa 1790 house is just large enough for Nancy, her husband, Spalding McCabe, their two sons, Wesley, aged nine, and Sievert, six, and two terriers, Polly and Nell. Although the architecture has basic good proportions, it is quite modest, with no frills or claims to high style. Sometime around 1920 the clapboard exterior was faced with stucco, long since mellowed to an attractive mottled patina that gives the place a curiously Mediterranean feeling—especially now that fruit trees have been espaliered on one wall and spring-, summer-, and fall-blooming clematis trained on another.

Nancy says that when she first saw the house it reminded her of France. Fortunately the property was also convenient to her husband's business, Lion's Head Books, in nearby Salisbury, and so they decided to buy it. That was nine years ago, and Nancy has been refining and rearranging things ever since. The interior is deceptively simple, still recognizably a New England farmhouse. There is a kitchen table with an old-fashioned tablecloth next to a large open cupboard filled with crockery and plates hanging on the wall; in the living room there are pictures and knickknacks and comfortable upholstered chairs—everything you would expect to find in a well-run American *(Text continued on page 172)*



The living room's linen valances are trimmed with antique French petit point and red fabric from a dress Nancy McCabe wore as a child. Red also appears in French botanical watercolors, the Liberty floral cotton Petronella, a fan-shaped lacquer tray, and the English needlepoint carpet. Leaf patterns adorn the American grained table below a Dutch tortoiseshell and ebony mirror frame. The ladder-back chair came from nearby Sharon, Connecticut.





teases the viewer into looking more carefully than he otherwise might







Nature Study

The Maine woods provide a fertile landscape for painter Neil Welliver

By Mark Strand

Photographs by William Waldron



Neil Welliver in his studio, a renovated barn in central Maine. *Opposite:* The artist and his son John in a meadow behind the 19th-century "continuous" building that he restored.



COURTESY MARLBOROUGH GALLERY

NEIL WELLIVER IS SHORT AND STOCKY, WITH NEATLY combed white hair and a trim black mustache. He looks straight at you when he speaks—and he doesn't mince words. In all his transactions with the world he displays a scrupulous honesty that contributes to his being both a powerful presence and one of the best landscape painters in America.

Welliver's large paintings of the Maine woods set us in the midst of a world from which we have become increasingly estranged. Gazing into their vivid stillness, we discover an essential part of ourselves, a basic humanness, a creaturehood that we seem to have lost. They are direct, even confrontational, representations, and yet they are highly nuanced; their world—the feel of it, the light of it—is fastidiously rendered, and we register the weight of Welliver's attention as a kind of rescuing operation. For if nature is rapidly disappearing, we at least can imagine what it was like, picture it as Welliver has pictured it.

Welliver's preoccupation with the Maine woods began in 1962. He was searching for a landscape he wanted to paint, and he found it in central Maine, where he bought a run-down house on 106 acres for $2,500. Over the next few years, when he had accumulated $500 or so from the sale of paintings, he would buy another hundred acres of adjoining woodland; eventually he had 1,200 acres. Then, in 1975, the artist returned from a trip to town to discover that his house had burned down in an electrical fire. He lost not only the house but everything in it: hundreds of paintings, portfolios of wa-



Old windows were replicated, and ax-hewn posts and rafters were installed to restore the house's original timber structure. In the living room, *right*, cowhide rugs from Chile enliven a sofa and chairs in a Schumacher white canvas, a Shaker bentwood rocker, and a Wassily chair available from Knoll. *Above:* Welliver's *Fissures*, 1987. Details see Resources.





The air of calm that permeates Welliver's house exists in



Low rafter ceilings in the master bedroom and throughout the large house temper its scale. The quilt is turn-of-the-century American.

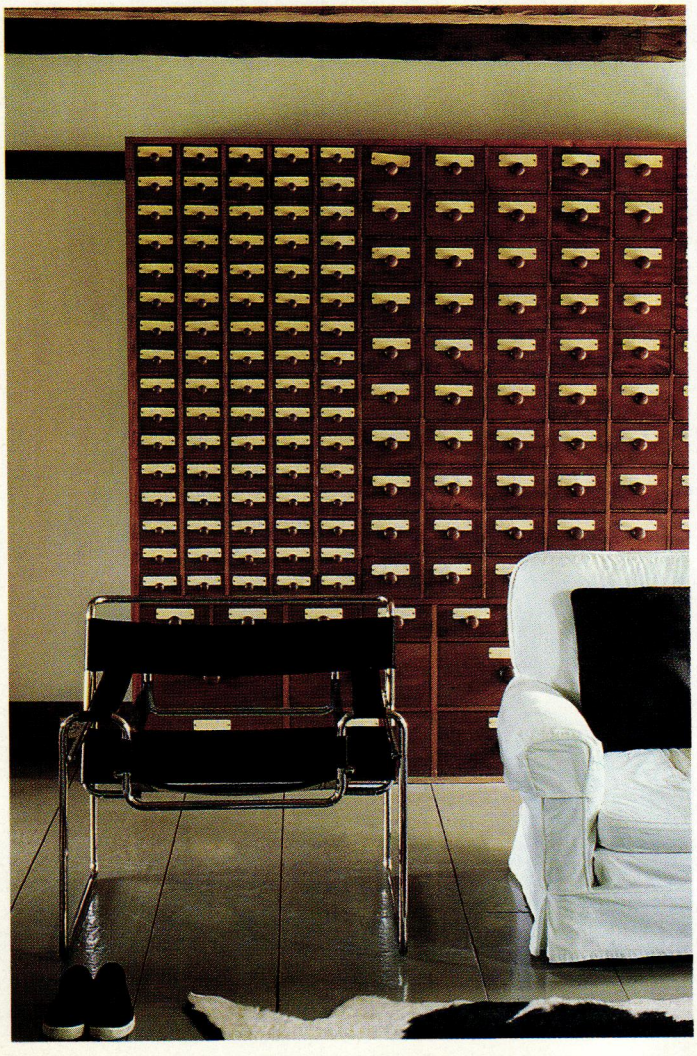
distinct contrast to his dense, energized paintings

tercolors and drawings, an enormous library, scores of nineteenth-century Caucasian rugs, and a good deal of Shaker furniture, including fifteen Shaker blanket chests filled with valuable quilts. A few paintings stored in the barn were saved, but that was all.

Welliver combed the area for a house to replace the one he had lost, and in a few weeks located a set of buildings of the same vintage in the woods nearby. He bought the entire set for $750. "I went in and marked every stick, every floorboard, every timber," he says. "I had a crew of young guys, a number of whom had been wooden boat builders, who really knew what they were doing, and I knew what I was doing, since I come from a long line of cabinetmakers. We marked the whole set of buildings, took them all apart, put them on a flatbed truck, brought them here, and set them up on the same foundation. We didn't have to do anything to the barn. It was perfect."

The house, however, was less than perfect. A tree had fallen on one part, and over the years the occupants had altered its original timber structure. In order to restore the place, Welliver bought another old house that was going to be demolished and used it to replace the missing pieces. All the wood—the posts, the long plates that support the rafters, even the rafters themselves—is ax-hewn. There is not a single screw or nail in the frame; everything is held together with pegs. "There's stuff restored in the walls that only a lunatic would do," says Welliver. "Being a lunatic, I did it." He had the original windows copied, for example, and put them back where they were meant to be. Even the cellar, which had been destroyed, was rebuilt with rocks dug out of a field in the area. The cellar walls were recapped with granite picked up from yet other abandoned house sites. It took ten to fifteen men working six days a week for a year to restore the old house.





There is a self-sufficiency, an integrity, about Welliver's residence. It is not just its isolation, the way it sits in a clearing across the road from a garden, a chicken coop, a windmill, and a couple of cars in the middle of nowhere. Nor is it the way the house claims its ground, gracefully and at length, as "continuous" farm buildings throughout New England have since the early nineteenth century. It is its assertion of plainness, its resolute resistance to cuteness, to being anything but what it is—a long plain house down a dirt road somewhere in central Maine. It is not painted, and its weathered spruce siding is somewhere between dead gray and dulled silver. Yet it is undeniably elegant, even beautiful.

The garden across the road adds to the aura of independence that surrounds the house. It covers an acre on which everything from cantaloupe to corn is organically grown, supplying Welliver, his wife, Sheila, their sons, and many of their neighbors with fresh vegetables throughout the growing season. Welliver describes how his garden grows: "It is turned up each year. I get spoiled hay—hay that's been rained on, bales of it—and I lay the garden out, covering it with a foot to eighteen inches of the hay, leaving rows that are two inches wide. Then I plant the rows. I don't do anything to them, don't weed them or *(Text continued on page 172)*

The artist keeps his files in a 19th-century mahogany apothecary cabinet, *left*. *Above: Islands Allagash*, 1988. *Opposite:* A papier-mâché washtub sits next to an 18th-century pine desk, sponged to resemble mahogany, in a corner of the master bedroom.

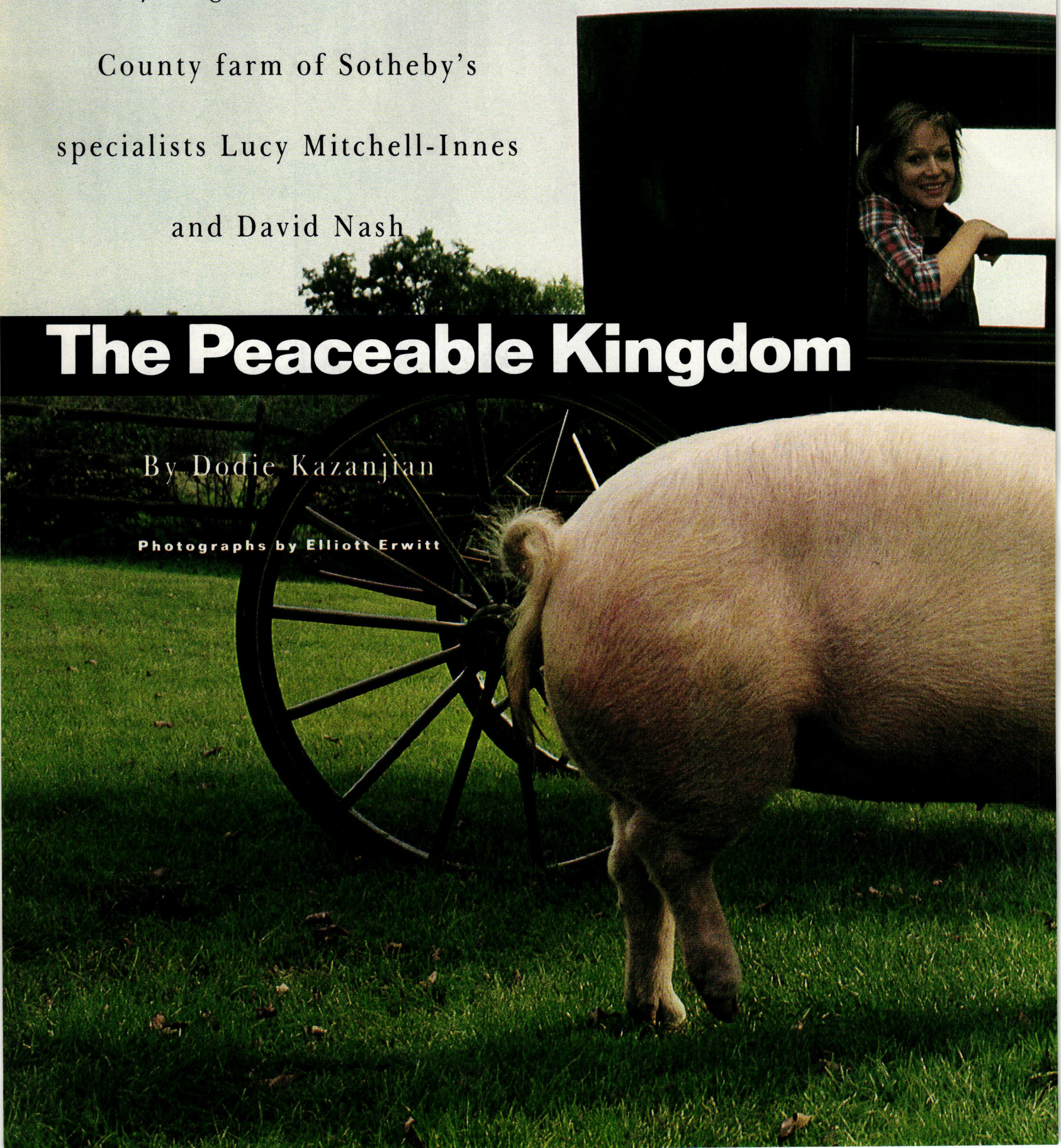


Serenity reigns at the Westchester County farm of Sotheby's specialists Lucy Mitchell-Innes and David Nash

The Peaceable Kingdom

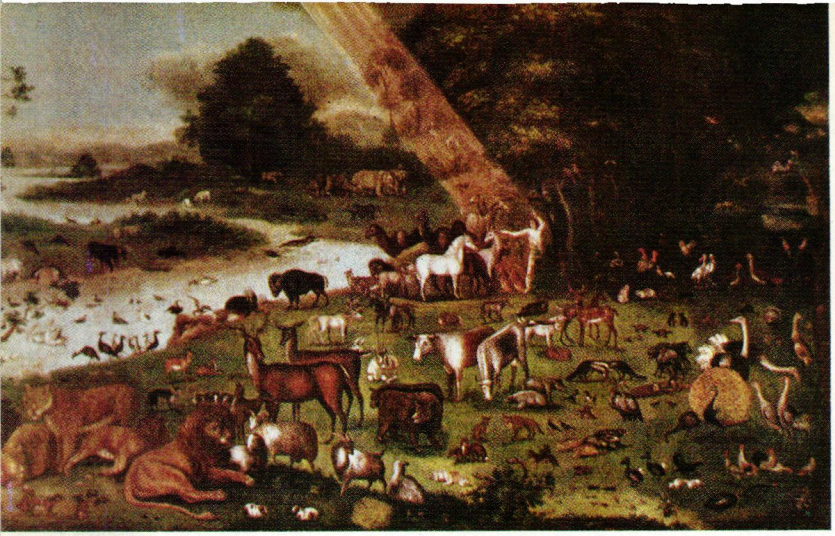
By Dodie Kazanjian

Photographs by Elliott Erwitt





Alice the pig poses in front of Lucy Mitchell-Innes, David Nash, and their daughter, Josephine, in the c. 1880 brougham that David bought three years ago at a Sussex carriage auction.



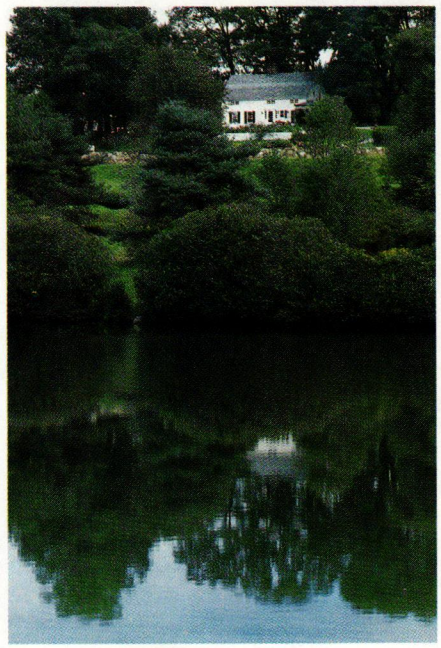
Miles of Northleach's *The Garden of Eden*, a 19th-century painting in the living room, *left. Below:* The lake reflects the 18th-century house. *Bottom:* Preparing to saddle up in the barn.

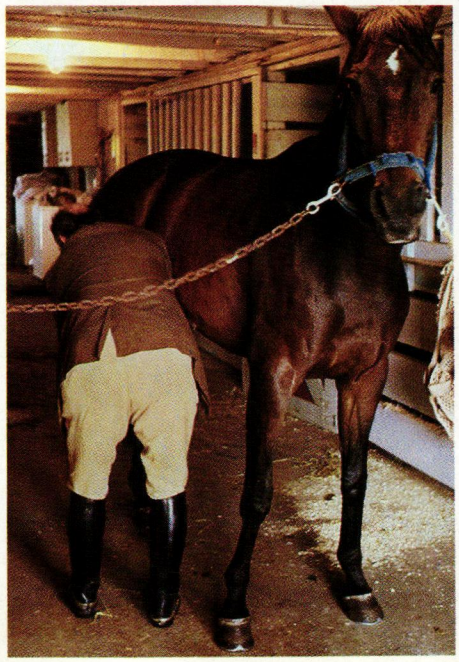
Lucy Mitchell-Innes, whose delicate blond beauty has never stopped her from getting what she wants, is pondering a new purchase. "I would be very keen on a pair of wallabies," she says in her upper-class British accent as we skirt the mud puddles on the way to the henhouse at Horsefly Farm. She's not talking about the shoes, she's talking about the animal. "I see them advertised in *Llamas* magazine all the time. I'd like a dromedary, too."

Lucy already owns a llama, two donkeys, a flock of golden pheasants, pygmy goats, sheep, horses, doves, and a pig, to name a few. They live on and about the farm in Westchester County, New York, where she and her husband, David Nash, go every weekend to get away from their fast-track high-tension jobs at Sotheby's. Lucy is head of the contemporary art department. David, Sotheby's expert on impressionist and modern art, is in charge of all fine art sales. "It's quite a necessary antidote," Lucy says of the farm and the menagerie. "There's always something being hatched in the incubator, some offspring being produced. I love for Josephine to see all these different animals." Josephine is their two-year-old daughter; they're expecting a second child.

Lucy gave Manuel the llama to David for his birthday in 1987. "There were always horses around," she says, "and sheep, goats, and donkeys. They all predated me." David had the farm for quite a few years before he met Lucy. "The doves were my initiative. I like white doves flying around the house. We have about twelve and it's wonderful to see them in the snow."

The couple met in England in 1982 at Sutton Place, the Tudor house that had belonged to J. Paul Getty. David was already a major force at Sotheby's in New York, and Lucy was running the firm's contemporary art department in London. They had come to Sutton Place to appraise the most recent owner's collection. "Lucy impressed me right there with her seriousness about the paintings," says David. "She had a much more art historical approach to contemporary art than anybody else I'd ever talked to."





In 1970 David Nash had put together the first sale at auction anywhere devoted exclusively to contemporary paintings, and for years Sotheby's was the only place in New York that held sales of contemporary art. But in 1977 Christie's arrived in New York, and it had its first contemporary paintings sale the next year. By 1982 Sotheby's was losing ground to its new rival in the contemporary field. Christie's had hired Martha Baer, who knew all the collectors and all the dealers and who was so knowledgeable that she nearly cornered the market. When the person who ran Sotheby's contemporary art department in New York resigned, David began looking desperately for a replacement. The meeting at Sutton Place stuck in his mind. But bringing Lucy to New York, he says, "was a big risk. She knew very little about the United States. She'd only been here a couple of times. She knew a lot about the paintings and knew a lot of the collectors, but her experience and knowledge were nothing compared to Martha Baer's."

When Lucy took over contemporary art at Sotheby's in New York, David made a point of introducing her to the principal dealers. He was particularly eager for her to strike up a relationship with André Emmerich. "I regard him as an elder statesman, a father figure, in the business," says David. Emmerich remembers the meeting vividly: "David brought this very pretty young girl fresh from England whom I would have hired in a minute for the front desk. She had charm and presence, but I thought to myself, well, well, Martha Baer is going to eat this one for breakfast." (Baer had once worked for Emmerich.) "I was *really* wrong," says Emmerich. "I had no idea of her intelligence. Not only is Lucy glamorous and beautiful, she is also tough, persis-

tent, and very capable." David was so struck by her qualities that he proposed marriage.

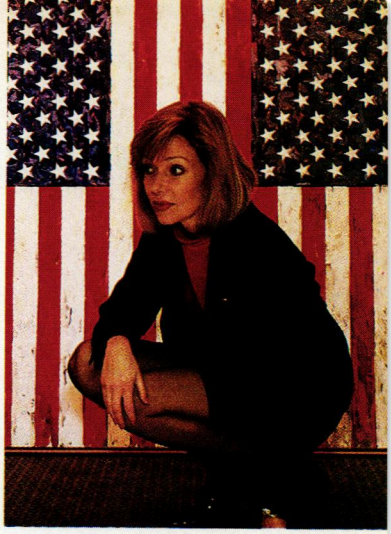
Lucy Mitchell-Innes arrived in New York at the outset of the tremendous boom in contemporary art prices at auction—a boom in which she has played a significant part. Christie's contemporary sales were more than triple Sotheby's in 1982: $10,300,730 to Sotheby's $3,408,900. Last year the figures were $250,526,100 for Sotheby's and $133,837,000 for Christie's. Contemporary art sales at Sotheby's have now surpassed all other categories except impressionist and modern art ($738,500,000 in 1989). "That's a dramatic change," says David. "Almost unbelievable."

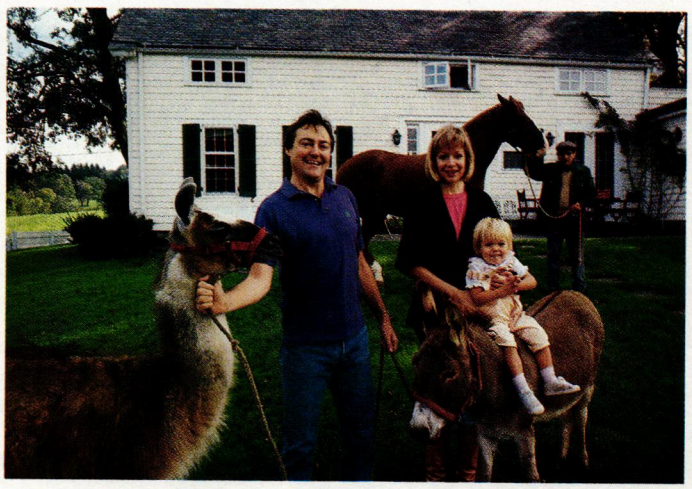


One of Lucy's big coups was persuading both Ethel Scull and the estate of her late husband, Robert, to consign their paintings to Sotheby's. The Sculls had been through an acrimonious divorce, the paintings had been divided after much litigation, and each side was so hostile to the other that it took a miracle of diplomacy to get them both under Sotheby's roof. The sale was a whopping success and helped to give Sotheby's the upper hand in the intensifying competition for recent art. Lucy set out aggressively after other important paintings, and more often than not she got them. "I know what's out there," she says. "I know what's in these collections—all of them. And I have a sixth sense for what's going to happen. I'm astounded how often I'm absolutely right. The secret is being able to anticipate. David and I both feel that that is the key to our business." Larry Gagosian, a New York art dealer, says, "Whenever I'm told that Lucy is in L.A., I have this gnawing feeling that I'm in the wrong town."



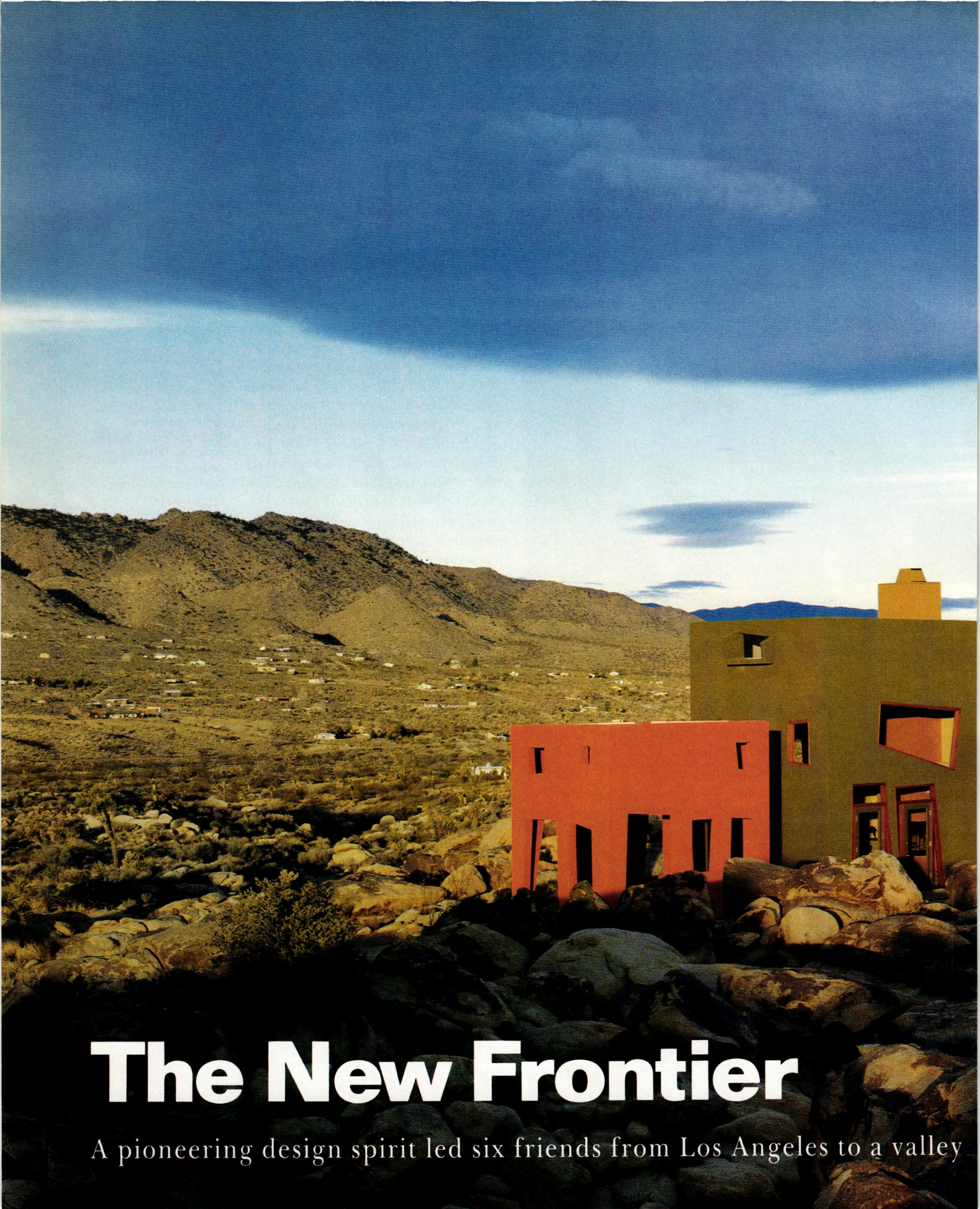
A Julian Schnabel plate painting—the first Schnabel ever at auction—was included in Lucy's first sale in 1983; it brought $93,500, a startling price at that time. "I think that really grabbed the attention of the contemporary art world," she says. "And changed the rules of the game. Nobody had ever thought that such a recent work could do so well at auction." Since then prices have gone through the roof. Last November a Japanese collector paid $20.68 million at Sotheby's for Willem de Kooning's 1955 *Interchange*. (The Japanese seem to be broadening their field of vision to include contemporary *(Text continued on page 176)*





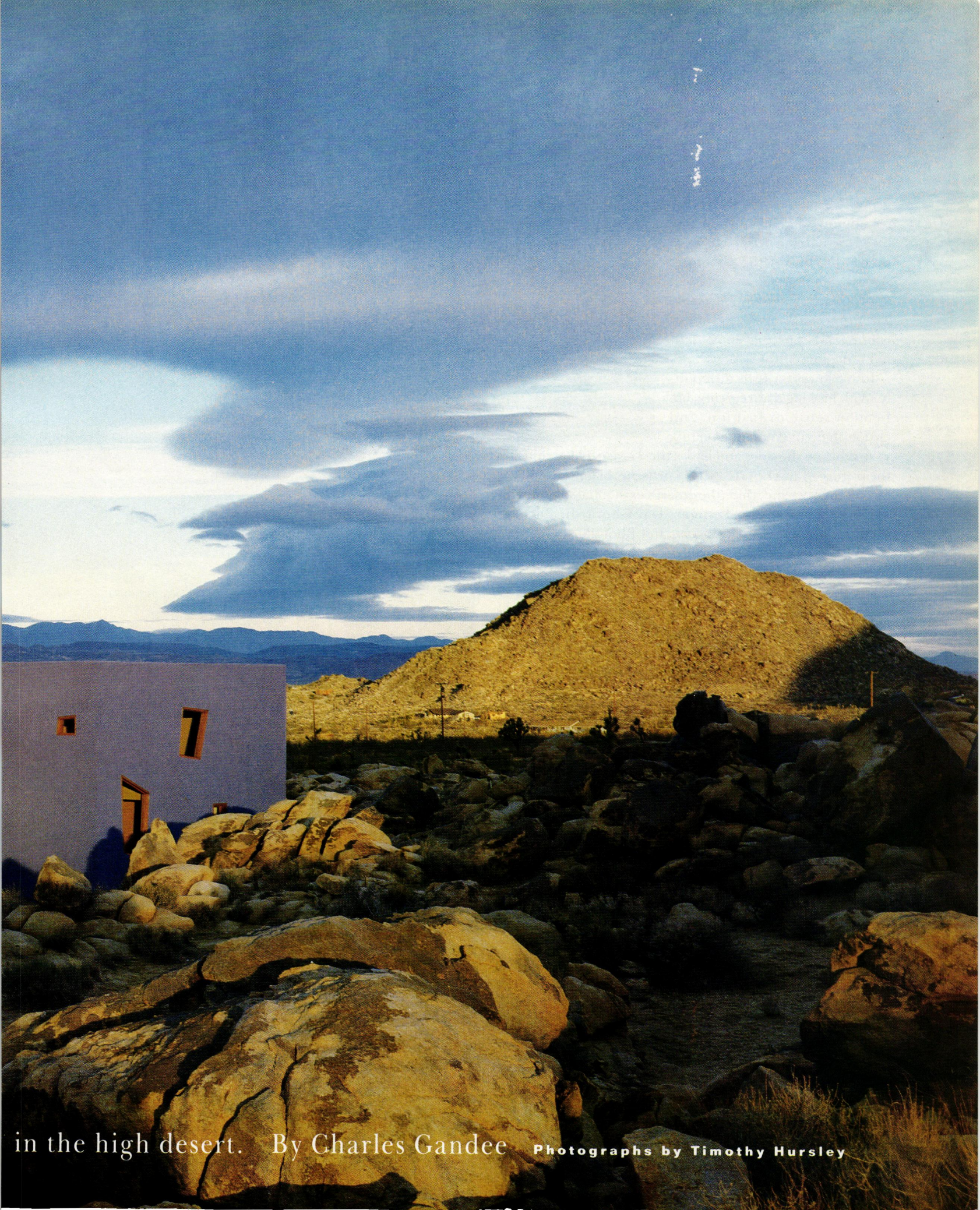


Lucy at Sotheby's, *above*, with a Jasper Johns. *Left:* With Josephine. *Below:* A family portrait at Horsefly Farm. *Bottom right:* A 19th-century painting of an Englishman and his Indian servant on a camel, by C. H. Wittenbury. *Bottom left:* Lucy auctioning a Morris Louis.



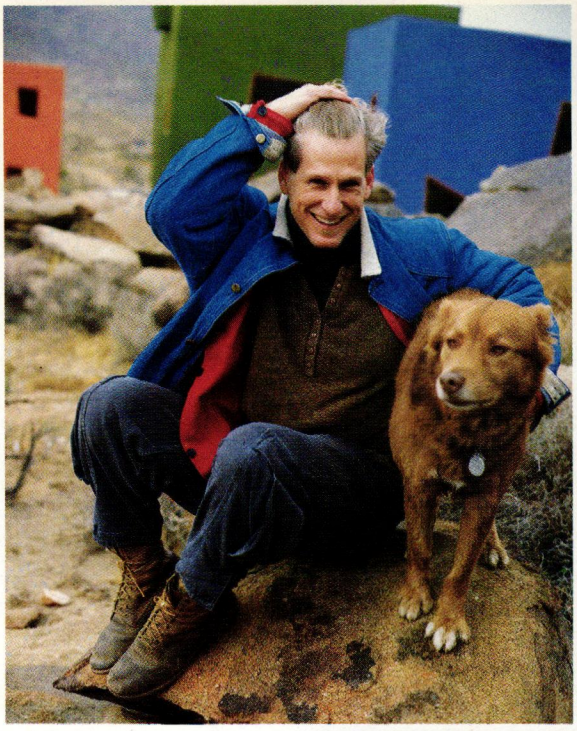
The New Frontier

A pioneering design spirit led six friends from Los Angeles to a valley



in the high desert. By Charles Gandee Photographs by Timothy Hursley

JOSHUA TREE, CALIFORNIA, IS located somewhere between the moon and the end of the earth. Or so it seems driving through the surreal high desert terrain of rocks, rubble, and, it is said, rattlesnakes. Although the Irish rock group U2 immortalized the tiny community of 2,580 and the tortured cactus from which it takes its name on their 1987 Grammy Award–winning album (entitled, appropriately enough, *The Joshua Tree*), for the average passerby this is one landscape that most definitely does not inspire song.



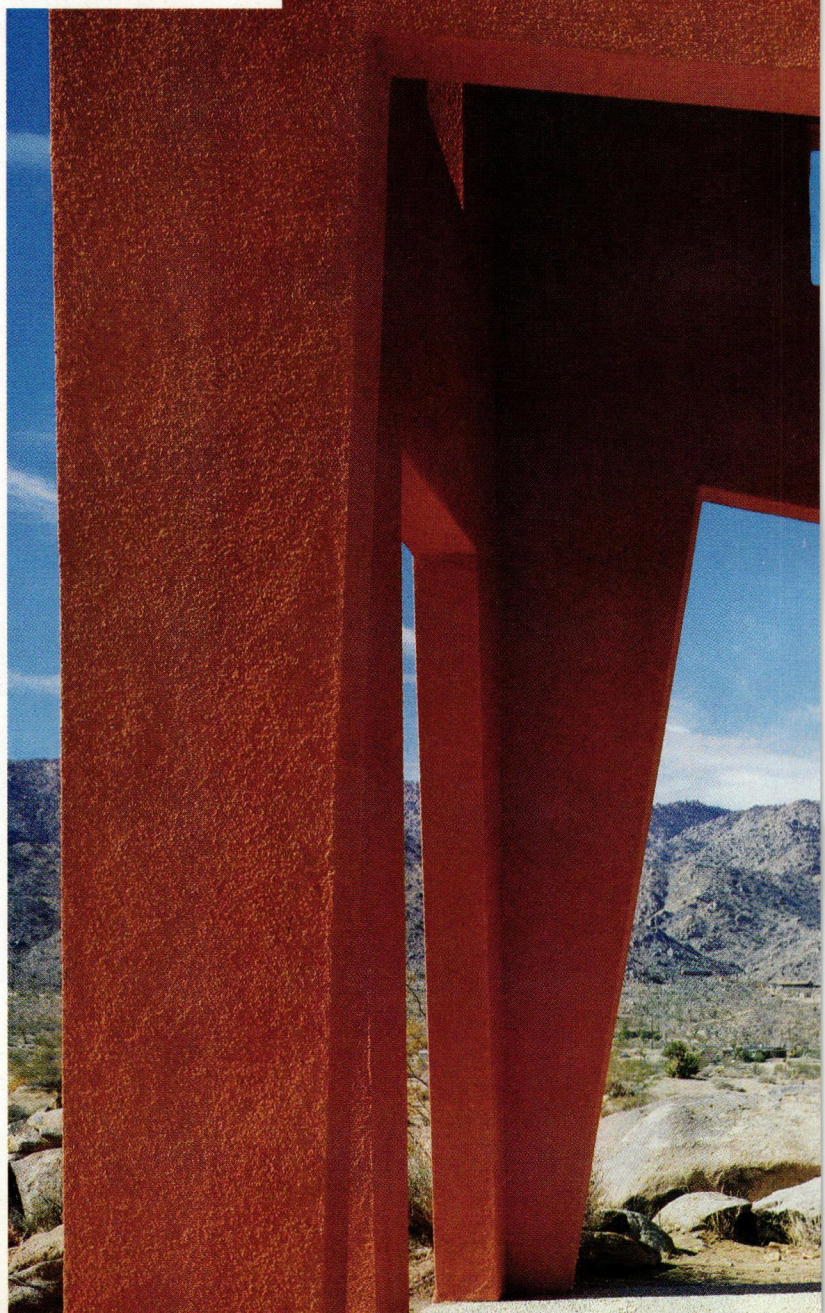
Josh Schweitzer feels differently. With his long drop earring, bohemian sense of fashion, and curious haircut (very long on top, very short on the sides and back), the 37-year-old architect is the picture of hip L.A. In other words, he, like Bono and the boys in the U2 band, finds the desert's existential splendor inspiring. As do Susan Feniger, Gai Gherardi, Barbara McReynolds, Mary Sue Milliken, and Rhonda Saboff—five women who with Schweitzer form a sort of California-style New Age family.

In 1984, after the six friends had come together around two highly successful professional ventures—L.A. Eyeworks and City Restaurant—they began making regular forays, en famille, to the desert. As time passed and the weekend jaunts increased in frequency and duration, it seemed only natural to seek more dependable and aesthetically appropriate accommodations in a communal house. So three years ago the group pooled its resources, bought ten acres of land, and Schweitzer sat down at his drafting board in Hollywood to design what he and his friends decided to call a "monument to ourselves and to our own personal pleasure."

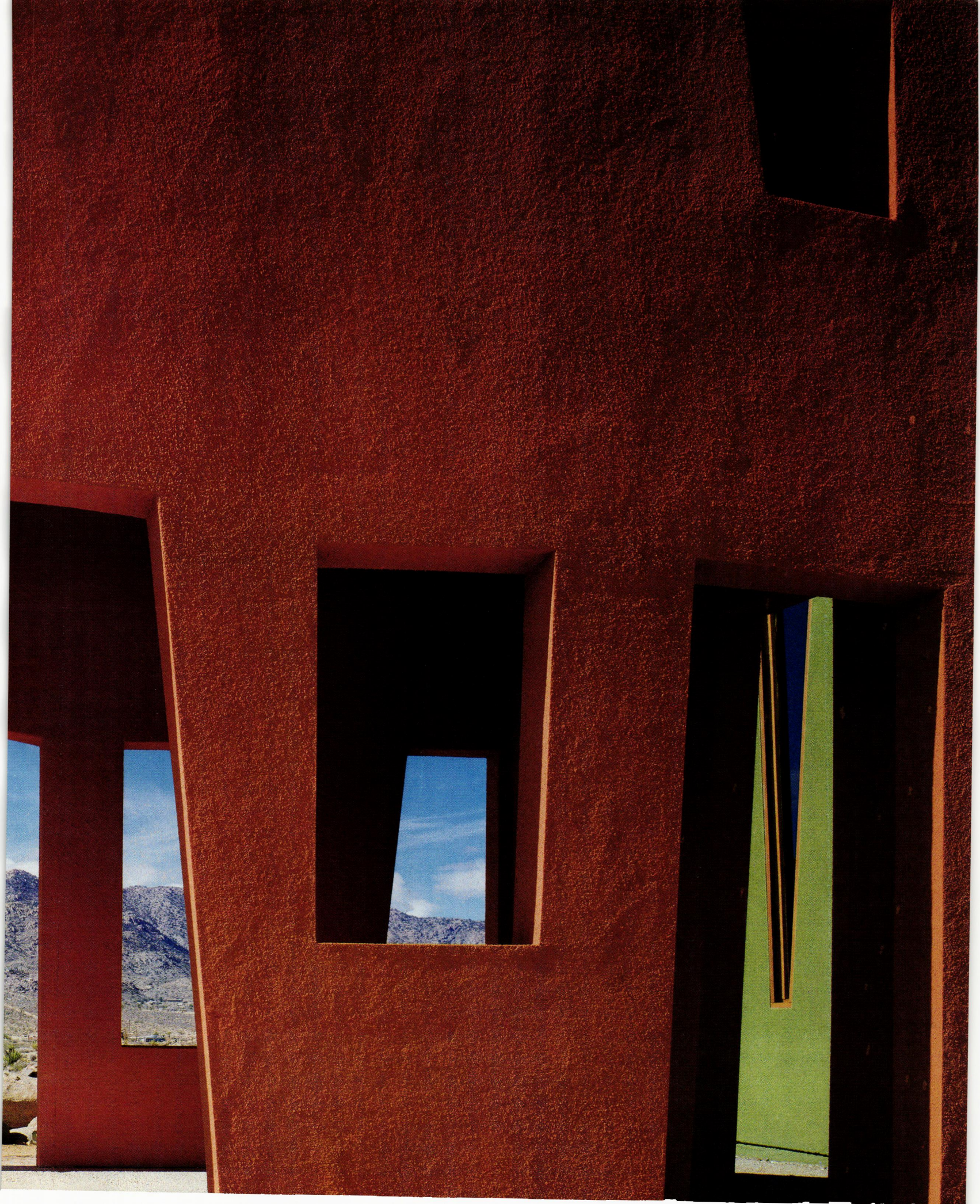
From a distance it appears like some otherworldly architectural mirage—three proud little pavilions huddled together on a craggy shelf between a mountain of boulders and a dustbin of a valley. The arresting image—is it a winsome garden folly or a menacing UFO?—is made all the more riveting by its vivid palette, allegedly drawn from nature: blue for sky, orange for sunset, and green for lichen. The intense colors heighten the already dramatic effect of the taut tripartite assemblage rising so defiantly above the rocks. The final curiosity is the medley of erratic and irregular cutouts for window and door openings that appear to follow no established logic. "I wanted to create a sense of shelter without enclosure," explains Schweitzer. "When you're inside the house, you're meant to feel as if you're inside a cave in the rocks. The windows and doors are the crevices that frame the view."

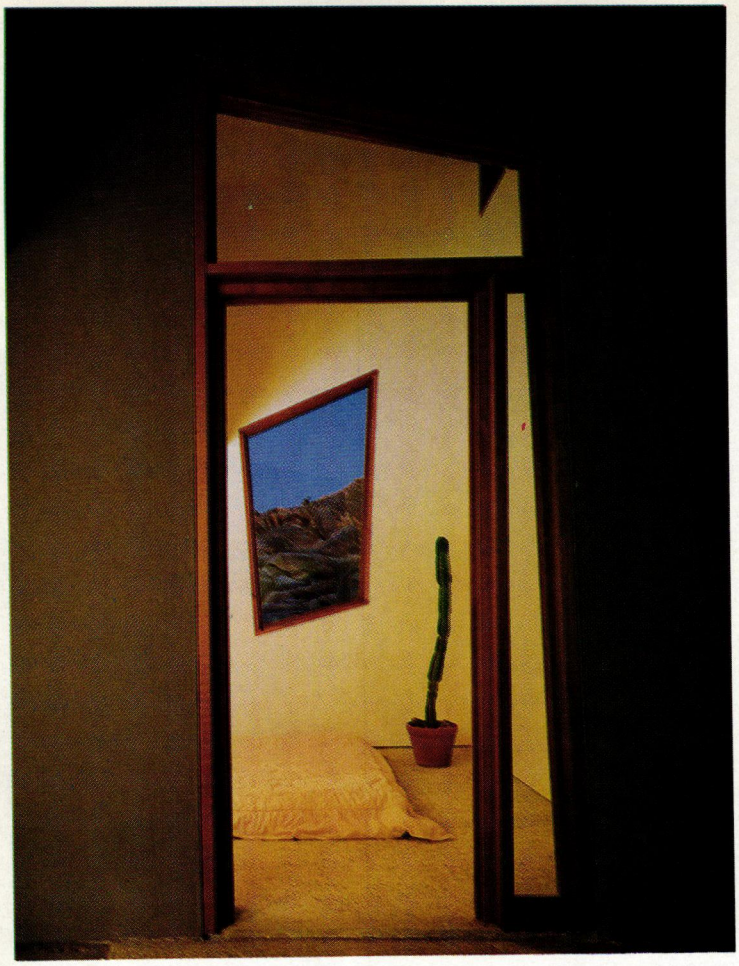
It's a peculiar idea. But then it's a peculiar house. Which seems altogether fitting. After all, shouldn't a house be unique? Like the family it shelters. ▲

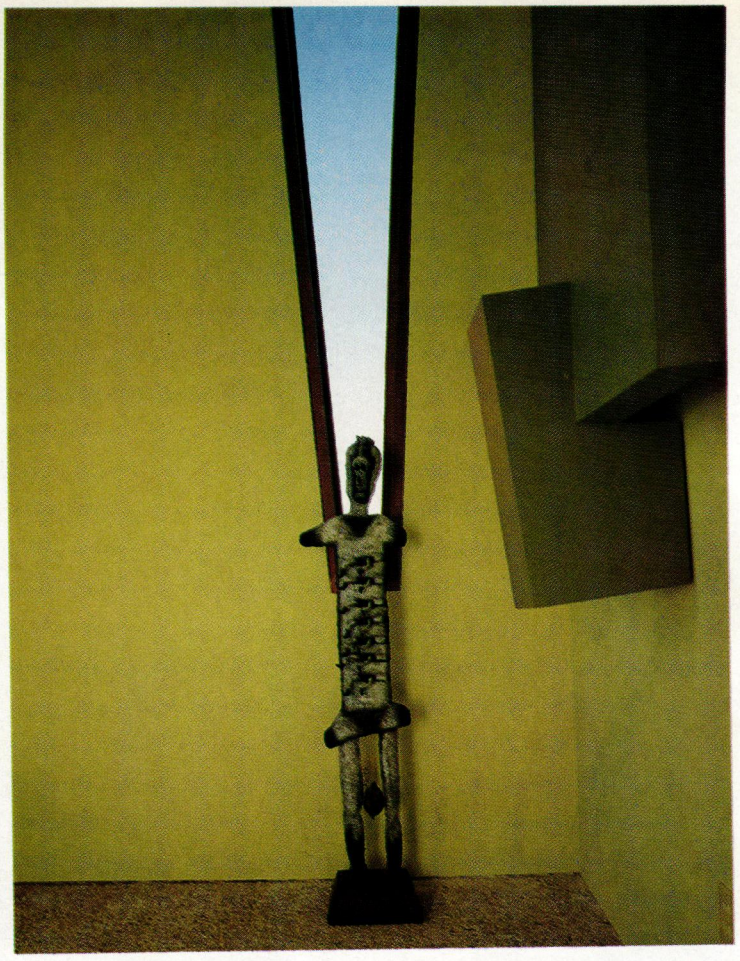
Architect Josh Schweitzer, *left*, likens the fiery orange stucco structure he built in Joshua Tree, California, to a gazebo, though the quirky pavilion, *below*, part of a three-part house he shares with five friends, is about as close to a traditional folly as the desert is to an English garden.



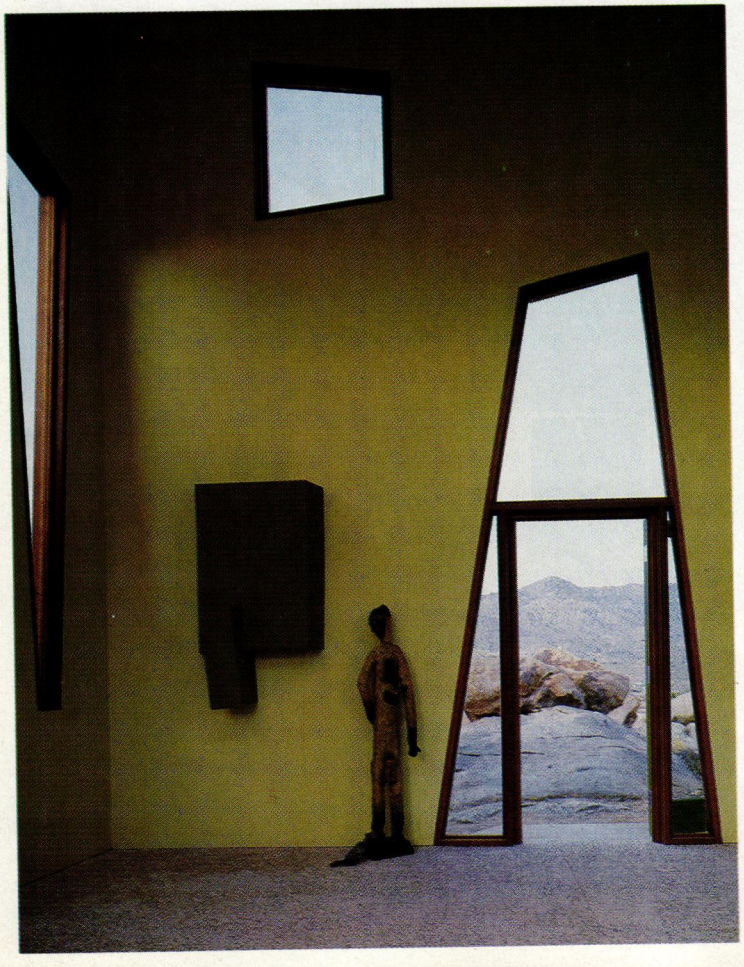
PORTRAIT: DEWEY NICKS







"When you're inside, you should feel as if you're outside"







Like some 3-D cubist triptych, the house rises dramatically above the rugged rock outcroppings from which Schweitzer says he drew his architectural inspiration. *Opposite:* Irregular window and door openings are intended to recall the crevices between the surrounding rocks. The dining table and chairs were designed by Schweitzer. The sculpture is by Rhonda Saboff. Details see Resources.



The family room of Belinda Carlisle and Morgan Mason's canyon house. *Opposite:* Mason and Carlisle with Napoleon, Bonaparte, and Ethel. Details see Resources.



Double Billing

PRODUCER MORGAN MASON AND SINGER BELINDA CARLISLE COLLABORATE WITH DESIGNER BRIAN MURPHY IN DECORATING A CALIFORNIA COTTAGE

BY PILAR VILADAS **Photographs by Oberto Gili**

ON THE OUTSIDE, IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEthing from a storybook: a wood-shingled cottage covered with wisteria and bougainvillea. On the inside, however, the fairy tale takes a few twists and turns. Instead of a hand-stitched sampler, you're greeted in the entry by portraits of Elvis. Sofas and chairs that might have come from Granny's attic are covered in prints that would have raised Granny's eyebrows. In the kitchen, none of the doorknobs or drawer pulls match, and it looks as if someone's jewelry got stuck in the tiled floor while the grout was still wet. This is Home, Sweet Home with an edge.

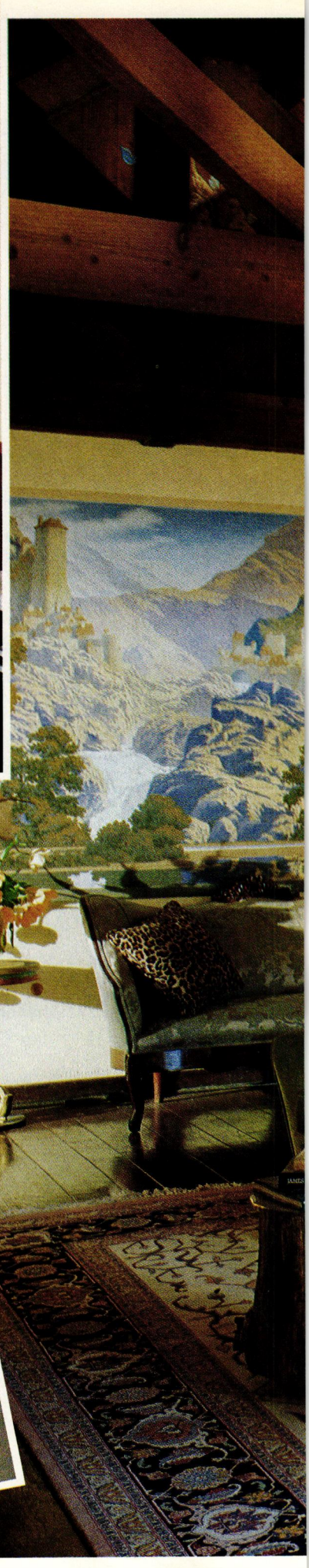
Which is entirely appropriate when you consider its owners. She is Belinda Carlisle, former lead singer for the Go-Go's, the definitive girl group of the eighties, and now a successful solo performer; her latest album, *Runaway Horses,* has gone platinum. He is Morgan Mason, who, growing up in Europe and Hollywood as the son of James and Pamela Mason, has had "every job you can have in the movie business," from child actor to assistant director, and who was a producer of the hit film *Sex, Lies, and Videotape.* And this cottage, nestled in one of the canyons of Los Angeles, is their dream house.

The couple spotted the cottage from their car one afternoon and drove past it every day for a year. "I knew this was the house we had to have," recalls Carlisle, but it took some time for them to persuade the owner to sell. Meanwhile, they had seen and admired the work of BAM Construction & Design, the Santa Monica firm whose founder, Brian Murphy, is known for his imaginative pairings of unlikely materials and objects. When the deal was finally closed, Carlisle and Mason asked Murphy to help with the house.

Help was what it needed. The cottage, which was built in 1937 by actress Carole Lombard and which ultimately served as the scene of her clandestine courtship with Clark Gable, had certainly seen better days. The kitchen, Carlisle says, was "really scary, like something out of *The Postman Always Rings Twice.*" You could see the foundations of the house through its floorboards, and the amenities consisted of a microwave oven, a hot plate, and a hornet's nest.

After making the house a bit more habitable, Murphy set about making it fun. He had a fair amount of leeway in this, since the lady of the house was going for a look that she describes as "Alice in Wonderland on LSD." Murphy transformed the kitchen from fright to fantasy, adding a third skylight to the exposed ceiling structure, installing conventional cabinets but subverting them with those mismatched knobs and pulls, and, with tile artist Linda Beau-

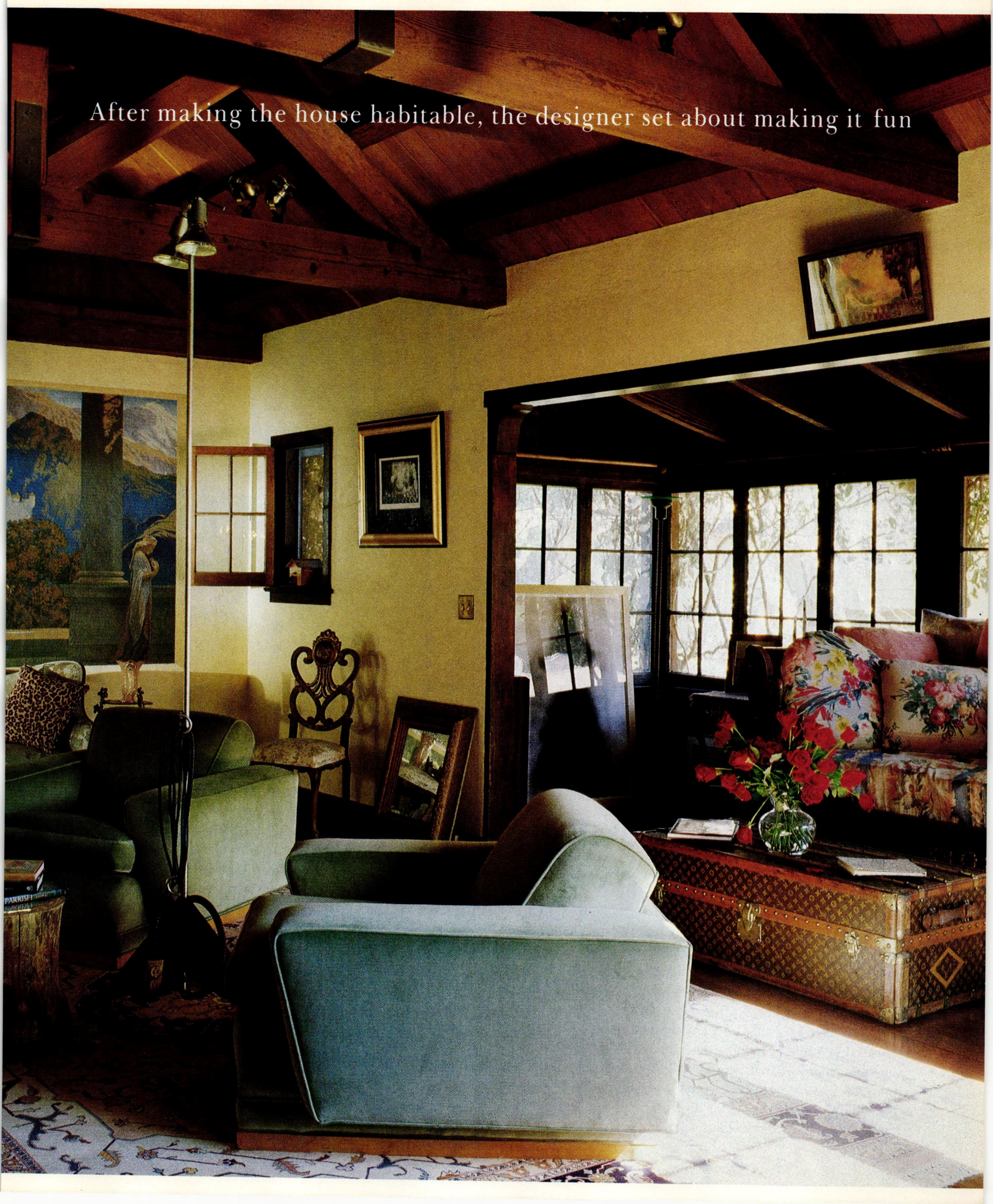




Cherubs in a trompe l'oeil frame, *above,* were painted directly on the dining room wall by Art Mortimer. *Right:* In the living room, Paul Frankl chairs flank a standing lamp on skateboard wheels by Brian Murphy, and another Mortimer wall painting overlooks a Victorian love seat. *Below:* Carlisle's latest album.



COURTESY MCA RECORDS


After making the house habitable, the designer set about making it fun



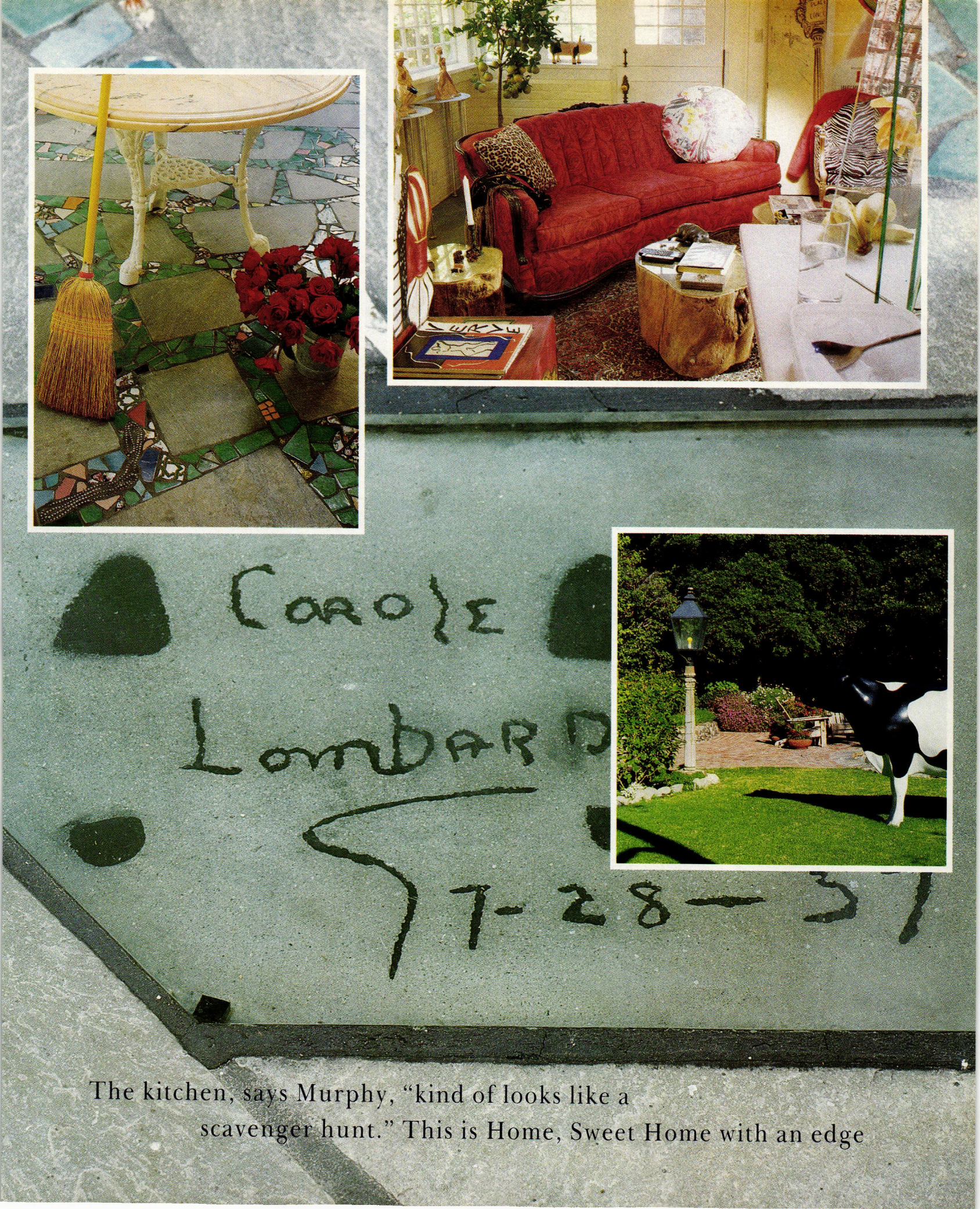
mont, designing a floor of granite pavers inlaid with a mosaic of colorful tile fragments, pottery shards, and anything else that happened to fall in, including some of Carlisle's old jewelry. "It sort of looks like a scavenger hunt," observes Murphy.

Furnishing the house was a group effort. The nineteenth-century sleigh bed in the living room belonged to Mason's father and grandfather. A pair of armchairs that Carlisle found in a secondhand store turned out to have been designed by Paul Frankl. Carlisle, a thrift shop and flea market addict, loves the idea of "taking something that's a nightmare and making it nice"—which is just what Murphy did when he covered the sofas and chairs in zebra stripes or giant roses or made tables out of eucalyptus tree stumps.

In her days as a Go-Go, Carlisle lived in a succession of houses that might politely be described as colorful, while Mason spent many years living out of suitcases, once installing himself for a year at the Jefferson Hotel when he served in the unlikely post of deputy chief of protocol in the Reagan administration. Now, although the two travel frequently—she's on a world tour; he's promoting his latest movie, *No Secrets*—they value their time at home with their five dogs and African gray parrot, Humbert Humbert, named for the character in *Lolita* who provided Mason's father with one of his finest screen roles. While Carlisle hopes that one day they can just get away from it all and move to Europe to lead a "totally bohemian existence," they aren't exactly languishing in suburbia. Above the slightly zany clutter of their kitchen/family room, a high-tech "media center" hangs from the ceiling, its television screen flickering with the black and white images of a movie. Aptly enough, it's *La Dolce Vita.* ♠

Editor: Joyce MacRae

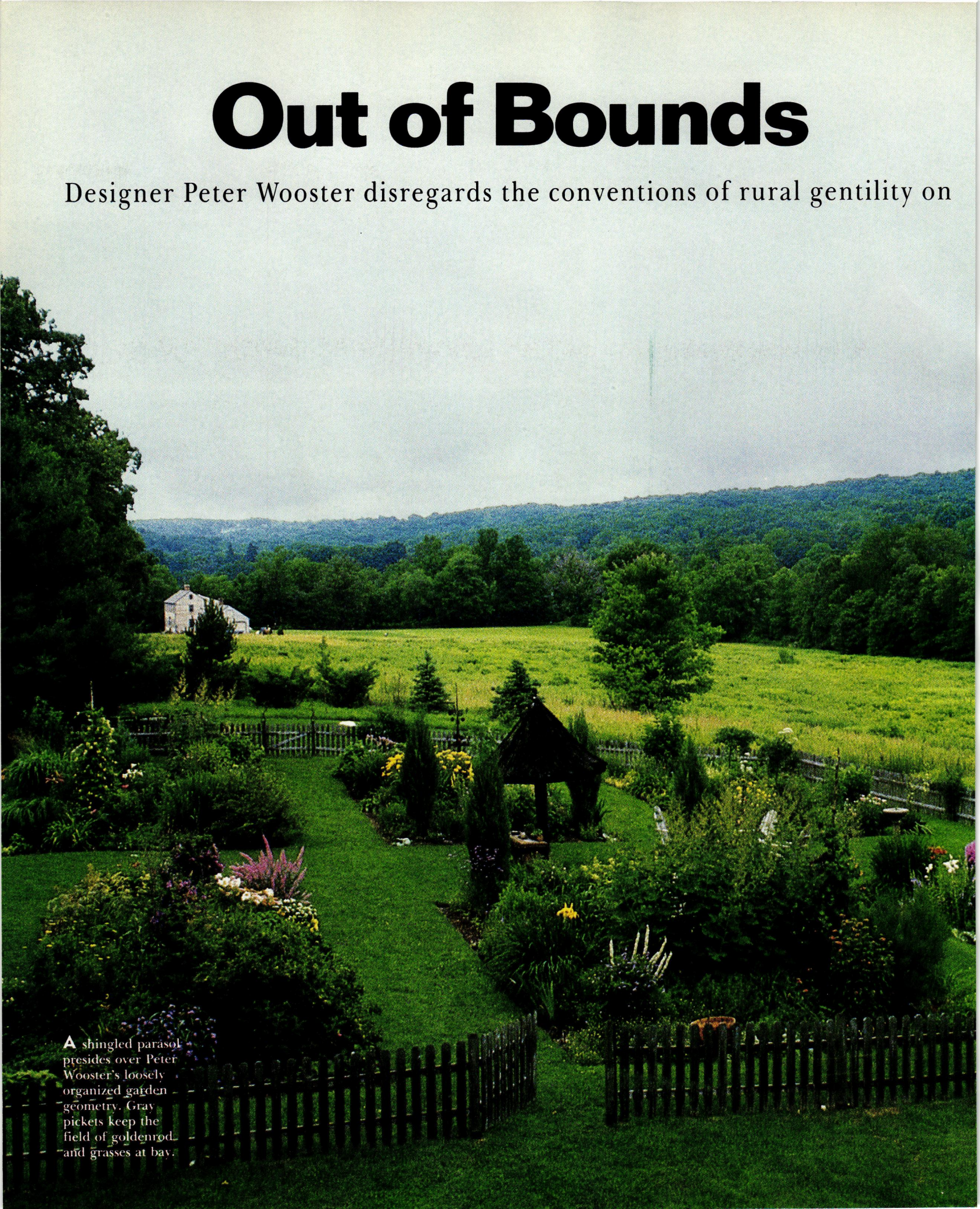
The kitchen, *above*, has a wildly patterned tile backsplash, an exposed skylit ceiling structure, and a mosaic floor that incorporates Carole Lombard's footprints, *opposite*, and, *opposite above left*, bits of china, tile, and jewelry. *Opposite above right:* The family room contains a fanciful mixture of furnishings, including glass-topped eucalyptus stumps. *Opposite below right:* A large cow from Richard Mulligan in Los Angeles graces the front yard of the cottage.



The kitchen, says Murphy, "kind of looks like a scavenger hunt." This is Home, Sweet Home with an edge

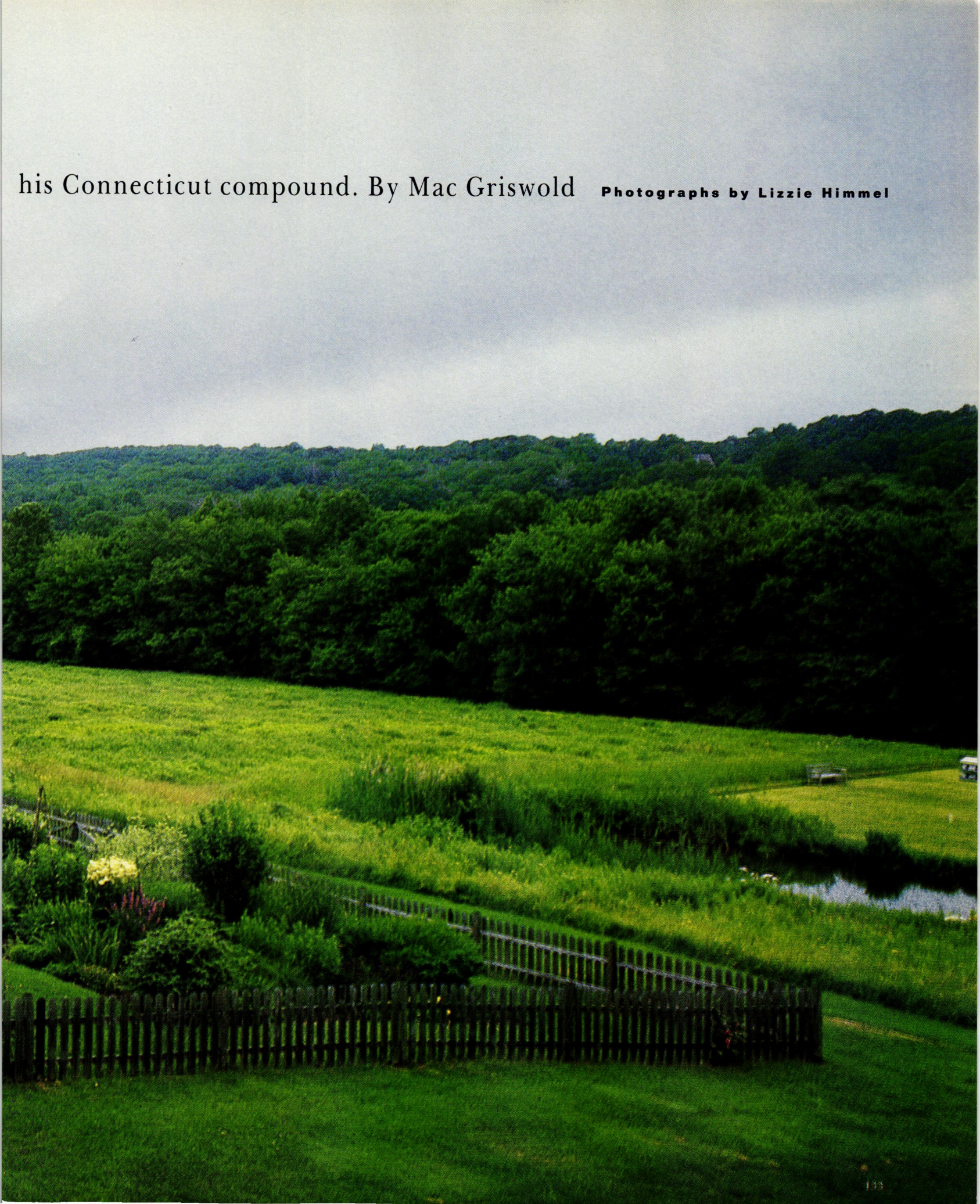
Out of Bounds

Designer Peter Wooster disregards the conventions of rural gentility on



A shingled parasol presides over Peter Wooster's loosely organized garden geometry. Gray pickets keep the field of goldenrod and grasses at bay.

his Connecticut compound. By Mac Griswold **Photographs by Lizzie Himmel**




20E




An old-time spray job for the Morris Minor, *left*, is a cooling summer routine. *Above:* Purple loosestrife, yellow coreopsis, and orange butterfly weed—chromatic bravery softened by white and silver lilies, mulleins, and *Eryngium planum*.

I DON'T CONSIDER MY GARDEN A SUCCESS UNLESS IT GROSSES somebody out," says Peter Wooster, surveying his kitchen-garden-size rectangle fenced with gray pickets. His neighbors in northwest Connecticut, masters of the pink and blue English school of horticulture, wouldn't set foot in the place for two years after he started his project. "It's coming along," they'd say carefully, one hand firmly on the garden gate to restrain themselves from any contact with the chaos within. For Wooster, the designer of such seductively low-key environments as the New York restaurant Orso, making a garden was a new venture. But in this day of totally available professional advice on garden design, he never read a book, ignored all the rules—"What rules?"—and laid out the plot himself with strings and pegs. He learned to grow the regulation lilies, roses, phlox, and yarrow, but with them he plants things most gardeners love to hate: orange and nearly black cannas, love-lies-bleeding with its long maroon chenille strings, fleshy-crested cockscombs. Conventional rules were something he'd learned to mistrust in a checkered educational career—ten schools before Pratt Institute.

But Wooster is not an innocent savage, nor does he play at being one. He is funny, sophisticated, sardonic, wistful, impatient, and a wary guardian of his own impulsive eye. He was raised in upstate New York, near Albany, that part of the United States where good junk collectors go when they die. For twenty years he has amassed wonderful worn-out things, putting them together in collagelike arrangements all over the windowsills, shelves, and ledges of his house. Hundreds of birds' eggs sit on tufts of hot pink cotton in the drawers of two handsome collector's cabinets; a black and gold chest is heavy with old tools—fifty different kinds of jigsaw blades, massive leather punches, and honey-colored folding carpenter's rules. The bedrooms are furnished with gorgeous and hilarious secondhand items. He drives a 1967 Morris Minor. Twenty years later, now that the rest of us have learned to love flaking paint, threadbare nineteenth-century American blankets, Bakelite, and rust, Wooster has moved outdoors to do something new in the garden.

He says, "I wanted to be inside the garden—not looking at the border from the other side of the lawn." This seems ordinary enough until we discover, slaves of perspective that we are, how hard it is to make a garden that doesn't lead to an eye-catcher or present a view. Inside, in Wooster's case, means being surrounded by a forest of unevenly sized verticals—standards writhing with Hall's honeysuckle or clematis, birdhouses, a weather vane, a stand of sunflowers—none of which is the focal point of the plan. Along with four 'Skyrocket' junipers, tall bundles of grasses, and a few large shrubs or small trees, these oddball uprights add height, color, and a sense of shelter, but without making a pattern.

Nor does Wooster's garden tell a story, in the sense of a carefully planned succession of garden spaces. There is no "right" way to go round; the only narrative is that the beds are named A, B, C, D, E, and F. The roughly similar oblongs set in a grid of wide grass paths are meant to be seen simultaneous-



There is no "right" way to go round Wooster's wild green menagerie

ly: over, through, and beyond each other. Granted, a flock of Adirondack chairs has migrated to the middle of the garden where a dilapidated shingled parasol, the remains of a gazebo scavenged from a nearby turn-of-the-century garden, marks the center, but the real story is the gigantic and well-grown display of plants. They fill the beds and the Bold Border, a collision of brilliant colors and huge leaves—giant hogweed, castor bean, elephant's ear. There are no linear waves or carefully orchestrated drifts. "The point is to have one of everything," Wooster says happily, "though occasionally we do have three." In theory this may be true, but it's a theory shouted down by the vivid counterpoint of plants that habitually reseed themselves: *Nicotiana sylvestris,* all kinds of thalictrums, violas, and the pink and cream plumes of *Salvia sclarea turkestanica,* among many others.

Why do so many plants reseed here; why does the temperamental crocosmia grow to five feet? First of all, for a dozen years the previous occupant of the cottage threw all the manure three cows could produce into his vegetable garden, today the site of this wild green menagerie. Second, good things that sprout get a chance because Wooster has learned the difference between a seedling and a weed. He has also engaged Gary Keim, a graduate of Longwood Gardens' two-year professional gardeners training program, to come three days a week. Wooster and Keim egg each other on—their current projects include putting everything they grow on a computer list and starting 150 kinds of plants from seed.

Outside the garden a fifteen-acre mown field widens to a pond. It reflects what feels like one of the biggest expanses of sky in Connecticut, where so much is closed in by second-growth timber. Visible from the garden is a little red shack, once the bedroom of the three cows. So small the cows must have had to turn over all at once, it measures only ten by twenty feet and has now been renamed the Thunder House. It is Wooster's summer palace, where he sleeps from May to November, where thunder rattles the roof and rains sweep through the wide-open (but screened) end, which looks out at both garden and field. The bed is at the snug end where three tiny glass windows keep out the weather and the wind—very

Wooster's "Russian constructivist rowboat—it's painted red, cream, and black," *above,* waits by the pond. *Above right:* The florid scale of the grass *Miscanthus sacchariflorus,* at right, is balanced by orange cannas and red hibiscus in the background. In front, a flood of pink phlox, three kinds of asters, and the white- and red-flowered annual flax *Linum grandiflorum* 'Bright Eyes'. *Right:* In early summer, the varied verticals of grasses, cedars, and birdhouses can be seen over the Bold Border in the foreground where the hay-scented fern *Dennstaedtia punctilobula* begins to cover the wall.









important in a house lit only by candlelight. No phone, no TV, but no Boy Scout would be happy here—it's too comfortable. All garden follies invoke the idea of playing house; the extraordinary pleasure of the Thunder House is that it's a place where a grown-up or two can play house for real. The minute you walk in, you're struck with envy, wanting the romance of a Thunder House all your very own. (Wooster insists the name is patented.)

He has designed and built another version of the same thing, known simply as the barn, far away on the other side of a ridge. "The object was to create something that had always been there, abandoned in the woods," he says. He began with the chestnut framing of a small storage barn and went on to assemble siding, flooring, windows, and an Eastlake door, in what must be his biggest collage to date.

An observant friend once remarked that Wooster's Brooklyn apartment is a Joseph Cornell, a box full of boxes and surprises, all arranged with something of that artist's enigmatic allusiveness. Here in Roxbury, after you see the birds' eggs, you begin to notice the birds' nests. They are perched all over the Thunder House, the barn, and the cottage, made of straw, string, tinfoil, hair—the usual bird salvage. Boxes, containers—as well as the garden—all the nests that Peter Wooster makes to play around in until it's time to go to sleep in the red cow shed now become, as the poet Octavio Paz once wrote of a work of Cornell's, a "hotel of crickets and constellations." ▲

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



Trees shade a summer breakfast in the Thunder House, a converted cow shed where Wooster spends the nights from May to November. *Left:* The bed in the Thunder House. *Far left:* In the barn in the woods, another of Wooster's nests, an 18th-century daybed and Adirondack chairs catch the western sun. *Below left:* "A gate like a vine" is what Wooster commissioned from artist Bob Keating.



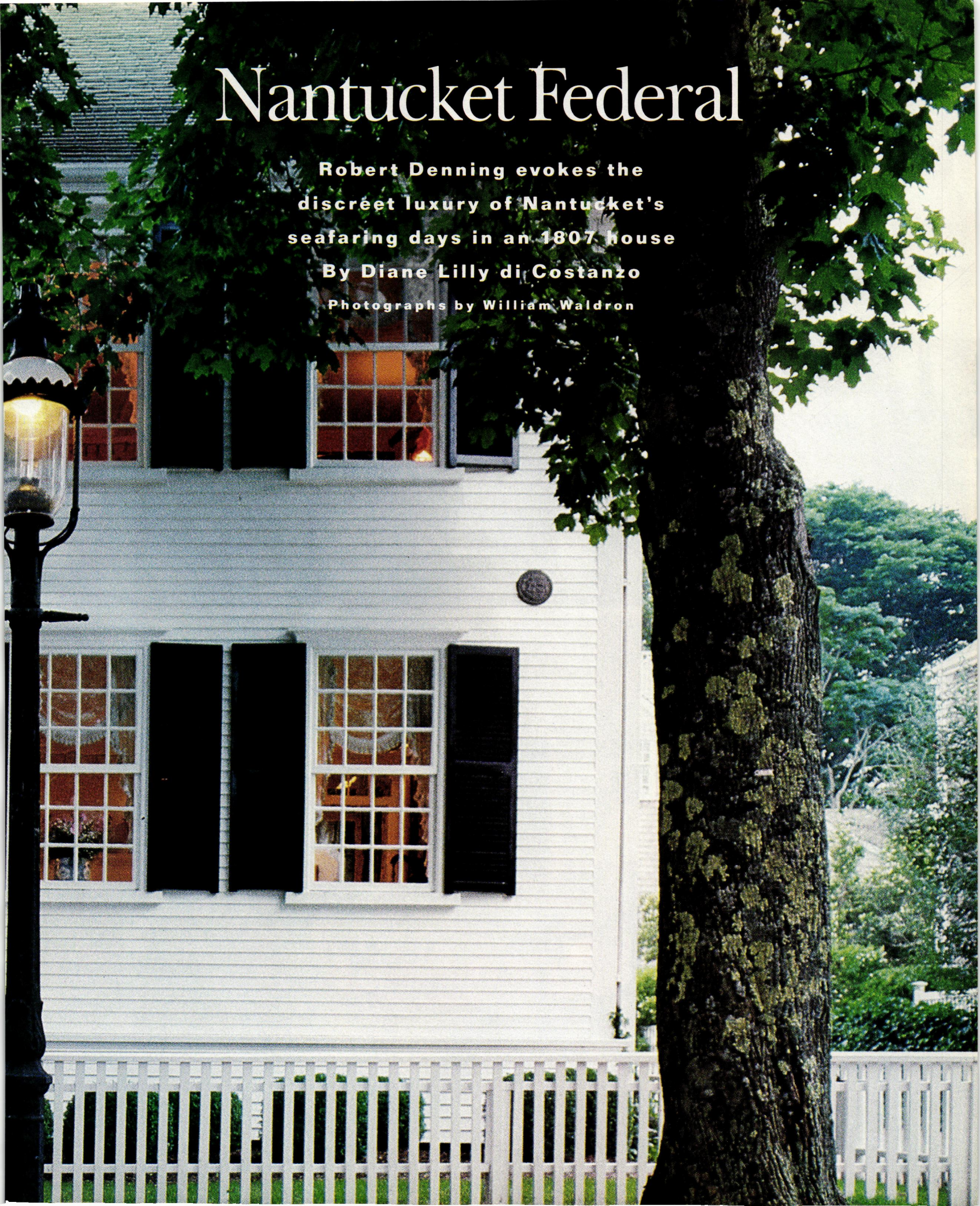
Built for a Nantucket sea captain, the federal house is bordered by a ship's rail fence and lit from the outside with a c. 1850 street lamp.

Nantucket Federal

Robert Denning evokes the discreet luxury of Nantucket's seafaring days in an 1807 house

By Diane Lilly di Costanzo

Photographs by William Waldron









IT'S SPRING ON NANTUCKET AND THE FIRST BLUSH OF COLor has come to the island. Daffodils spill like sunlight across her low flat expanse. Shutters shine with fresh paint. There's a quickening on Main Street: shopkeepers take down those signs, pinned all winter to locked doors, that read SEE YOU IN MAY! And among the ranks of the Main Street mansions one house in particular is in fine form for the season.

A flag flies from the white clapboard façade, and its front door is distinguished by a gleaming silver handle, once a sign of affluence among prosperous sea captains. In back, rose vines have begun their slow pink creep across the weathered shingles so common on Nantucket.

When the owners of the house bought it eight years ago, they turned directly to decorator Robert Denning of Denning & Fourcade. He had worked with them over the course of two decades on other projects, and he, the clients knew, would help them make a "happy, colorful" place to gather family and friends, one that respected the house's rather august heritage but also accommodated easy summer living.

One year later Denning had accomplished just that. "We work well together in part because none of us pretends to be a perfectionist," he says, laughing. "If a decision we make together seems right, and we agree, then that's perfect enough for us. But we're also not afraid to change our minds well after others might think a decision is cast in stone."

He cites the wood trim throughout much of the house, painted shades of blue that shift subtly from room to room: the kitchen and its hallway tend toward lavender, the dining room falls somewhere between aqua and robin's egg, and the trim in the canopy bedroom is so soft that its paleness merely suggests blue. "It took some trial and error," says Denning. "Sometimes we started with white paint, then tried yellow, and finally wound up going with blue."

Today the house stands as a two and a half story testimony to Denning's unerring sense of appropriate design. Furnishings and decorative details chosen with an eye to the island's past rest so comfortably in its restored interior that a nineteenth-century Nantucket native could wander in without experiencing culture shock. Built in 1807 at the height of the island's federal period, the house belonged to Captain Thomas Paddack, who, like his neighbors on Main Street, made his living voyaging around Cape Horn and into the Pa-

In the entry hall, *opposite above,* floral swags and a ceiling lined with a Brunschwig & Fils stripe create a lighthearted setting for the room's late 18th century furnishings. The c. 1840 portrait is by Joseph Whiting Stock. *Opposite below:* Decorator Robert Denning carried the swags and stripes into the living room where antiques true to Nantucket's past—Chinese export porcelain, Chippendale tea tables, a Regency récamier, and a hand-stitched rug—join a collection of 19th-century primitive paintings. The camelback sofa is covered in a Scalamandré fabric. The curtains are made of lace from E. C. Carter. *Above:* In a corner of the dining room a suite of 1930s cane furniture surrounds a table where morning coffee is served. Details see Resources.



An early Nantucket native could enter the house today without experiencing



culture shock

Matchboard paneling casts a honey-colored glow in the kitchen, *opposite*, where wide pine floorboards were painted with oversize black and white squares and edged with blue baseboards. *Below:* Under a pair of portraits, c. 1840, by Samuel Miller, an American Windsor chair, c. 1750, is pulled up to a French provincial table.



cific hunting whales. Once an outpost of simple Quaker purity, the face of Nantucket was changed when its port boomed. Ships arrived bearing whale oil as well as loads of exotica, and soon the ladies of the house were serving tea in Chinese export teacups, wearing corsets rigid with scrimshaw busks, and dressing beds with Irish linen.

Denning, in concert with his clients, scoured auction houses and thrift shops to achieve a mix of fine antiques, vernacular Yankee-crafted furniture, oriental decorative arts, and nautical flourishes fit for a stately Nantucket manse. But the house's strongest feature is the art on the walls, part of the owner's collection of American primitive paintings that hangs in nearly every room. The couple favors simple stern portraits by nineteenth-century itinerant artists such as Ammi Phillips and Joseph Whiting Stock. A fine example of Stock's work hangs behind the camelback sofa in the living room. Depicted are a brother and sister in their Sunday best, and though they stiffly pose in a formal parlor, their faces are flushed with high color, as if they had just run in from a morning on Cisco beach.

Since little structural work was required Denning could concentrate on what he calls the "finer details." In the kitchen, the foot-wide pine floorboards were painted with oversize black and white squares, and the walls were lined with golden-colored matchboard paneling. The old brick hearth is stacked with birch logs, lit these days to warm the breakfast room in winter. Just beyond the kitchen, the formal dining room was made less so when its walls were covered with a warm floral fabric imprinted with oriental figures bearing parasols. One end of the long room is given over to a pair of 1930s cane chairs and a sofa set around a tea table. "This is where we have neighbors in for coffee in the mornings," says the hostess of the house. "Nantucket is a sociable place."

The house is sociable, too. The cane sofa's ample cushions invite you to settle in fast and deep, and once you do, you realize there's a recess in its arm to hold a glass of something tall and cold. Next to the beds upstairs are low tables set with crystal decanters and drinking glasses and, if you're in luck, a plate of cookies. But most sociable of all are the benches by the front door where, under the flap of their flag, the couple likes to sit and watch the world walk by. ▲ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

A New England maple canopy bed, c. 1800, *above,* dominates a bedroom papered in a reproduction 18th-century print and border from Scalamandré. Sweaters for cool Nantucket nights are piled on a Queen Anne–style walnut chairback bench. *Opposite:* A pair of flounced slipper chairs, Currier & Ives prints, and a pictorial hooked rug entitled *Homeward Bound* surround federal-style beds with acorn finials in another bedroom.


De Zomer
HOMEWARD BOUND

Country Life



De trop is de rigueur at the weekend retreats of the rich and famous

By William Norwich

DRAWINGS BY DAVID CROLAND

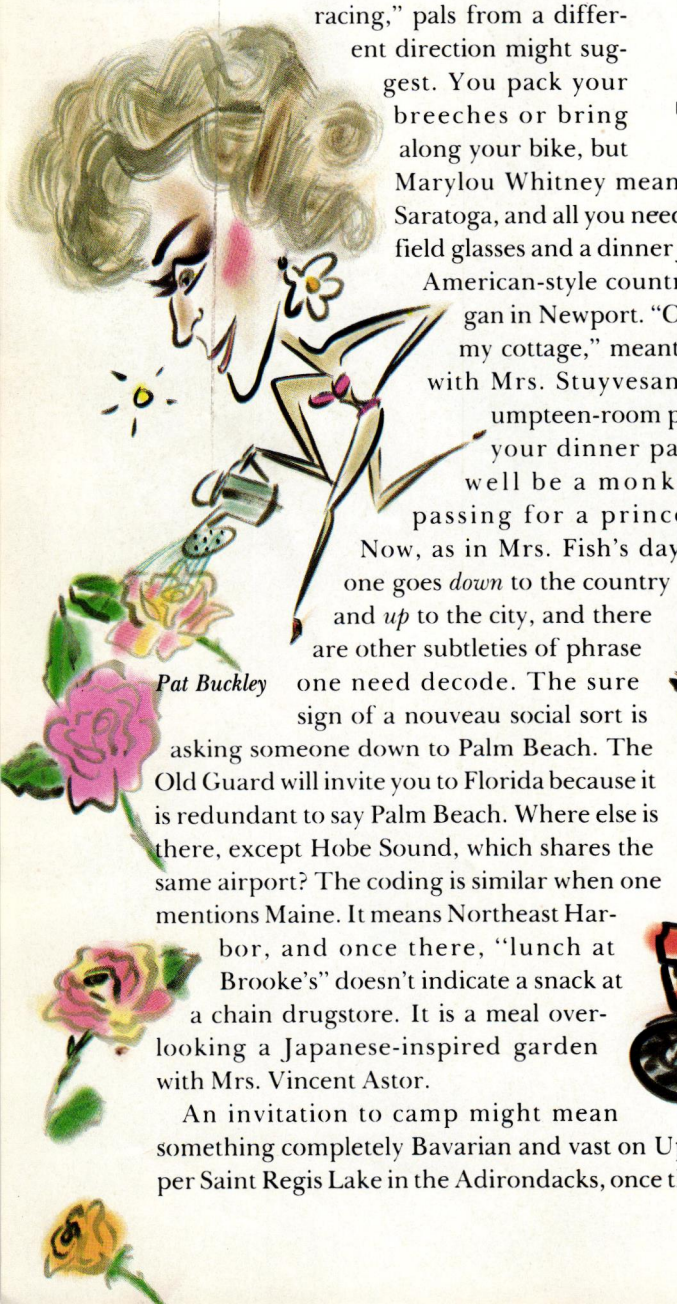
AH YES, GOING TO THE COUNTRY WHERE the water tastes like wine. Sounds so simple, but it rarely is. "Do come down to the beach," friends will say. You imagine yourself off to a shack by the sea which, at best, will be like something in Malibu. But no, it is Green Acres time in the Cashamptons, where the buffalo mozzarella groans. "We'll meet you at the train; we drive a jeep," your hosts might say. The jeep arrives and it is a $50,000 Range Rover with leather jump seats and a CD player. "Do you ride? Well, then, you must come racing," pals from a different direction might suggest. You pack your breeches or bring along your bike, but Marylou Whitney meant the turf at Saratoga, and all you need are a pair of field glasses and a dinner jacket.

American-style country babble began in Newport. "Come down to my cottage," meant, say, a week with Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish in an umpteen-room palazzo where your dinner partner might well be a monkey passing for a prince. Now, as in Mrs. Fish's day, one goes *down* to the country and *up* to the city, and there are other subtleties of phrase one need decode. The sure sign of a nouveau social sort is asking someone down to Palm Beach. The Old Guard will invite you to Florida because it is redundant to say Palm Beach. Where else is there, except Hobe Sound, which shares the same airport? The coding is similar when one mentions Maine. It means Northeast Harbor, and once there, "lunch at Brooke's" doesn't indicate a snack at a chain drugstore. It is a meal overlooking a Japanese-inspired garden with Mrs. Vincent Astor.

An invitation to camp might mean something completely Bavarian and vast on Upper Saint Regis Lake in the Adirondacks, once the summer spot for cereal heiress Marjorie Merriweather Post, or fishing in splendor with the Engelhard family in Canada. And when Alfred Taubman asks if you shoot, the shopping mall magnate doesn't mean pool. He means bagging birds, preferably with titled guns abroad.

Duck if you crave rest and some hostess asks you to a "small dinner" in the country. A small dinner is a euphemism for a convergence of overly dressed city people amid an enormous expanse of mechanically watered lawns. "Small," you will come to see, refers to the number of musicians in the orchestra hired to blast forth such summer classics as "Jeremiah Was a Bullfrog" at least seven times before dessert hits the chintz-covered table and you are free to "motor" home. America's more established families put great effort into downplaying the elaborate state of their sanctuaries in the midst of nature. Decorator Mario Buatta remembers the time he was asked by a banking couple who had just acquired a grand house in Southampton: "Can you give us the 'poor look'?" Buatta passed on the job. As Nelson Aldrich explains in his book *Old Money,* "The task undertaken by the Old Money curriculum is to teach beneficiaries how to *manage* envy, not merely to arouse it."

The Kennedy compound, for instance, might surprise the uninitiated. The houses are rather simply decorated—the luxe is in the history of the place and the framed photographs. Creature comforts are more evident at Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's place on Martha's Vineyard, but it is still a beach house and not a Petit Trianon. "Jackie who?" the posh natives in the hunt country of Far Hills, New Jersey, will say to confuse a day-tripper wondering where their neighbor Mrs. Onassis lives. A questioner will fare no better in Middleburgh, Virginia, where

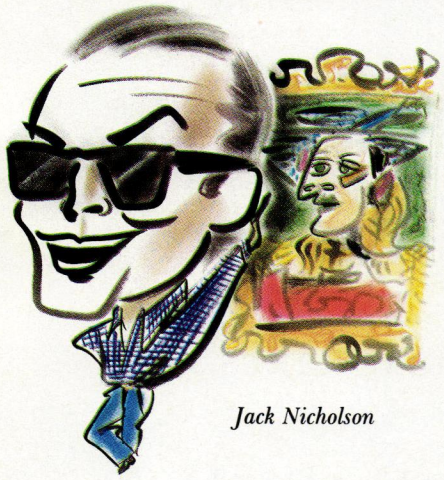


Pat Buckley

Carolyne Roehm

Mrs. O. rides to hounds and stays near Paul and Bunny Mellon's estate. That is another preserve of understatement. Flying there in the family's private jet is simple fare until lights go on in a field in the middle of nowhere and it turns out to be the Mellon landing strip.

"Oh, come for a quiet little weekend in the country—you can just fly right in," the pharmaceuticals heiress Elizabeth Ross Johnson will tell friends. Libbet, as she is called, has a place on something like 2,000 acres in Millbrook, New York, where most people are desperate for 20 acres. Her property has its own landing strip, too. Hollywood film producer Joel Silver—*Lethal Weapon* and *Lethal Weapon 2*—thinks nothing of flying on Friday from L.A. for a few days at his Frank Lloyd Wright plantation in the Deep South. In Texas, Oscar and Lynn Wyatt use a private helicopter to take guests on coyote-hunting jaunts. In Saint Moritz, Princess Caroline of Monaco and her husband, Stefano Casiraghi, bought a helicopter because the best snow was higher up in the Alps.



Jack Nicholson

With or without the latest technology, mountain hideaways are favored by the high-profile recluse. David Bowie never ventures into so-called society from his retreat in Gstaad. Bowie's houseguests must content themselves with a state-of-the-art electronics system. Jack Nicholson feeds friends a line about his simple place in Aspen. To hear him describe it, it is just a heigh-ho shelter for ski boots and snow bunnies. The walls, however, are laden with Chagalls and Picassos. Well, Aspen is like that. Prince Bandar bin Sultan will soon be inviting guests to his one-acre house in the Aspen woods. Prince Bandar doesn't live on a one-acre lot. The house itself takes up an acre. So far, Prince Bandar hasn't asked Mario Buatta to give him the poor look.

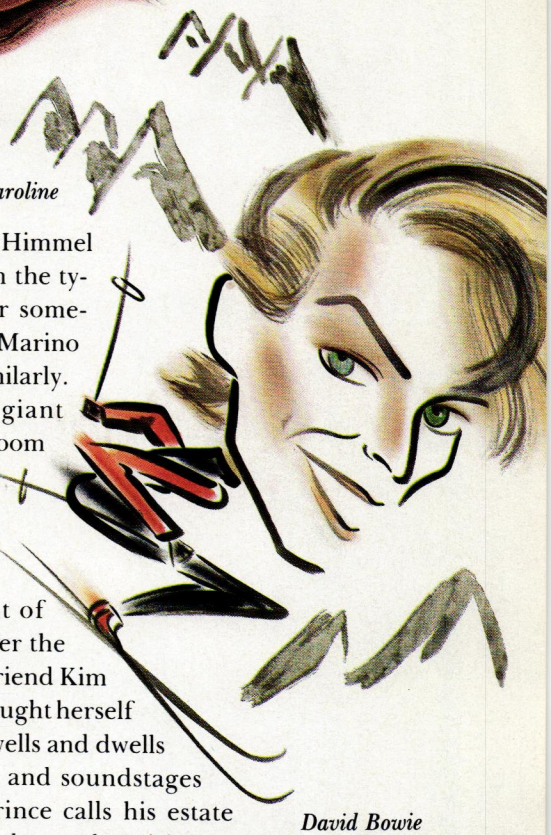


Jacqueline Onassis

It may go unspoken, but the upper crust likes its slice of country pie big. "You are not a normal person," decorator Richard Himmel told Leslie Wexner when the tycoon went shopping for something big in Vail. Peter Marino encourages his clients similarly. He is now installing a giant aquarium in the living room of Ronald and Claudia Perelman's Palm Beach retreat on Raider Row. Tycoons of all stripes are consumed by this spirit of space possession. Consider the rock star Prince and his friend Kim Basinger. She recently bought herself a town in Georgia. He dwells and dwells in a complex of studios and soundstages outside Minneapolis. Prince calls his estate Paisley Park, and it is mostly purple. Mick Jagger alternates summer stays at his château in the Loire Valley (where neighbors report seeing Jagger's head pass above their hedges as he jogs backward, which is good for the rock-star derrière) and his place on Mustique, a string of pavilions and covered walkways designed by Jed Johnson and Alan Wanzenberg. Distance can lend enchantment to a stay in the country. When Steve and Courtney Ross leave their retreat in East Hampton, they are likely to hop somewhere farther afield, fully packed, along with an expert to explain foreign sights. For a trip to Turkey last summer with Barbra Streisand, the Rosses included an archaeologist in their party. Pat Buckley, on the other hand, doesn't venture far from Manhattan. Her escape is a pink house on Long Island Sound in Stamford, Connecticut, where she can tend to her rose garden wearing a bikini.



Princess Caroline



David Bowie

Perhaps the ultimate beyond-nature couple is Henry and Carolyne Roehm Kravis. Besides a grand chalet in Vail with a seventeenth-century French hearth, they have a Japanese-style house on the bay in Southampton which they transformed into a series of air-tight, sand-free chambers. Fashion designer Carolyne chose to be photographed in the Portuguese tile-lined living room for one of her dressy ads, but she and her husband prefer their Connecticut farm where she rides in an indoor manège and drives a tractor. The Kravises' Labrador retriever at the farm is called Nabisco. Guess why?

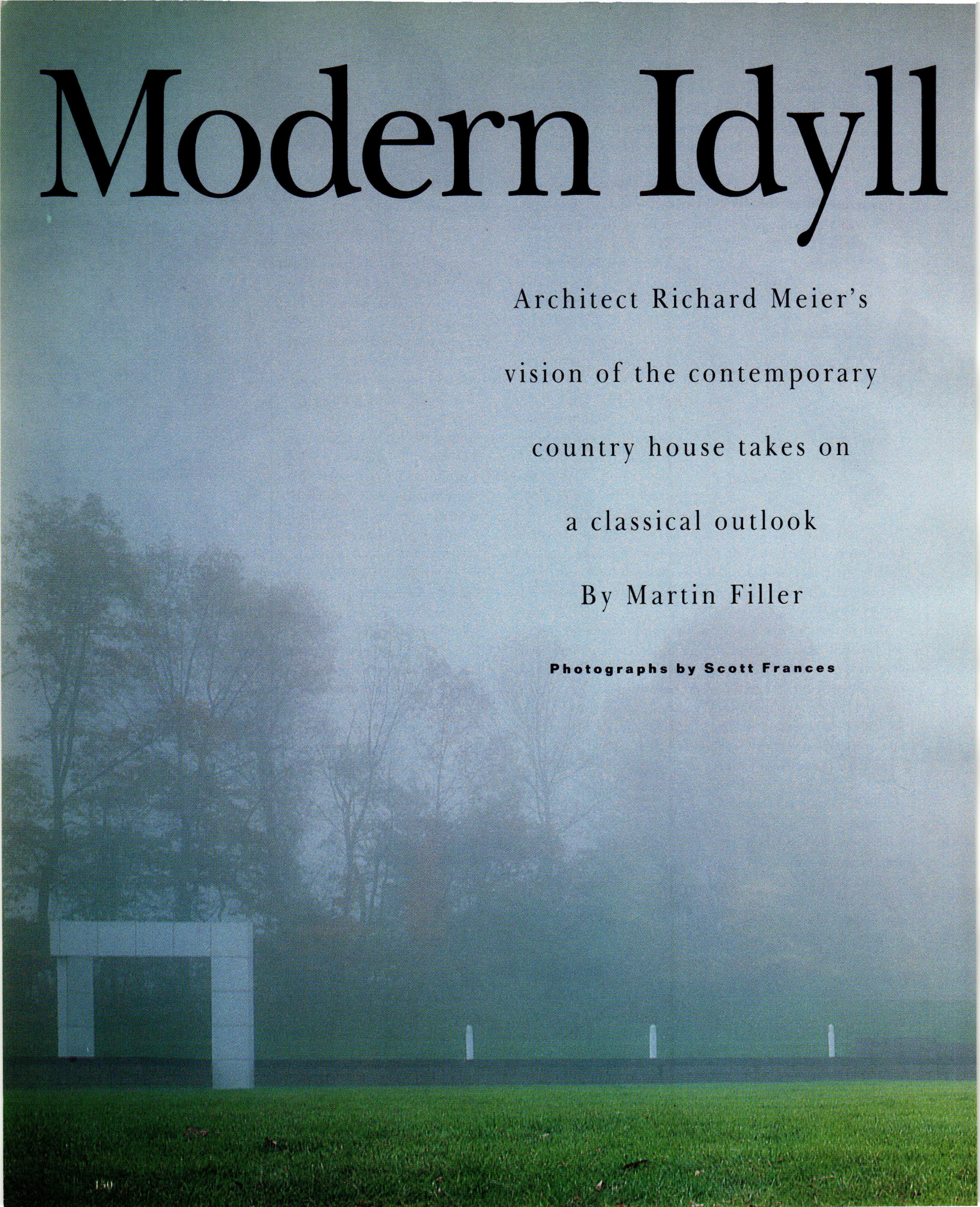
The point is, when certain people say, "We go away on weekends," they are not Walden Pond bound. ♠

Modern Idyll

Architect Richard Meier's vision of the contemporary country house takes on a classical outlook

By Martin Filler

Photographs by Scott Frances





CAN A BUILDING BE BOTH CLASSICAL AND MODERN AT THE same time? For hundreds of years that was thought to be possible. Even the neoclassical architects of the eighteenth century believed they were working in a contemporary idiom rather than trying to re-create the ancient past. And for those who have looked beyond the misinformed notion that modern architecture completely dispensed with more than two thousand years of architectural history, it has long been known that the classical tradition played an important part in some of the most radical buildings of this century. In his influential 1947 essay "The Mathematics of the Ideal Villa," the English architectural scholar Colin Rowe pointed out the striking similarities between the neoclassical country houses of the late Renaissance architect Andrea Palladio and the modernist villas of Le Corbusier. Although the columns, pediments, and domes of Palladio were not used by Le Corbusier in his severe machinelike houses, he did employ the same system of classical proportions, giving his buildings a timelessness and repose without resorting to historical detailing. Le Corbusier, who was much more concerned with the essence of classicism than with its superficial symbols, delved deeper into its true nature than current copyists who consider themselves the guardians of that great heritage.

Among contemporary American architects, none has remained more unapologetically faithful to the principles of Le Corbusier than Richard Meier. But Meier's designs, especially his houses, have always been more American than European, however much they might recall those of his Swiss-French hero. In the way it relates to the classical tradition as it has developed here since colonial times, Meier's latest country house seems particularly American rather than Mediterranean in the manner of Le Corbusier's villas, which respond to a very different landscape. Like that of the great early modern master, Meier's implicit classicism is more powerful for being less specific and more subtle for being less literal.

Approached along a wooded road in a rural section of northern New Jersey, the Grotta house is first glimpsed as a gleaming white apparition on the brow of a grassy terraced hillside backed by trees. With its graceful bowed façade and outstretched wings, this is a virtual diagram of an American Palladian country house, transformed for the late twentieth century but basically recognizable as the same symmetrical axial scheme with a curving centerpiece and low pavilions popularized around 1800 by the architects Charles Bulfinch and Benjamin Latrobe. Yet as one draws nearer, there is no question that this uncompromisingly modern vision of coun-





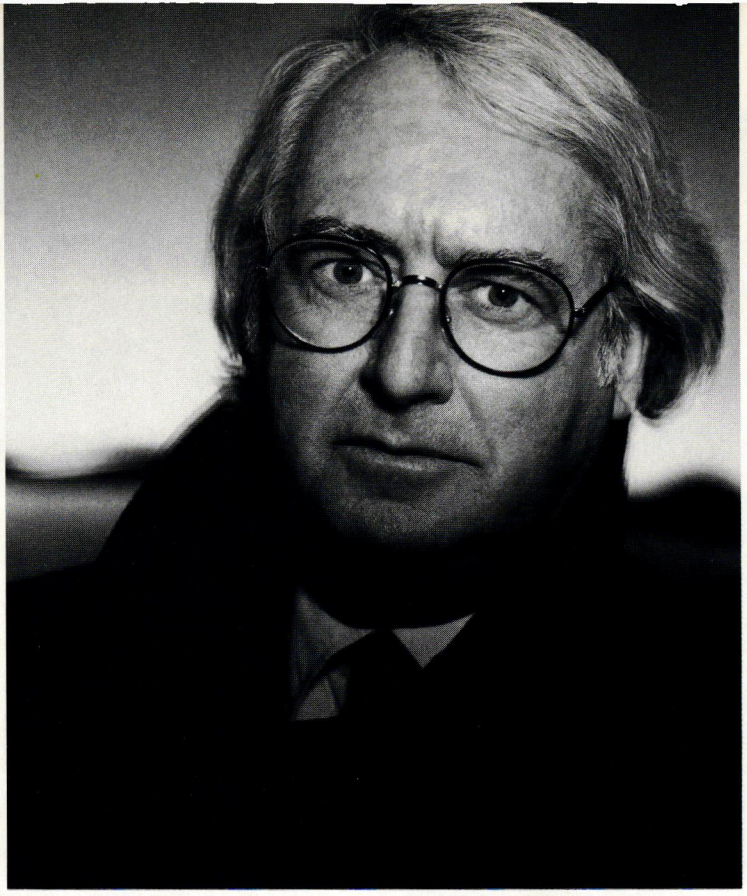
The Grotta house in northern New Jersey is oriented like a precision instrument around the four points of the compass. The east-west axis leads from the chimney at the center of the curving east front, *above center,* to the bridge bisecting the west façade, *above left.* The north-south axis is defined by the covered walkway arcade extending from the north-facing garage to the front door, *right,* and moving along an imaginary line toward the single freestanding arch on the south side of the house, *above right. Preceding pages:* The house, seen from the front, is sensitively sited on the terraced slope of a wooded ridge.

Meier is almost alone in his ability





to carry off this level of perfection both in the whole and all its parts



try life must be the work of Richard Meier, who is almost alone today in his ability to carry off this level of perfect precision both in the whole and all of its parts.

This is the sixteenth house Meier has designed, and in it he continues to employ recurrent themes, but some of them reappear with significant new twists. For example, there is the characteristic way in which he sites a house in relation to its view. In several of his early houses of the sixties and seventies, Meier made the actual front into the veritable back. Entered via a narrow bridge from a hillside arrival point, those houses had almost anonymous entry façades played down in telling contrast to the spectacular façades looking out over the principal vistas, in the American picturesque tradition. At the Grotta house, there is a similar configuration. The bridge bisecting the west façade is not, after all, the front door but merely a rear exit. As Meier notes, "We've finally put the back in the back."

On arrival, one is led from the detached two-car garage to the front door along a covered porcelain-enamel paneled walkway arcade that extends out from the middle of the house like the colonnaded wing of a classical villa. Originally there was to have been a symmetrical pair of arcades flanking the pivotal cylindrical volume to emphasize the north-south axis as strongly as the east-west alignment between the chimney and the hillside bridge. Meier revised his initial scheme to eliminate the south arcade and decided instead to erect a single freestanding arch at the farthest extent of where that twin wing would have reached; the rest of it is now only suggested when the entire composition is read as a whole. This ghost wing, as it were, gives a more intriguing aspect to the design, allowing the eye to complete what is not there, a favorite idea of the early modernists.

Despite such sophisticated games, the Grotta house is firmly grounded in reality by very solid geometry, declared with unusual clarity even for Meier and reemphasized by contrasting exterior materials and colors. The circle and the square—or cylinder and cube—are the primary forms the architect uses here, yet as always he overlaps, cuts into, and rotates them to give them greater spatial complexity and visual surprise. The focal volume of the house—the two-story glass and porcelain-enamel paneled drum enclosing the typical Meier double-height living room—is set off on the east front overlooking the great lawn by a single-story gray porcelain-enamel paneled cube enclosing a more intimate sitting room. The contrasting cube motif is expressed again in an interesting variation on the opposite side of the house. There the west façade is composed of two equal squares of gray concrete block, identical save for the placement of windows and inserts of glass block. Slicing between those twin squares is a white-paneled catwalk connecting the wooded hillside with a door on the second floor of the house. That elevation possesses an austerely elegant minimalism so convincing that one wishes Meier would take that low-key approach even further in the future.

The owners—Louis Grotta, a childhood friend of the architect, and his wife, Sandra, an interior designer—have assembled a first-rate survey of crafts by most of the leading American masters of the postwar period (basket makers John McQueen and Ed Rossbach, ceramists Karen Karnes, Toshiko Takaezu, Robert Turner, Peter Voulkos, Beatrice Wood, and William Wyman, furniture makers Joyce and Edgar Anderson, fiber artists Sheila Hicks, Kay Sekimachi, and the Canadian Mariette Rousseau-Vermette) and their European counterparts (Hans Coper, Lucie Rie, Hans Wegner, and Tapio Wirkkala). Those rough-hewn, earth-toned objects are strikingly effective against the pristine white surfaces by Meier, who consulted closely with the clients in designing the house to display their collection. This is one of the architect's simplest houses but also one of his most accessible and appealing. If the Grotta house lacks the staggering excitement of Meier's vertiginous Douglas house perched high above Lake Michigan or the sprawling splendor of the house in Old Westbury, New York, it also provides a calmer view of country life than those famous antecedents. Meier is one of the few architects of international reputation who, having moved up to buildings on the civic scale, continues to design houses as a matter of principle. Architects inevitably find that the amount of care required to produce a house of this quality cannot be rewarding in any sense but artistically. And at that Richard Meier, solitary traveler on a narrow but ever-extending pathway, has succeeded once again. ♠

Richard Meier in a portrait by Hiro, *above*. *Opposite above:* Wood bowls by Bob Stocksdale, Del Stubbs, and Tapio Wirkkala along a ledge in the master bedroom overlooking the two-story-high living room. *Opposite below:* In the kitchen, walnut stools by Joyce and Edgar Anderson, teapots by crafts ceramists.



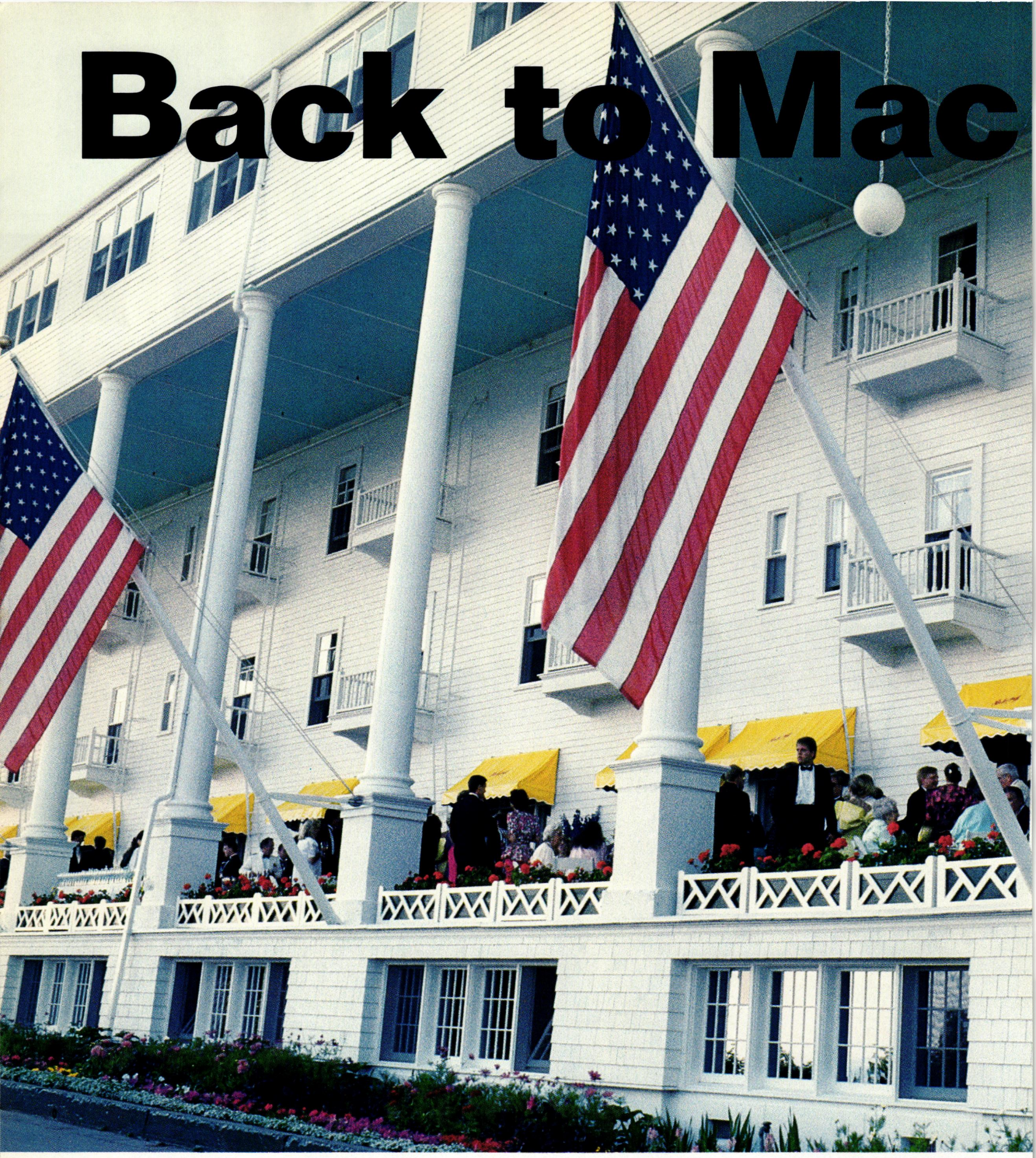




The double-height living room is simply furnished with vintage Knoll black leather Mies van der Rohe sofa and chairs. The chimneypiece set in the window-wall is a familiar Meier paradox. *Opposite:* Curving glass panes frame pottery by Toshiko Takaezu.



Back to Mac



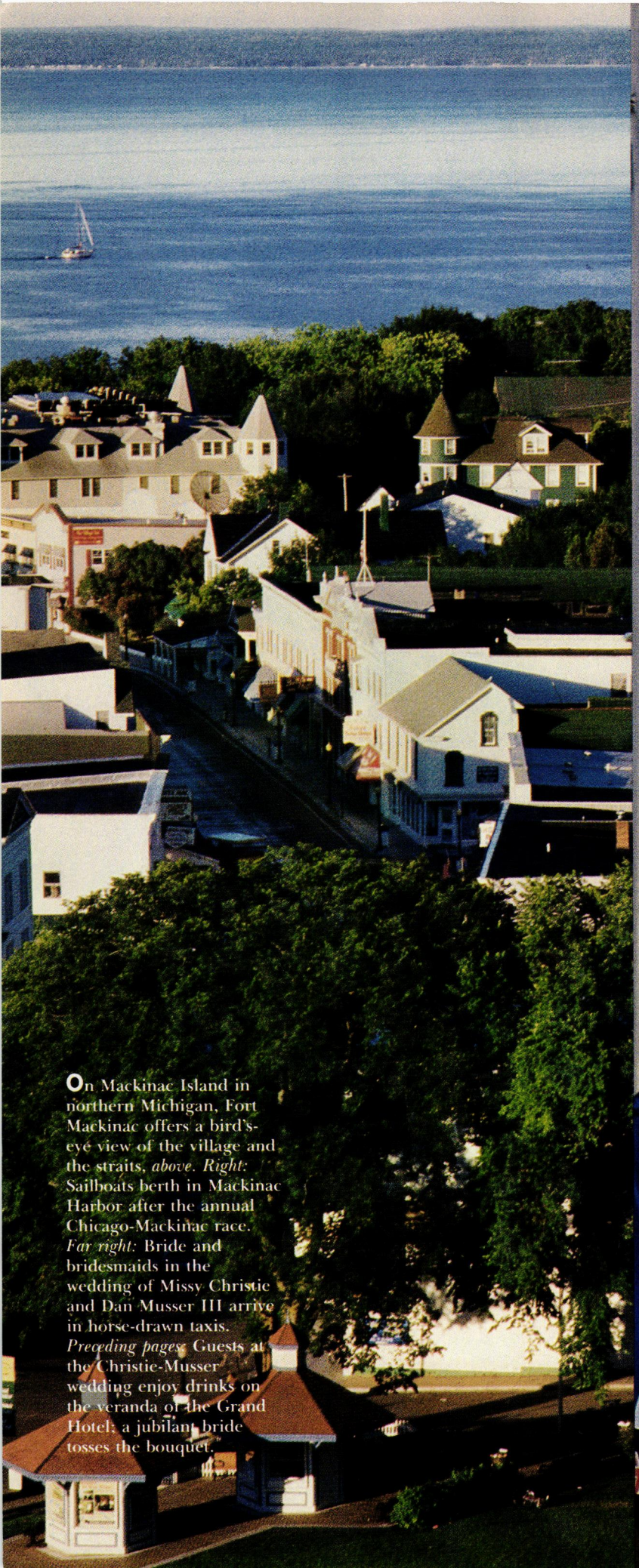
kinac

GENERATIONS OF MIDWESTERNERS HAVE FOUND TRANQUILLITY ON AN ISLAND IN THE GREAT LAKES

BY EDMUND WHITE



PASCAL CHEVALLIER





On Mackinac Island in northern Michigan, Fort Mackinac offers a bird's-eye view of the village and the straits, *above*. *Right:* Sailboats berth in Mackinac Harbor after the annual Chicago-Mackinac race. *Far right:* Bride and bridesmaids in the wedding of Missy Christie and Dan Musser III arrive in horse-drawn taxis. *Preceding pages:* Guests at the Christie-Musser wedding enjoy drinks on the veranda of the Grand Hotel; a jubilant bride tosses the bouquet.

JOSHUA GREENE



PASCAL CHEVALLIER

WHEN I WAS A CHILD FORTY YEARS AGO, WE always summered in northern Michigan because the doctor had declared that my sister suffered from rose fever and must spend July and August above the "pollen zone." As a result of this mysterious, attractive-sounding malady (it made me think of *Sleeping Beauty*), our shamelessly indolent summers were given a rigorous medical excuse.

The odor of wet wool swimsuits and burning wood (we had a separate wood oven just for baking bread, fed with the driest, neatest kindling), the sound of the lake water lapping itself like a sleeping dog, the endless warm days at the beach and the cool nights around the card table, the nearly mythological glowing beauty of my father's powerful bow (he thought hunting deer with guns wasn't sporting enough), the dusty kerosene lamps we'd light when a sudden storm would put the electricity out, the smell of mildew that had worked its way into the canvas covers grommeted over the speedboat's weather-beaten leather seats, the icy brook that kept seeping out over the lawn, the communal dinners once a week at the country club, the visits to the fish man, who seemed at once gruesome and pure, a slop bucket beside him filled with horrid eyes and sacs but the fillets he rendered up as clean as lake water itself—oh, all those memories came crowding back recently when I went to Mackinac Island (pronounced "Mackinaw"), the goal of a pilgrimage every summer so long ago.

We'd drive up to Mackinaw City, which my mother always described as the "uppermost point of the lower peninsula," and then take the big white ferryboat, throbbing and immaculate in a cloud of crying birds, across the straits that connect Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. The island fascinated me because its Grand Hotel had the "largest porch of any summer hotel in the world" (my mother again) and because cars were banned from it and one had to get around in carriages or on horseback or bicycles. Mackinac was famous for its fudge, and the little shopping street next to the harbor, which looked like the set of a Wild West film, smelled pleasantly of chocolate and horse manure.

This was a world of massive Victorian "cottages" built high on the bluffs, of blond women who looked like the becalmed beauties in Breck ads, who wore madras shirts and silver barrettes, and whose strongest expletive was "Oh, golly." This was a place of picnics out of wicker hampers, of croquet games on mint-sauce lawns, of carriage rides through sunbaked fields and on into birch and pine forests as cool as a Gothic cathedral in August, a place where lilac trees grew by the water and the woods were carpeted with lady's slippers and laburnum. I was terrified this world would have been paved over, motorized, franchised, and subdivided or, worse, that it had never been as intoxicating as I'd imagined.

My doubts were immediately banished. I quickly saw that Mackinac Island remains one of the last great Victorian resorts in America, a smaller—and purer—version of Martha's Vineyard or Kennebunkport. And unlike its East Coast big sisters, Mackinac is never shabbily genteel or oppressively



gentile. It is naively content with its wealth, its wholesomeness, and its century-old rituals.

The island is less than nine miles around. It's served by ferryboats that come up from Mackinaw City or down from Saint Ignace, although small jets and private planes also land on its airstrip, and scores of private yachts and sailboats dock at its port after the annual races from Chicago and Port Huron. There may be plenty of activities for the young and energetic, everything from golf on two nine-hole courses to sailing and horseback riding, but the real specialty of the place is elegant laziness, which may express itself best in a carriage ride to inspect the curiosities—the British Landing, where English troops gained access to the island in the War of 1812, the Devil's Kitchen (a cave), and other natural wonders such as Wishing Spring, Lover's Leap, and Arch Rock.

Of course, the most interesting things to see are the mammoth centennial cottages. They are so perfectly preserved that the island verges on the edge of twee, but the majesty of the cottages (some have as many as fourteen bedrooms) warrants the curatorial pride. Pointed and scalloped shingles, painted a blinding white, pick out patterns across the undulating exteriors, reminding me of the white piqué waistcoats worn under tails by the rotund Victorian gentlemen who built these mansions. Many of the cottages have wood-latticed lunettes set into the stone foundations and designed to draw lake breezes into the basements to cool off the floors above—the very air that a nineteenth-century doctor said was so beneficial for "chlerotic girls and puny boys."

There was nothing spartan about the medical regime, however. Protruding bays and towers contrast with receding porches and verandas to create an effect of generous comfort. Some of the cottages are separated by a lane from their stables and servants' quarters and, out behind them, their extensive gardens. People plant lots of annuals to keep the color going all season. Some brave souls do the gardening themselves, but most cottagers have regular help. In fact, the conversation most often revolves around the burning question of where to find the gardeners, plumbers, electricians, and maids needed to groom these white elephants.

The microcosm of Mackinac is divided into rather neat categories: the cottagers (fewer than a hundred families, some of whom go back five generations); the business and service community, many of whom are of Chippewa descent or mixed blood and who live here year-round; and the tourists, who come over for a buggy ride or a week at one of the old

Willow seats take the sun on the sloping waterfront lawn of Corner Cottage, the Musser residence, *above*. *Opposite left, top to bottom:* The bucolic charms of the Straus cottage include a little red horse barn, a wicker-filled front porch, an informal dining room on the side porch, and a restored pergola in the garden. *Opposite right, top to bottom:* At the Goodwin cottage, a pair of gliders overlook the Straits of Mackinac; Victoria Bankard-Riel hitches up for an afternoon surrey ride; the shaded porch of Eileen Croghan's cottage commands another water view; florist Don Vanderbrook is surrounded by a forest of wedding flowers.

BOTTOM RIGHT: PASCAL CHEVALLIER. OTHERS: JOSHUA GREENE



















The ribbons and trophies of three generations of equestrians line the sunroom windows in Lornie and Bill Porter's 100-year-old cottage.

The cottagers are unostentatious people who prefer

JOSHUA GREENE



simple pleasures like bird-watching, biking, and horseback riding



hotels, such as the Island House, the Chippewa, the Iroquois, or, preeminently, the Grand.

Now the lines are beginning to blur a bit. In the past the cottagers never sold their places. They were unostentatious people who liked simple pleasures such as bird-watching and biking and could most often be found in faded Bermudas and old cashmere cardigan sweaters, though they might spiff up a little for a jazz concert at the Grand. Typical of this group is Lornie Porter, who now lives year-round on the island. She's active in the book club and the Bible study group at Trinity Episcopal (built in 1882). She and her husband, Bill, receive friends at big cocktail parties and would be the first to invite newcomers over for a drink—though they're careful to point out that the cottagers are anything but a hard-drinking bunch. Since their son, the historian Phil Porter, works at Fort Mackinac, he might send over its kilted pipers to serenade their guests. Lorna Straus, whose parents and grandparents were cottagers, is a biology professor at the University of Chicago in the winter—but in the summer she's an avid horsewoman and tireless leader of the Mackinac social scene. She lives with her family in a house built by Charles W. Caskey, an amazingly rapid worker (he put up his own Mackinac cottage in just one week).

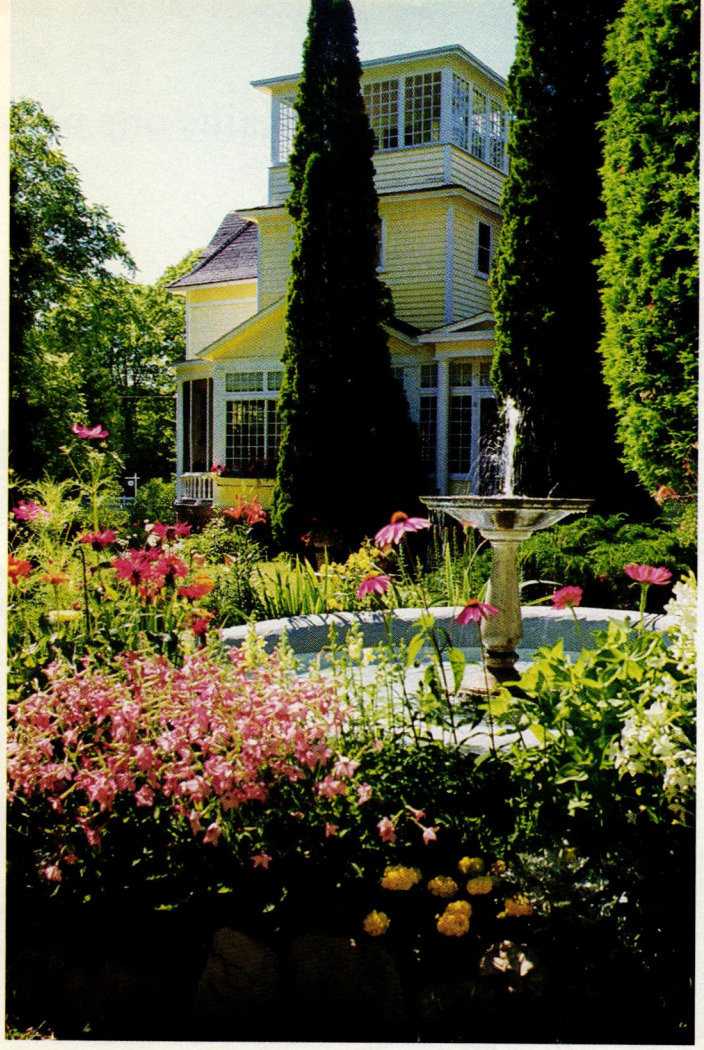
If Lornie Porter and Lorna Straus represent old Mackinac, the new tone is being set by what one old-timer describes as "high rollers from Detroit," scions of that city's "automobility." Last year one cottage sold for over $1 million and now another is being offered for $2 million. An 87-year-old woman just sold her East Bluff cottage to a building contractor. But the island isn't really in danger. Some 82 percent of it is under state protection—Mackinac was one of the first parks in America—and this sanctuary will never be overbuilt.

Most islanders are proud of their heritage, and historical plaques and markers abound. There's Marquette Park, named after Jacques Marquette, the French priest who established a mission here in 1671. There's a memorial to a Chippewa chief in the Mussers' backyard (the Mussers own the Grand Hotel); the Indians first used the island as a sacred burial place and named it Michilimackinac, which means great turtle, appropriate for a round island in the middle of the straits. There's the local fort, built by the British during the American Revolution, surrendered to the Americans in 1796, and briefly recaptured by the Brits in the War of 1812. On Market Street there's the former headquarters of John Jacob Astor's fur company—the place that made Astor the first American millionaire. By the middle of the nineteenth century Mackinac had become a center for fishing, but in the 1880s the cottages began to be built and tourism arrived in a big way.

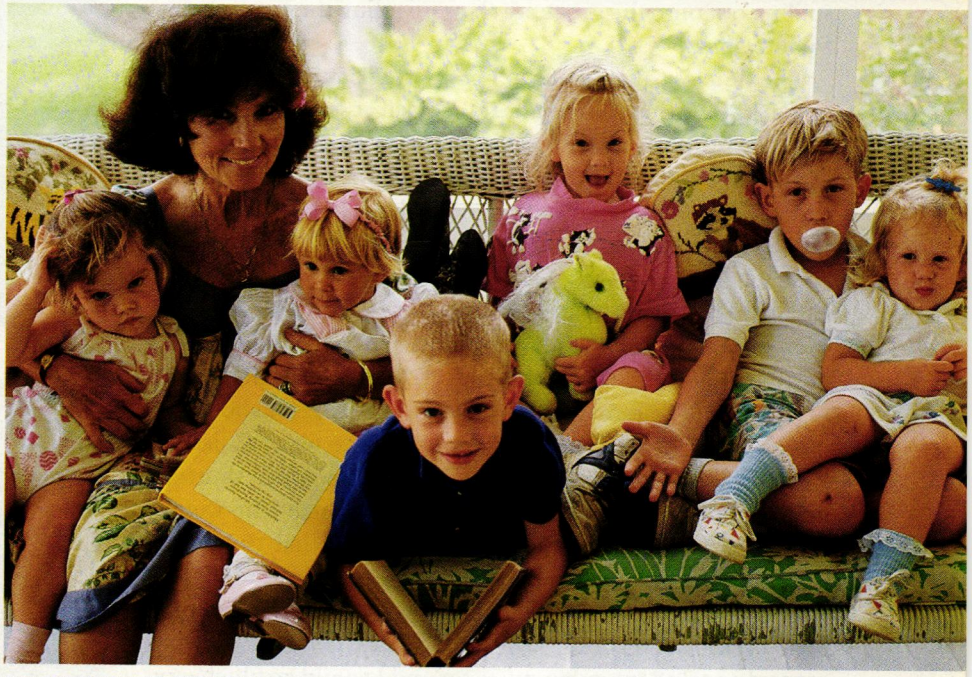
In 1886 two local railroads and a steamship line joined

Bicycles, horses, and carriages are the only forms of transportation on the island. Victoria Bankard-Riel owns a wicker Landau brougham, c. 1895, *left. Opposite, clockwise from top right:* The Musser house on Main Street; Lornie Porter and six grandchildren; a cottage designed by Charles W. Caskey, architect of the Grand Hotel; detail of a typically preserved Victorian cottage; a fountain in the Straus garden.

JOSHUA GREENE











forces to construct one of the world's great summer hotels, the Grand Hotel of Mackinac Island. The Grand dominates the straits with its porch, which is twice as long as a football field and lined with Greek columns of white pine that survey the Esther Williams Pool (the star made *This Time for Keeps* here and came back in 1987 to dedicate the pool). The hotel was thrown together with great speed by the ever-busy Charles Caskey in the spring of 1887 for a July 10 opening; the notable first guests included Adolphus Busch, the brewer from Saint Louis, and the Chicago meat-packers the Armours and the Swifts. It's still the dressiest spot on the island during its six-month season. Last summer Dan Musser III—whose great-uncle bought the hotel in 1931 and who now manages it himself —married Missy Christie, and the wedding reception was held at the Grand. Since Missy's great-grandfather was the chairman of General Motors, the event represented Michigan at its most characteristic. There were bridesmaids, bunting, champagne, and a horde of guests spilling out onto the great porch or invading the fresh cheerful interiors.

The timeless quality of the hotel's public rooms, designed by Carlton Varney, also made it the perfect setting for the recent Christopher Reeve period film *Somewhere in Time*. The film bombed, but the hotel got rave reviews. As well it might. In fact, after this, my own trip somewhere in time, my raves go not just to the Grand but to the whole island.

COTTAGES IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN ARE SELDOM HEATED OR even insulated, and in July the nights are cool enough to require a light blanket. By the end of August the cool of the nights would extend into the mornings. After Labor Day most of the cottagers would drive off to Detroit or Chicago, leaving behind their big houses. Locked up, their shutters bolted, they were now the domain of a caretaker who would keep an eye out for fires or break-ins. Not that there was much to steal beyond pieces of rickety rattan furniture or the Chinese checkers board that had lost its marbles or the miniature birch bark tepees in which we'd place cones of pine incense. In early September my sister and I would go blueberry picking, hoping to see a deer and afraid of meeting a bear. The sailboats were dry-docked, the frogs had gone mute, and the wasps had vanished. We'd huddle closer and closer to the living room fire in the evenings. Then one day our parents would say we must go home, too. My sister and I knew we'd no longer be allowed to go barefoot and idle, free to explore the woods or read endlessly exciting adventure books in absolute torpor. Every fall we would lose once again our citizenship in a country without laws. Its motto was, "Do as you please," its flag was blond and tan, and it floated in the narrow but swift straits of the imagination. ♠

Editors: Jacqueline Gonnet and John Ryman

Mackinac Island remains one of



From the boardwalk in front of Amelia Musser's garden, islanders watch a ferryboat depart Mackinac—2,200 acres of pine forests, mint-sauce lawns, annual gardens, white shingled cottages, and Main Street hotels surrounded by the deep blue currents of Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, and Lake Superior.

JOSHUA GREENE

the last great Victorian resorts in America, a purer version of Martha's Vineyard



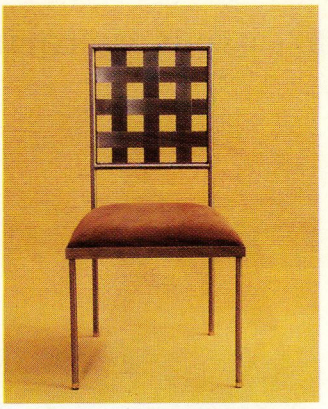
Lattice Be Seated

Wicker-inspired weaves are threading their way into the texture of furniture design. BY ANNE FOXLEY

Wicker is a continous strand in the fabric of our history, from Moses's bulrush basket to the seats that cushioned the first airplane flights to the creaky rockers that still hold the fort on every well-appointed porch. Of late, furniture designers are rediscovering the tactile charm and resilience of the warp and woof. Intertwining Victorian flourishes with bold modernist silhouettes, they have come up with an assortment of eminently comfortable chairs that criss-cross the border between the nostalgic and the contemporary.



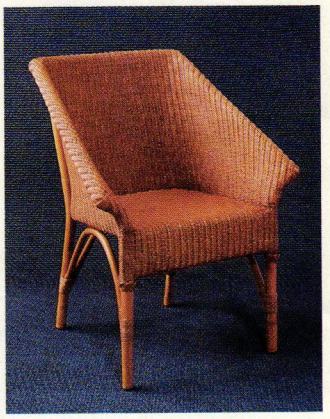
Designs that loom large, clockwise from left, Tom Dixon's rush Sculpture chair at Modern Age, NYC; leather and rattan café chair from Walters Wicker on braided sisal rug from Rosecore; Tom Dixon's wicker Sculpture chair at Modern Age; John Hutton's Block Island armchair for Donghia; Eric Raffy's Shangai chair at Furniture of the Twentieth Century. Woven chintz rug by Facets at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges. Chinese Seagrass on wall and floor from Stark. Custom-colored sisal on partition and individual backdrops from Rosecore. Details see Resources.



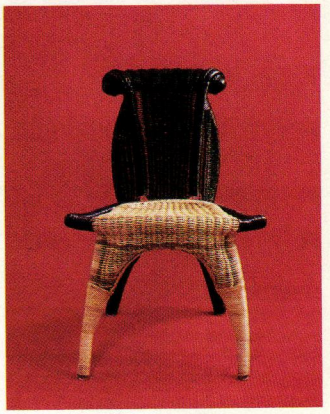
Lattice-back stainless-steel chair by Pat Carpenter.



Copley armchair from Ralph Lauren Home Collection.



Parlor Square Back Game chair by Palecek.



Borek Sipek's Helena chair at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC.

ELIZABETH HEYERT



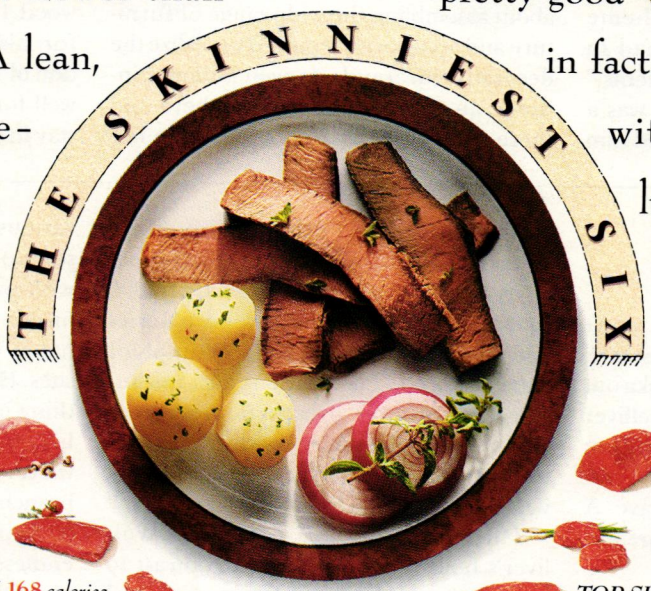
If you're looking for lean, you're in Luck.

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I'd like to tell you a juicy story. A story everyone in Luck, Wisconsin knows. It's about herb marinated beef steak. It's about braised steak provençal and broiled steaks with company potatoes. But most of all, it's about good fortune. Because many cuts of beef are surprisingly low in calories. Lower than most people think. A lean, trimmed three-ounce serving averages less than 200 calories. Round tip, for example, hardly tops 149 calories. That's an inspiration to anyone holding a menu. Or following a diet. You know, according to legend, the town of Luck was named by Dan Smith, an early logger. Having faced much adversity in life, he solved the problem by always being "in Luck." Today, our luck is still pretty good —delicious, in fact. Where would we be without beef? Out of luck, I'd say. See you in the next town.

BEEF



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5.0 gms total fat (1.8 gms sat. fat)*

TOP ROUND 169 *calories*
4.3 gms total fat (1.5 gms sat. fat)*

TOP LOIN 168 *calories*
7.1 gms total fat (2.7 gms sat. fat)*

EYE OF ROUND 141 *calories*
4.0 gms total fat (1.5 gms sat. fat)*

TENDERLOIN 175 *calories*
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For a beef recipe booklet, write the B.I.C., Dept. T, 444 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611. Please enclose 50¢. *©1990 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board*

Simple Virtues

(Continued from page 104) household. But on second glance I began to notice that some of these ordinary things weren't so ordinary after all. The clover-patterned blue and white kitchen tablecloth turned out to be Porthault and the crockery, which the family actually uses, proved on close inspection to consist mainly of old faience, Chinese porcelain, and English creamware, including a collection of pieces with gardening tool motifs.

Not everything here is fine or rare, however. Nancy has an astutely democratic way of mixing up the valuable with the simply charming or interesting, but there is also a subtle tension among objects that teases the viewer into looking more carefully than he otherwise might. Above all, Nancy hates the idea that anyone should feel he has to like something because he knows it is expected of him. Consequently she tends to treat her treasures as members of the family, with no special effort to make anything look important because it might actually be so by conventional standards. Nancy's attitude toward collecting is pragmatic. "I just buy things I like if I can afford them," she explains, but somehow everything she buys seems to have some special quality that makes it visually alluring as soon as she brings it home.

Some of Nancy's favorite things are family pieces or gifts, like the ivory leather-covered French cartonnier in the living room she received from her good friend the noted decorator Bunny Williams. Atop the cartonnier is a present from a grateful client, an eighteenth-century French bronze doré clock in the shape of a sunflower, a plant Nancy has always admired. The big pink sofa was purchased by another friend at a local flea market and traded in exchange for a garden consultation. And the unusual nineteenth-century English paisley needlepoint carpet was bought in New York from the dealer J. Garvin Mecking, who, when Nancy confessed to him that she loved the carpet but couldn't afford it, told her to take it and pay for it whenever she could. Long since paid for, it has become one of her most prized possessions. Like everything else here it announces its presence with understatement, yet still resonates provocatively in the subtle harmony of color and pattern that makes this house such an enchanting spot. ♠ *Editor: Carolyn Englefield*

Country's New Light

(Continued from page 98) considering that Swid's stated goal this third time around was to create a light and airy family beach house that would be simple but not austere, cozy but not claustrophobic, charming but not cute, pretty but not sweet, sophisticated but not intimidating.

Though Sills's first scheme for the house looked more like Scarsdale than Southampton to the Swids—"there were two very long faces at the presentation," the decorator recalls—his second scheme came closer to what the couple had in mind. "Not so many window treatments," recalls Swid. According to Sills, it was a screening of *My Fair Lady* that showed him the way, particularly Cecil Beaton's sets for Professor Higgins's mother's house. "That gave me the idea to do a sort of American version of a turn-of-the-century English garden house, mixing Viennese and French pieces with arts and crafts." That also gave him the idea for the wallpaper in the foyer, though where Beaton used a blue and white William Morris pattern, Sills chose to "edit" a blue and white Louis Comfort Tiffany pattern. "Morris was British, Tiffany was American," explains the decorator. The concept struck home for Swid, who was more than enthusiastic about assembling the wide range of furniture and accessories required to realize the decorative ideal and was even willing to indulge an ornamental flourish here and there, provided that Sills adhered to her keep-it-predominately-white mandate. Which, of course, he did.

Yet even though Sills reached back in time for his inspiration, the interior's true vintage is nonetheless apparent. There's a measured luxury to these fifteen elegant rooms that is altogether contemporary, pure 1990. "I guess I'm still a modernist at heart," admits Swid, who takes credit for her role as Sills's editor. "I like things clean, simple, and pure." She adds, however, that she is learning to love the polychromatic honeycomb pattern artisan Sally Colbert stenciled on the wide-plank wood floors Sills installed as a backdrop for his client's ever-expanding collection of American hooked rugs. This bodes well for Stephen Sills. Nan Swid plans to stay in touch. ♠

Nature Study

(Continued from page 114) anything, don't have to. The next year I turn the hay back in, so the soil is black. It's like Nebraska out there." In addition to the garden, Welliver has forty laying chickens, Araucanas from Chile, whose eggs are multicolored—just the sort of eggs a painter should have. A windmill next to the chicken coop generates electrical energy for the house.

Over the years since the old house was rebuilt, the Wellivers have replaced some of what was lost in the fire. A new old stove sits where the other one sat, there's a Kazak in one of the bedrooms, and some Shaker pieces and other antiques are spread here and there throughout the spacious rooms. The house is large. Its 16,000 square feet are distributed over two stories and the cellar, in which an ample supply of wine is stored. The house is also uncluttered, but it never gives an impression of coldness. The ceilings—with the exception of the skylit ceiling of the studio, which was once the barn—are low.

The air of calm that permeates Welliver's house exists in distinct contrast to his paintings, which are dense, energized responses to a world of wild particulars. They do not soothe, as landscapes have traditionally done. They excite—the paintings are relentlessly descriptive, as various as the world they portray. In all sorts of weather, with a knapsack filled with paints and brushes, a folding easel on his back, and a small canvas in one hand, Welliver trudges out to his favorite sites. He sets up and paints, putting everything in—what one sees in the woods near his house, and also what one suspects is there. Thousands of snowflakes, leaves, branches, shadows, ripples, rocks, cracks, and grass blades become a vision of power endlessly restored, an allegory of the infinite. Welliver's house has an air of calm because it must. Its clean lines, its simplicity provide a refuge from the swirl of nature that surrounds it and that quickens the artist's canvases. ♠ *Editor: Amicia de Moubray*



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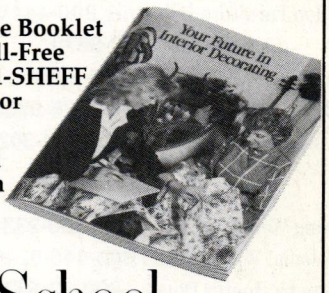
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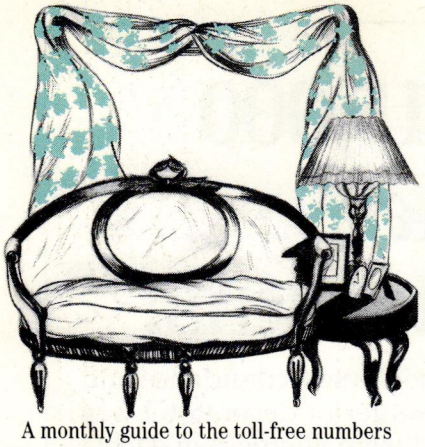
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ILLUSTRATION: MICHAEL THIBODEAU

Peaceable Kingdom

(Continued from page 119) as well as impressionist and modern art.) And more and more Europeans and Americans are willing and able to bid in the $10–$15 million range. "I think the market is here to stay," says Lucy. "We have more to sell than we've ever had, and there's a higher level of quality and value."

Success has brought criticism. Many dealers charge that Sotheby's has artificially inflated the market, mainly by making huge loans to prospective buyers. Half of the $53 million that Alan Bond bid for Van Gogh's *Irises* in 1987 turned out to be a loan from Sotheby's; his inability to repay it caused an uproar in the art community, and put the painting back on the market. (*Irises* was bought by the Getty Museum this past March for an undisclosed sum.) Sotheby's has now changed its policy: the firm will no longer lend money against paintings that are up for sale. But the increasing tendency to see only the dollar signs in art troubles a lot of people, including Lucy. "Every collector—not just so-called speculators—has been forced by the rise in value of paintings to be aware that what they hang on the wall is also a significant asset. I don't think anybody can get away from it." The commercialization of art proceeds apace, and the auction houses, which are largely responsible, are taking a beating in the press, but the end of the auction boom is nowhere in sight.

Lucy has streamlined her life as much as possible. She uses a personal shopper for her clothes, and although she says she herself doesn't think in terms of interior decorating, she does use a decorator, Jane O'Keefe. "Jane's absolutely essential. She knows our taste." What is their taste? "Not too fancy. We really are interested in the works of art. Our paintings should take precedence. Not that it's such a stellar collection, but we don't want cabbage roses all over the place." In their New York apartment they have mostly contemporary drawings by Brice Marden, Donald Sultan, Susan Rothenberg, Joel Shapiro, Malcolm Morley, Dubuffet, and Baselitz, along with some nineteenth-century English paintings and a few antiquities and tribal pieces. In the country it's British naive, often anonymous farm animal paintings, an enthusiasm of David's.

Lucy, who is thirty-something but looks twenty-something, grew up with a lot of animals in a small isolated village about fifty miles north of London, where her father was deputy chairman of J. Walter Thompson. She learned to ride when she was five and became a prizewinning equestrian. At the age of eight, she went off to boarding school. At eighteen, she went to the Courtauld Institute, where she spent the next four years specializing in contemporary art. Her first job was with Henry Moore, helping to put together a catalogue raisonné of his work. She did the same thing for Anthony Caro. After that she organized an auction for the British alternative-space organization Air & Space, and it was so successful that she earned a reputation as a crack fund-raiser. The Sotheby's job in London rescued her from fund-raising, and now Horsefly Farm rescues her every Friday from Sotheby's.

A big brown and white turkey that looks as though he just strutted off a bourbon label crosses in front of Lucy and Josephine as they emerge from the henhouse carrying freshly laid eggs. The donkeys are hee-hawing. Barnyard noises are the only sounds in this idyllic countryside—the farm adjoins 300 acres of foundation-owned meadows and lake on which no houses can ever be built. One of the pygmy goats they've named after a well-known European art dealer ("because he's small and ugly and thinks only about sex") is misbehaving again. Skirting their little eighteenth-century farmhouse, Lucy stops to pick a few weeds in the vegetable patch. The view across the lake is as bucolic as *The Garden of Eden*, a nineteenth-century English painting by Miles of Northleach that hangs in their unfastidious living room.

Lucy clomps through the mud in her moccasins, wearing faded jeans, a white T-shirt by Comme des Garçons, and an oversize sweater. Josephine, in OshKosh, is lugging Boo, a gray brown rabbit nearly as big as she is. Lucy and Josephine open the barn door and meander past the horses in their stalls. At the other end of the stable, they stop at the sty to check on supine Alice, their 300-pound pig. Last summer, a huge boar arrived and spent two weeks in the sty with Alice, but nothing happened. It appeared that Alice had a bad case of arthritis. How did they know? "She couldn't get up." The Nashes are trying again for piglets, but Lucy doubts very much that they'll arrive before the new baby does. The salesroom at Sotheby's, with its frenzied competition and prices in the millions, seems very far away. ♠



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Resources

DESIGN
Page 36 Delaney & Cochran/Site 375, Box 77462, 375 Illinois St., San Francisco, CA 94107; (415) 495-5800. **38** Gazelle chairs, steel with baked epoxy finish, by Jonathan Crinion for AREA, $135, to the trade at AREA, Toronto; Dale Travis, NYC; Malcolm B. Weiss & Assocs., Atlanta; Stratus 2, Chicago; Jane Bander & Assocs., Dallas; Kristiansen, San Diego; Johnston Group, San Francisco. For U.S. retail suppliers, call (416) 299-0088.

DEALER'S EYE
Pages 56 Vallin Galleries, 516 Danbury Rd., Wilton, CT 06897; (203) 762-7441

COUNTRY'S NEW LIGHT
Page 93 Custom tufted sofa, tub chair in blue sitting room, to the trade to order at Stephen Sills & Assocs., NYC (212) 289-8180. Pumice cotton/silk on sofa, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; JEH/Denver, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Homespun linen (#PN-3) on tub chair, Sandy's Stone cotton (#PC-17) on sofa pillows, to the trade from Nantucket Looms, Nantucket (508) 228-1908. Setalana Sheer wool/silk for curtains, 54" wide, $60 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Richard Meier Ana silver-plate picture frames on far table, from a collection of Swid Powell items, available at Barneys New York, Bergdorf Goodman, Bloomingdale's, D. F. Sanders, all NYC; House of Denmark, Atlanta; Geary's, Beverly Hills; Studio 330, Birmingham; Metro-Designs of the 20th Century, Charlotte; Marshall Field's, Table of Contents, both Chicago; In-Tech Design, Denver; Urban Objects, Philadelphia; Macy's California, San Francisco; Fred Segal Zero Minus Plus, Santa Monica; American Hand, Washington, D.C.; Artafax, Westport; Neiman Marcus. **94–95** Custom-painted decorative floor, by decorative painter Sally Colbert, NYC (212) 219-1599. 18th-century Italian pietra dura top/painted frame table, similar items at Alexandre Biaggi, Paris (1) 42-86-08-40. Mies van der Rohe Collection glass/tubular-steel MR tables, to the trade from KnollStudio, a division of Knoll International, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Charlotte, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, New Brunswick, Philadelphia, Phoenix, Saint Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Washington, D.C. Wrought-iron 1930s floor lamps, similar items at Geffner-Schatzky Antiques, South Egremont (413) 528-0057. Custom tub chair, tufted sofa, tufted chair, to the trade to order at Stephen Sills & Assocs., NYC (212) 289-8180. Homespun linen (#PN-3) on chairs and sofa, ramie/linen fabric (#PN-25) on pillows on wicker chaise and tufted chair, to the trade from Nantucket Looms, Nantucket (508) 228-1908. Wedgwood Queen's Ware 18th-century dish on Mies van der Rohe table, Thonet ebonized-beech magazine rack, similar items at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660. **96–97** Custom-painted dining room walls, by decorative painter Sally Colbert, NYC (212) 219-1599. American arts and crafts wooden candlesticks on mantel, to the trade at Joel Mathieson, NYC (212) 966-7332. Setalana Sheer wool/silk for curtains, 54" wide, $60 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Robert A. M. Stern Metropolitan silver-plate tall straight candlesticks, Robert Mapplethorpe Orchid porcelain coup plate, both for Swid Powell (see above). **98** Plissé linen/rayon/silk for curtains, 49" wide, $49.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Tick Tick cotton on wicker chair, 50" wide, $63 yd, to the trade at Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **99** Late 19th century American cast-iron garden bench and chairs, similar items at Richard Kazarian Antiques, Newport (401) 846-3563. Michael Graves Little Dripper porcelain coffee pot, filter, lid, Graves porcelain sugar bowl, creamer, spoon set, Tigerman McCurry Wings porcelain bowl, George Sowden Rio porcelain buffet plates, Robert Venturi Notebook and Grandmother porcelain mugs, George Sowden Rio porcelain mug, Michael Graves Blue Corinth porcelain mugs, all for Swid Powell (see above). Terrace planting design by Ben Baldwin, 31 Palmar Ter., East Hampton, NY 11937.

SIMPLE VIRTUES
Page 100 Nancy McCabe Garden Design, Box 447, Salisbury, CT 06068. **102** Clover cotton, 94" wide, $175 yd, as tablecloth, $300–$500, to special order from Porthault, NYC (212) 688-1660. **104–05** Petronella cotton on armchairs, from Chesham Collection, 54" wide, $35 yd, to special order from Liberty of London, NYC, Ardmore, Chicago, Washington, D.C. **106** Reproduction Lutyens Clifton garden chairs, seasoned English oak, £540 ea, from Clifton Little Venice, London (1) 289-7894. **107** Bramble Leaf cotton as tablecloth, by Hodsoll McKenzie, 54" wide, $75 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 93). Scalloped linen pillow shams, $204 ea std or sq, $136 ea boudoir size, linen top sheet, $471 queen size, from Porthault, NYC (212) 688-1660. Carnation cotton on bedroom armchair, 54" wide, $35 yd, to special order from Liberty of London (see above).

NATURE STUDY
Pages 110–11 Harbor Duck cotton on sofa and pillows, to the trade at Schumacher, for showrooms call (800) 423-5881. Breuer Collection Wassily tubular-steel/leather chair, to the trade from KnollStudio, a division of Knoll International (see above for pgs 94–95). Cowhide rugs from Chile at Tandy Leather, for nearest store call (800) 433-5546, in TX (817) 551-9621 (collect).

THE NEW FRONTIER
Page 124 *Re-incarnation Piece* against V-shaped window, *Weeper* standing figure by doorway, by Rhonda Saboff, work available through L.A. Eyeworks, Los Angeles (213) 653-8255. Custom dining table with plastic laminate top and Douglas fir legs, designed by Josh Schweitzer, fabricated by Cameron Aston, to order from Schweitzer BIM, Hollywood (213) 962-5530. Custom CITY stained maple chairs, chandelier with fabricated foam-core shade, lamp cord, lamp holder, designed by Josh Schweitzer, to order from Schweitzer BIM, Hollywood (213) 962-5530.

DOUBLE BILLING
Pages 126–31 Eucalyptus stump tables with gold-leaf-edged glass tops on casters, $300 ea, to special order from BAM Construction/Design, Santa Monica (213) 393-3252. **128–29** Lamp, rusted steel diamond-plate base on skateboard wheels with electrical hardware, $1,000, to special order from BAM (see above). **130** *Chula Vista*, 1985, lithograph by Peter Alexander, from James Corcoran Gallery, Santa Monica (213) 451-4666. **131**




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Resources

Kitchen mosaic floor, to special order from BAM (see above). Mandarin Rose cotton on sofa, by Gianni Versace, to the trade at China Seas, NYC, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Ostrer House, Boston; Hinson & Co., Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Taggart-Zwiebel, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Aluminum baseball bat tables, $500 ea, to special order from BAM (see above). Fiberglass cow, designed by Richard Mulligan, to the trade to special order from Richard Mulligan, Los Angeles (213) 653-0204.

OUT OF BOUNDS
Page 138 Steel garden archway, similar gatework from Bob Keating, (203) 263-0104.

NANTUCKET FEDERAL
Pages 140–47 Carpentry, by Frank Psaradelis, Nantucket (508) 228-2656. **142–44** Jacquard Madras cotton lace (#32560) for curtains, 70" wide, $85 yd, to the trade from E. C. Carter, a division of Greeff Fabrics, for showrooms call (800) 223-0357. **142** Pompeian Stripe hand-printed wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Beachwood, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. Valeria Medallion cotton/silk on sofa, to the trade to special order at Scalamandré (see above for pg 93). **146** Strobel Relief hand-printed wallpaper, Strobel Frieze hand-printed border wallpaper, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above for pg 93). **147** Charlotte cotton/polyester comforter, $375 full/queen size, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, La Jolla, Minneapolis, Palm Beach, Palo Alto, Princeton, San Francisco.

FORECASTS
Page 170 Sculpture rush/metal chair, designed by Tom Dixon, $1,764, at Modern Age, NYC (212) 353-3450. Woven leather on rattan frame chair (#WAC-10), $650, to the trade at Walters Wicker, NYC; Reagan & Assocs., Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, Chicago; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Walters/Rosecore, Dania; C. W. Stockwell, Los Angeles; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Pacific Showrooms West, San Francisco; Collins-Draheim, Seattle; Habert, Toronto; Billi Born, Troy. Custom woven sisal area rug, from Waldo Collection, to the trade to order at Rosecore Carpet, NYC, Dania, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Phillips-Crawford, Beachwood; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Linn Ledford Showroom, Denver; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Richard Guillen Showroom, Laguna Niguel; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Collins-Draheim, Seattle; Wade Carter, Tempe; H & I Carpet, Toronto; Ghiordes Knot, Troy. Sculpture wicker/metal chair, designed by Tom Dixon, $1,764, at Modern Age, NYC (212) 353-3450. Block Island armchair, rattan woven over hardwood frame with cotton/down cushion, designed by John Hutton for Donghia, $1,440 COM, to the trade at Donghia Furniture, NYC, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Wendy Boyd, Denver; Telio & Cie., Montreal, Toronto; Judy Baer, Philadelphia; Susan Mills, Seattle. Shangai armchair, rattan seat/hammered tubing frame, designed by Eric Raffy, $580, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Custom Rondele Twill Woven Cotton Chintz rug, by Facets/Textile Designs, $4,674 COM, to the trade to order at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, NYC, Chicago; Designer Carpets, Atlanta; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C.; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Chinese Seagrass, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Custom-colored sisal (#M-7 Lemon) on partition, from Rainbow-Mirage Collection, to the trade to order at Rosecore (see above). Lattice chair, stainless steel with suede seat, $900, from Pat Carpenter Design, High Point, to order call (919) 885-9322. Custom-colored sisal (#M-7 Lemon) on backdrop, from Rainbow-Mirage Collection, to the trade to order at Rosecore (see above). Copley mahogany armchair with woven peal rattan back, Chino Ghurka fabric on seat, $2,810, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above for pg 147). Parlor Square Back Game chair, wicker seat/rattan frame, $296, from Palecek, for stores call (800) 227-2538, in CA (415) 236-7730. Custom-colored sisal (#M-8 Forget-Me-Not) on backdrop, from Rainbow-Mirage Collection, to the trade to order at Rosecore (see above). Helena rattan chair, designed by Borek Sipek, $660, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Custom-colored sisal (#M-6 Cherry) on backdrop, from Rainbow-Mirage Collection, to the trade to order at Rosecore (see above).
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Gandee AT LARGE

Arts advocate Cee Brown is taking it to the streets

The streets of New York City are a little more lively, colorful, provocative, engaging, controversial, memorable, and rich, thanks to Cee Brown, executive director of Creative Time. Since taking the reins of the not-for-profit "guerrilla arts organization" three and a half years ago, the 37-year-old son of a Yakima, Washington, cattle rancher has spent seventy hours of every week helping "emerging and underrecognized artists" realize some four hundred works for public spaces, not only in Manhattan but also in Queens, Brooklyn, and the Bronx.

Although Brown previously spent four years at the Museum of Modern Art and five years at the Holly Solomon Gallery, he ultimately decided that his commitment was to the public, not the private, sector. "You shouldn't have to go to the hallowed halls of some museum or gallery for an 'art experience,' " he explains. "Art shouldn't be ghettoized. We should take art to people, not try to bring people to art."

The kind of art Brown is intent on bringing to people may be either performed or purely visual, but as times goes by it is increasingly socially oriented. Although these are difficult days for art that packs a political, social, or sexual punch, Brown is not one to back down from a fight. Consider, for example, the giant photographic poster he succeeded in persuading the Metropolitan Transit Authority to mount on the side of 38 New York City buses last winter. Created by Gran Fury, a collective of AIDS activists, the Benetton-inspired moving billboard depicted three interracial, but not uniformly intergender, couples kissing under a banner line that read KISSING DOESN'T KILL: GREED AND INDIFFERENCE DO. An emphatic sidebar further explained: "Corporate greed, government inaction, and public indifference make AIDS a political crisis." Although Brown was more than willing to dip into his $600,000 annual operating budget to pay for the buses' display space, the powers-that-be at the MTA had to approve the poster—which, as you might imagine, took some doing. "I am proud to have been part of that project," notes Brown, who is also proud that the curators at the Whitney Museum chose to include Gran Fury's poster in the exhibition "Image World."

Also controversial, if for now only in theory, is the Christo-style wrapping of a vacant city-owned Lower East Side tenement which one of Brown's artists recently proposed to draw attention to the irony of "warehoused" apartments in a city beset with homelessness. Brown confesses that his chances of getting municipal permission are pretty slim: "So maybe this project will just happen."

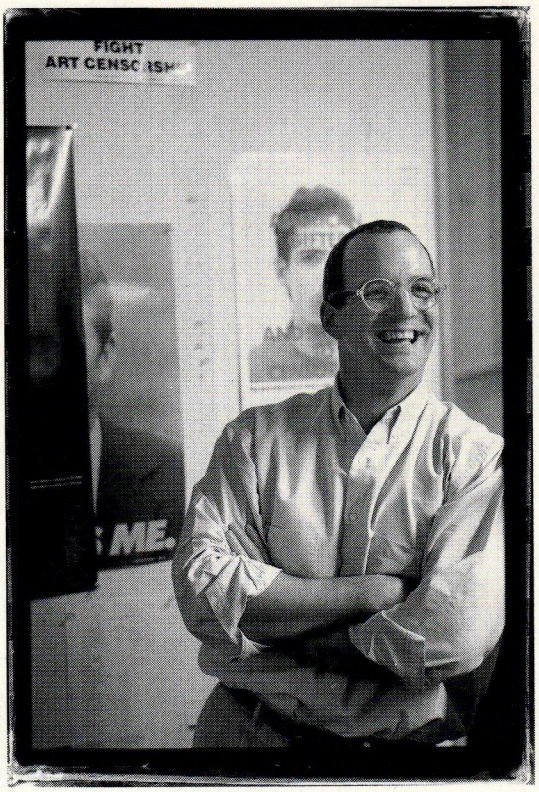
No less timely, if somewhat less controversial, was the Pantheon-style greenhouse that Brown helped sculptor Bob Bingham build out of old refrigerators and air conditioners. Meant to call attention to "the destroyers of our environment," this odd structure was one of nine pieces included in an exhibition Brown installed last summer in the Anchorage, a cavelike public space inside the Brooklyn base of the Brooklyn Bridge. For the same space this summer, Brown has scheduled a series of performance artists, including Karen Finley whose work, says Brown, "traditionally deals with rape, institutionalized violence, and church and state issues."

Last spring Brown produced the "Poets in the Bars" series in an attempt to revitalize the all-but-lost tradition of public poetry readings practiced by the Beat poets of the late 1950s and early '60s. "It was a very simple, beautiful little idea," recalls the man who made it happen. Thirty-four poets and eight bars participated in the eight-night program, and on one evening the crowds were so great that Brown had to install loudspeakers outside Dylan Thomas's old haunt, the White Horse Tavern, to satisfy an overflow audience.

To make sure that he remains up-to-date on new developments in popular culture, Brown keeps his ear to the ground. Three years ago, for example, when he heard that a group of especially agile black and Hispanic youths in Harlem had introduced a stylized dance called voguing, based on classic modeling poses, Brown invited them to strut their stuff in a performance series called "UP Tiempo!" at El Museo del Barrio. "We're finally legit," screamed one of the young voguers on opening night. The program Brown lined up also offered performance pieces by artists exploring such timely themes as alcoholism among Native Americans, the plight of the homeless in Los Angeles, and racism everywhere.

Considering the current troubling state of governmental and corporate funding, I asked Brown if he ever got discouraged trying to drum up support for artists whose work falls outside the mainstream. "I believe in what I'm doing," he said. "I'm losing my hair, but I'm not losing my enthusiasm."

Charles Gandee



Cee Brown at work in his Tribeca office

CHRIS SANDERS